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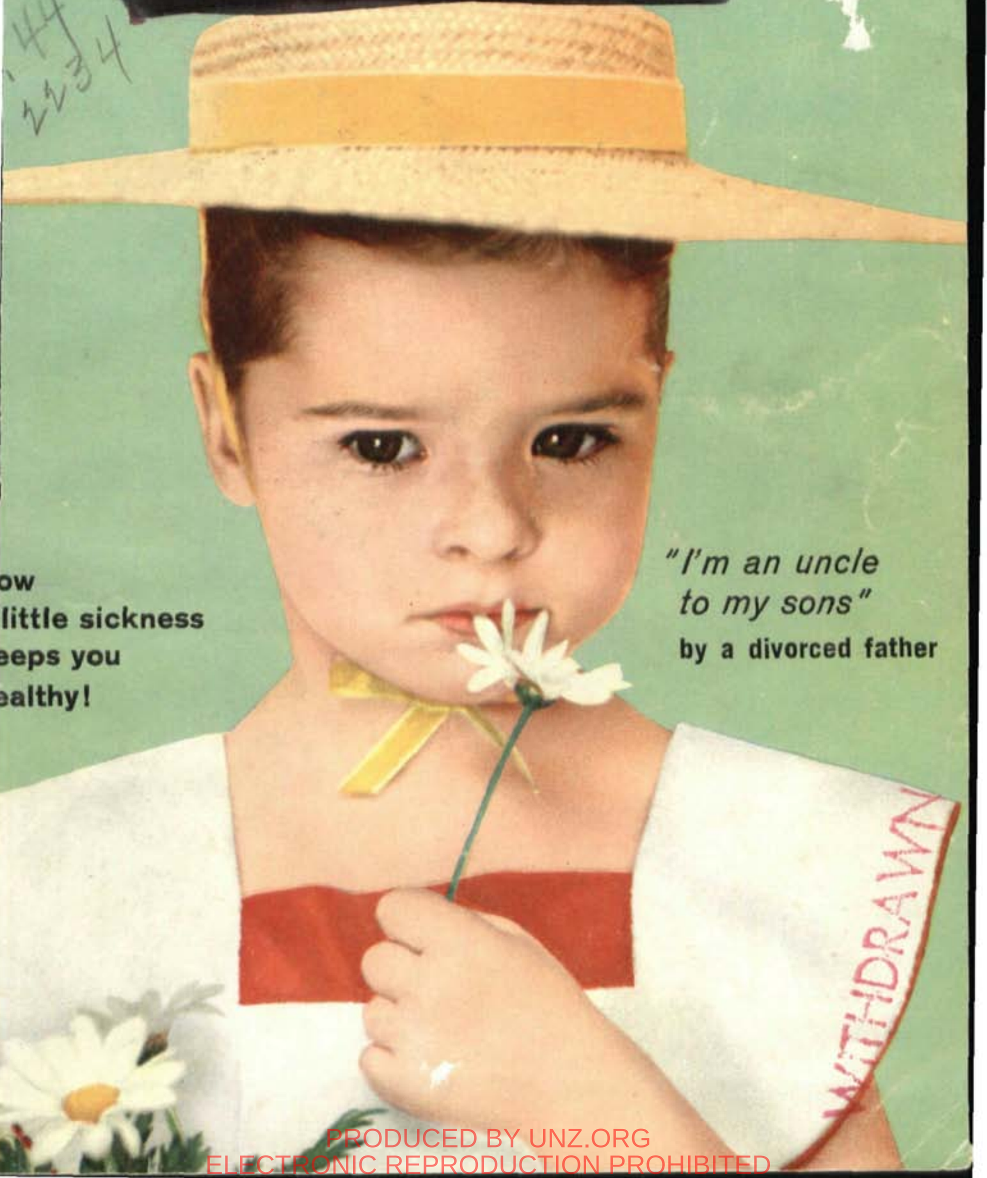

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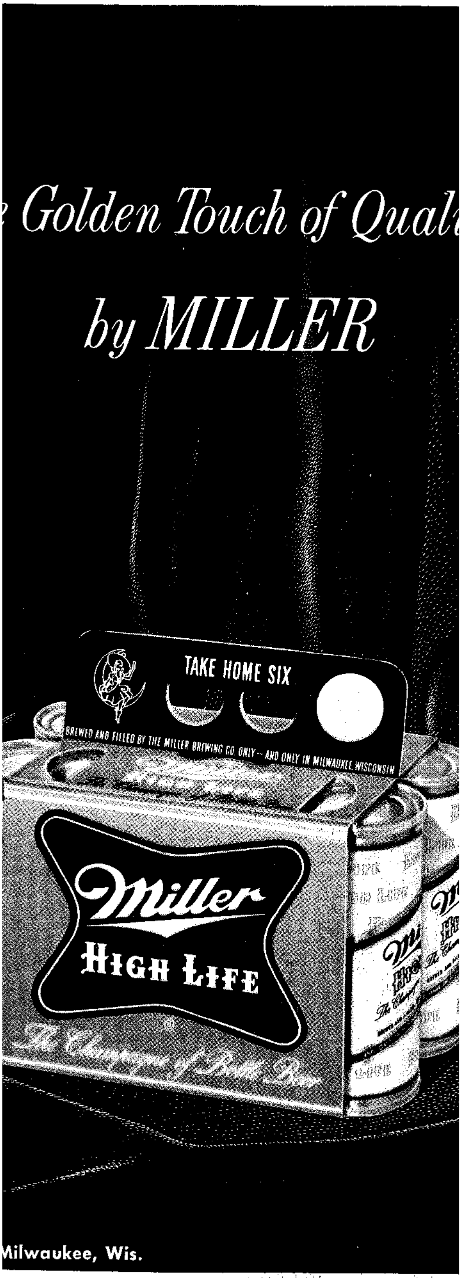
little sickness
eeps you
ealthy!

"I'm an uncle to my sons"

by a divorced father

WITHDRAWN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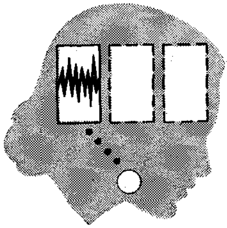

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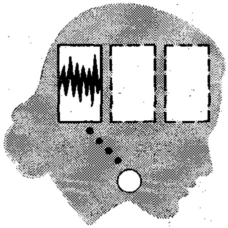

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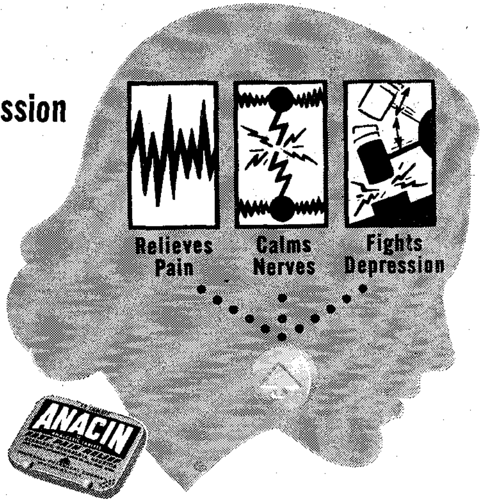

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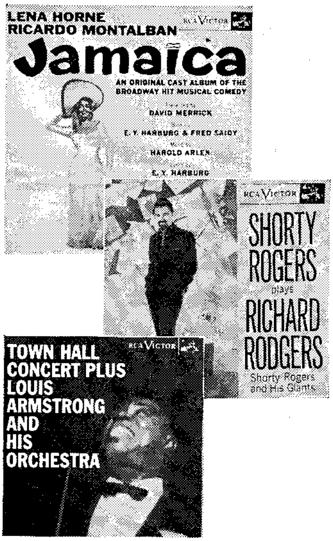
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- ☐ TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS Louis Armstrong
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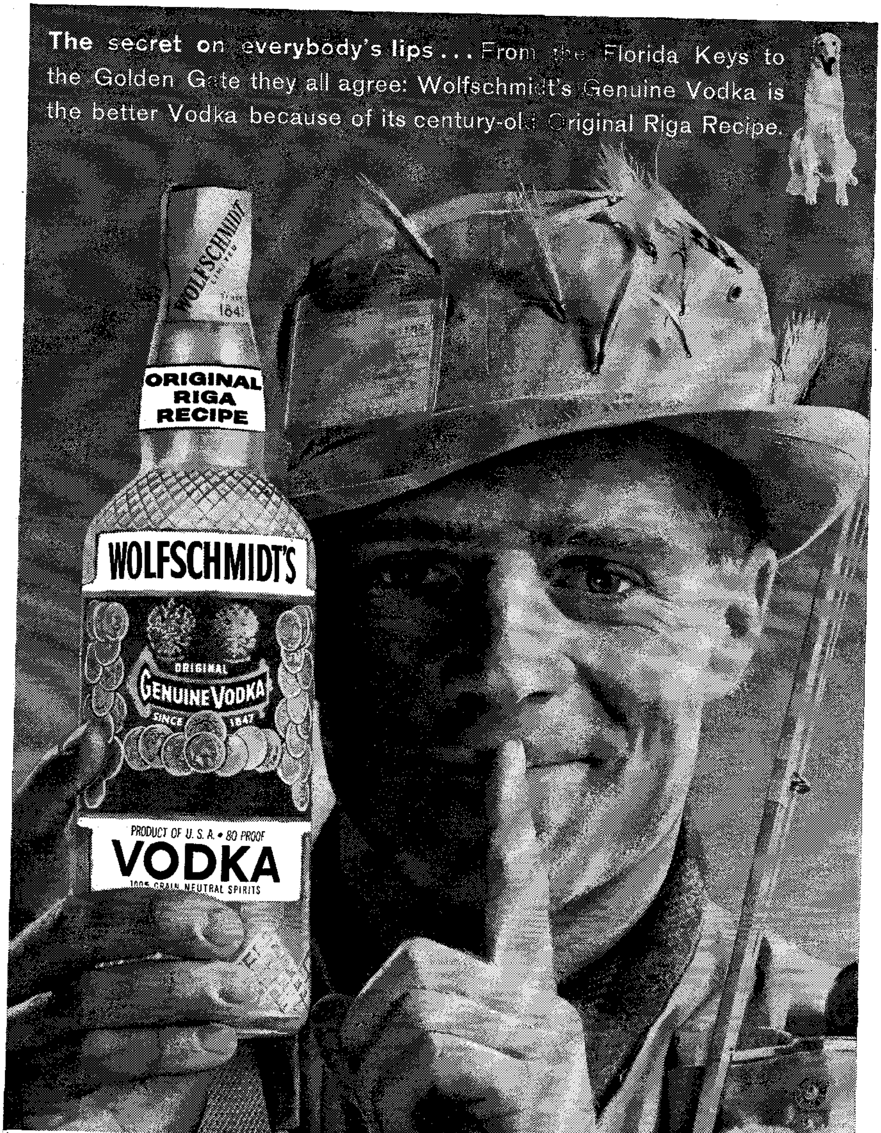
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Dear Reader:

SIDNEY MARGOLIUS, as the gloomy-visaged photo at right may suggest, is a man who makes a living worrying about other people's problems. For he is a writer and consultant on that ever-present and ever-thorny problem of money. Margolius' desk in his Port Washington, Long Island, home is surrounded by ramparts of files loaded with information that arrives with each mail in foot-high stacks. From this raw material he fashions his CORONET articles on family finances; books (he has written six, including his "Consumer's Guide to Better Buying," which has sold over 400,000 copies); and a syndicated column. Besides all this, Margolius is constantly besieged by people who want free advice on how to make, spend, save, invest, or budget a buck. A specialist in searching out booby traps for buyers, Margolius hunted for real booby traps in the holds of Army transports during World War II. Before that this 47-year-old native of Long Branch, New Jersey, got his basic training in money matters by working his way through Rutgers University. One of his jobs was writing for the United Press. This led to a job on the UP baseball desk in New York. Stints on a trade magazine and a newspaper developed his present specialty. Helping him is his wife Esther, and an interested onlooker is son Ricky, nine, who long ago learned to compare values before parting with his allowance. Once in a while, even money-man Margolius suffers a slight recession. Recently a repairman fixed a leak in the washing-machine with a piece of rope—and charged $6. "And," says Margolius, dolefully, "to make matters worse he used *my* rope." For more of the same, and what to do about it, see page 141.

Margolius: For him money is a money-making matter

The Editors

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For you there is one woman above all others. You have told her so in a smile, in a glance. One day you will look for a watch that is worthy of her and of your love. It is here among the diamond-set Hamiltons. Exquisite in design and performance, a Hamilton is a watch to endure as your love endures. Yours to select at your Hamilton Jeweler's. (Left to right) Jubilee "CC," $89.50; Kimberly "C," $125; Enchantment "K," $225. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

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Contents for May, 1958

Vol. 44, No. 1, Whole No. 258

Articles

A Little Sickness Is Good for You
HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D. 27
Boating Basics for Everybody......LAWRENCE ELLIOTT 32
Ringmaster of the Manor...GRAHAM & HEATHER FISHER 39
Church, State—and Strife........HENRY M. CHRISTMAN 45
How We Put the Globemasters on Ice..ALLEN RANKIN 50
Why Hospital Bills Are So High......RICHARD CARTER 56
Trees—Tender and Terrible...........MAURICE PAUL 62
"I'm an Uncle to My Sons"
ANONYMOUS AS TOLD TO JUDITH KRANTZ 64
Strange School Panic.............MADELYN CARLISLE 69
Grandpa's Charge Accounts..............K. N. HARDIN 82
Racing's Hidden Crime.....................AL STUMP 93
The War Is Over for Benny..........BUD GREENSPAN 110
How Chicago Rescues Its Gifted Kids..JOSEPH N. BELL 112
The Fabulous Impostor................ALLEN BERNARD 126
The Starlet Who Became an Actress..MARTIN ABRAMSON 130
Allah Is Their Copilot!..............TERENCE CLYNE 138
A Defense Against Those Big Home Service Bills
SIDNEY MARGOLIUS 141
The Spooky-Food Fad.............SYLVIA PLAPINGER 151
King of the Plungers................JOE P. FAULKNER 152
Fish in the Rice Fields................HART STILWELL 156
Second Careers for Senior Citizens
PHYLLIS AND ROBERT GOLDMAN 159
Those Irrepressible "Little Capitalists".MARTIN L. GROSS 164
Labor's Labor of Love ....AL TOFFLER 170
The Last Viking..........................JOEL BERG 176
They Called It Justice...............WILL BERNARD 188

Pictorial Features

Georgia: Land with a Living Past........BEN MERSON 70
Minstrel in White Tie...............RICHARD KAPLAN 98

Service Features

Products on Parade 20
Coronet Family Shopper.................................. 177
Coronet Resort and Travel Guide.................... 182
Coronet Shopping Guide.................................. 183
Coronet School and College Directory............... 186

Departments

Dear Reader... 5
All About You.. 8
Boy Meets Girl—Man Meets Fate......ENTERTAINMENT 16
Grin and Share It...................................HUMOR 31
Three of a Kind..............A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 55
Human Comedy.....................................HUMOR 61

Cover

Photograph.....................JOSEPH LEOMBRUNO

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ALL ABOUT YOU

How to stop snoring; why women have post-childbirth blues; fingernail-biting can be good for you

DETOUR TO SAFETY

Keeping your eye on the road when you drive isn't enough. If your *mind* isn't on the lookout too, you may wind up in a ditch.

This was forcefully highlighted in a survey by University of Michigan traffic engineers. In an effort to steer drivers in the right direction, they queried motorists involved in mishaps about their mental meandering just before the crash. Many drivers confessed they had been preoccupied with earlier events, such as "just got married," and one driver in five admitted he was either worried or in poor physical condition.

Surprisingly, breakneck speed was not the chief cause of accidents. In fact, 90 percent of the motorists were traveling under 50 miles an hour. Professor Bruce Greenshields, in charge of the survey, pointed out that had the drivers' preoccupation with the past not obscured their view of the present, many of the accidents might never have occurred.

SOUND ADVICE

Breathe easy if you're sensitive about your snoring, says Dr. Noah D. Fabricant. Since snoring is an involuntary reaction, you are merely the innocent victim of your physical make-up and your state of health.

Actually, one out of eight Americans punctuates his sleep with sound effects roughly equivalent to the din of ordinary chitchat—and sometimes even as piercing as the noise of a pneumatic drill. What causes this hubbub? Vibrations in the soft palate and other throat structures as you breathe air in and out. And as you grow older, the chances of your disturbing the peace increase, since tissue tone relaxes.

You're also more likely to make noise when you're overtired, overweight or smoking excessively.

There are now over 300 patented snore-curtailing devices, ranging from chin straps to mouth splints. But since most people snore only when they lie on their backs, the best device is—a nudge.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say that this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

You rub ARRID *in*—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

ALL ABOUT YOU

Why that last drink liquidated you. . . .

LAW OF BEVERAGES

How a drink affects you depends more on *you* than it does on the liquor, according to psychiatrist Joost A. M. Meerloo.

Proof lies in the fact that if you've been ill or taken drugs, or are hungry, exhausted or under stress, a few drinks can stand you on your head, even if you are a two-fisted imbiber. You collapse even quicker in a stuffy room, at high altitudes or in unpressurized planes, where there is less oxygen to burn the alcohol in your blood.

Although a full stomach slows the absorption of alcohol, filling up on fruit and certain protein canapes can set you reeling. So can whetting your whistle with carbonated soda. Contrary to popular belief, charged water increases—not diminishes—the charge you get.

WOMEN IN DISTRESS

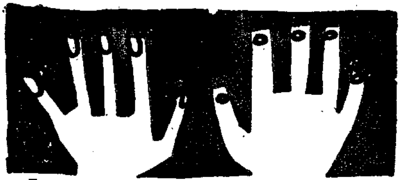
Why do many women, after a painless childbirth, suffer great mental depression? Dr. Edmund Bergler, former assistant director of the Freud Clinic in Vienna, explains the mystery this way: these women have mobilized psychic energy to meet the "crisis." And since the expectation was vastly worse than the reality, the released energy—having nothing on which to expend itself—caused a sharp letdown.

Similar emotional factors lurk behind half of all feminine disorders. Doctors at the annual conference of the American Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine cited frigidity and fear of pregnancy as two outstanding instances where exaggerated fears and unconscious conflicts exert a disturbing influence on a woman's life.

NAILING IT DOWN

Are you a nail nibbler? Strangely enough, far from stunting the growth of your nails, you're actually helping them flourish. And the rate at which your fingernails grow actually reveals how well-nourished you are, declare Drs. Russell L. Cecil and Robert F. Loeb.

On the other hand, nail growth can be inhibited by severe cold, illness, starvation or paralysis of the finger.



It may surprise you to know that women's nails grow slightly slower than men's. But those on the longer fingers grow faster, no matter what the sex of the person.

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America's 10 Happiest Women

SOLVING A LIFELONG problem is a thrill. Helping others solve the same problem is even more of a thrill!

So say the ten happy women on this and the following three pages.

All ten have defeated the crushing problem of overweight. And now, they help others do the same.

At one time these ten happy women were very *unhappy!* They tell of frustrating years with starvation diets and strenuous exercise. Always the same result . . . hunger, exhaustion and a return to the same old figure.

Finally each tried the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. Exciting things happened! Pounds and inches departed one after another. And in every case a lovely figure emerged.

Thrilled and grateful, these ten women wanted to tell the world about the reducing system that *really* gets results . . . the one that is downright enjoyable. So each began a personal crusade to help others.

Among them they have freed hundreds of women from thousands of pounds and inches! And these ten women are typical of at least a thousand other dedicated Stauffer representatives who find happiness twice . . . from their own slim figures, and from the joy they bring others.

For further information, write Stauffer, Dept. C-58, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, Calif., or Dept. C-58, 1500 N. Ogden, Chicago 10, Ill., or Dept. C-58, 5929 Riverdale, New York 71, New York.

Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch," the Posture-Rest® unit, is the heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan of effortless exercise and calorie reduction. It is portable and lightweight...folds for easy storage. Rent it by the month, or buy it for pennies a day.

1

"When I weighed 186 pounds, cars all but ran over me when I crossed the street," says Lada McCutchen of Burlingame, Calif. "And I'm sure it wasn't that they couldn't see me."

"Now they slam on their brakes," says Lada, down to 129. "I get the red carpet treatment everywhere, and I love it!" A dedicated crusader for Stauffer, Lada feels her new figure and new personality brought her the man she married!

BEFORE

AFTER

(ADVERTISEMENT)

2

BEFORE

AFTER

"At 30, I was beginning to look middle-aged," says Baltimore's Clora Nelson. "I weighed 169 pounds *and could hardly drag myself* through a normal day's work. Heavy dieting only aggravated my nerves!"

Clora lost 41 pounds with Stauffer Home Plan. Today she is vivacious, happy, loves telling her Stauffer story to others. Her proud husband says, "I introduce Clora as my new wife!"

3

"When you've been slim all your life, it's hard to admit you're putting on weight," says Sally Bachowski of Pittsburgh. "I went from 118 to *148 before I would actually admit* I was getting fat!"

"Now *I'm back to 118,*" says Sally, "and I have better proportions than I had as a girl. I used to hate full-length mirrors. Now I love them. And I'm as different inside as I am on the outside."

BEFORE

AFTER

4

BEFORE

AFTER

In her sitting-down secretarial job, Philadelphian Jeanne Forbes went from size 9 to size 14. It wasn't a *problem of pounds but inches*— 40 stubborn inches around the hips!

The tape measure now says 35** **at** **Jeanne's hipline, and she recently won a beauty contest. Says Jeanne of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, "It's great for spot reducing. You can lose inches wherever you need to lose!"

(*continued on next two pages*)

5

30-year-old Barbara Harter of Rochester, N.Y. says of her 160-pound days, "I used to get into an afternoon slump that would last until bedtime! I envied people who were slim."

"I like myself now," says Barbara, who is down to 136. "And I like other people! Stauffer has given me energy and ambition to have a career. It isn't just making money that's fun. I love meeting people, helping them get slim."

BEFORE

AFTER

6

"When you carry 206 pounds, you may breathe the same air as other folks, but you live in a different world," says Sybil Leon of Shreveport, La. "Believe me, it's a lonely world. All you can do to be happy is eat!"

"It's a heavenly experience to be down to 143. And I get a great thrill out of my husband's admiring glances when we go out. He sings Stauffer's praises almost as much as I do."

BEFORE

AFTER

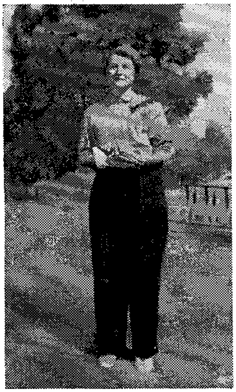
7

Early last year Eunice Maultsby of Lumberton, No. Carolina, went out to buy a dress with Christmas money, found nothing she could squeeze her 201-pound figure into. She decided on Stauffer Home Plan instead.

Eunice weighs 139 pounds today, has firm, smooth skin. "Stauffer has put confidence and sunshine in my life," she says, "and it's a thrill to give these same gifts to others."

BEFORE

AFTER



BEFORE

AFTER

8

When she was 160 pounds Doris Colgan of Los Angeles saw a snapshot taken of her as a Community Chest chairman. "That did it," says Doris. "I saw how fat and hippy I really was."

Doris went from size 18 to 14, lost 30 pounds, 5 inches from her hips. "Many women are just a few inches away from a beautiful figure," she says, "but diet alone isn't the answer. Stauffer trims those inches and keeps them trimmed!"

9

"Even as a baby I was overweight," says Dora Glasgow, a Kansas City housewife. "For 28 years I was known as the smiling fat girl, but that was only on the outside. Inside I was weeping." Dora weighed 225.

With Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dora slimmed down to 120 pounds. "And I haven't gained one of them back in two years!" she says. Dora's husband uses the "Magic Couch" for relaxation.

BEFORE

AFTER

BEFORE

AFTER

10

As a young widowed mother, Alice de Baets of St. Louis found herself withdrawing from society and nibbling every time she passed the icebox. Her weight climbed to 160.

Stauffer slimmed Alice to 107 pounds; lifted her posture. Says Alice, who has found a whole new life, "No wonder I talk about Stauffer from morning till night. I'm so happy now!"

For more information about Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, write Dept. C-58, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles, Calif. ©1958 Stauffer Laboratories

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH edited by Mark Nichols

THEATER

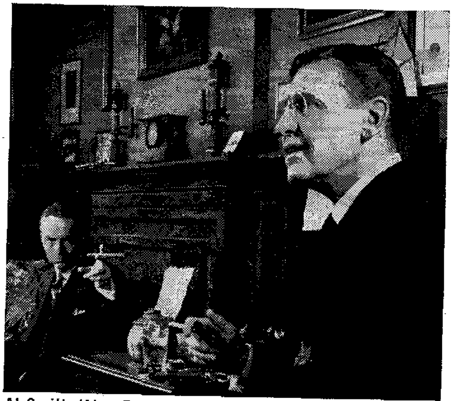
Boy meets girl—man meets fate

It is a dramatic truism that in every tragedy, there is some comedy, and in every comedy, some tragedy. Broadway's newest dramas, **Two for the Seesaw** and **Sunrise at Campobello,** aptly illustrate this point.

Seesaw, William Gibson's warmly humorous play, has a cast of two, Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft. They portray a lonely couple whose basic personalities are sharply different, but who nevertheless have an intense need for each other. Their New York love affair is haunted by Jerry's memories of his eight-year marriage. A Midwestern lawyer, he has taken too many emotional and financial "handouts" from his wealthy wife; while he now yearns to be needed, he has forgotten how to give of himself in return. The girl, Gittel, is a black-stockinged Bohemian with a duodenal ulcer and a compassionate soul; she has always given so freely that she has been "taken." Together, *Seesaw's* lovers learn that "after the verb to love, to help is sweetest in the tongue." Fonda plays with his usual candor and effective quietness. In a more flamboyant part, Anne Bancroft is beguiling, as she brings to life the wild, wonderful, warmhearted girl.

In *Sunrise,* Dore Schary illuminates a crucial chapter in the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt: the 34 months between 1921-24 after he was stricken with polio. The story of a public figure who was forged in private suffering is told by Schary with humor and understatement. As FDR, Ralph Bellamy gives a fine performance. He uses Roosevelt mannerisms—the jutting jaw, the jaunty cigarette angle, the tilt of the head—to suggest the outer man; but he delves beneath the surface, too, to show the strong, proud man within. He receives excellent support from Mary Fickett as a shy, awkward Eleanor; Anne Seymour as his dominating mother, Sara; and Henry Jones as FDR's sardonic adviser, Louis Howe.

Boy (Henry Fonda) needs girl (Anne Bancroft).


Al Smith (Alan Bunce) needs Roosevelt (Ralph Bellamy).

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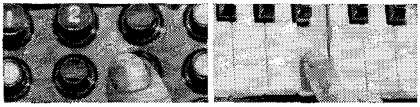

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MOVIES

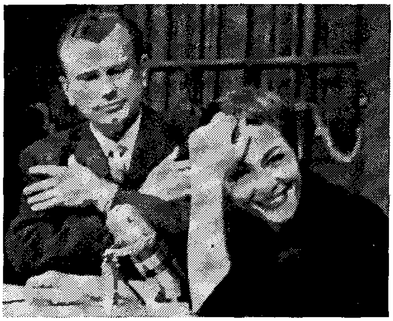
ACTOR PAUL NEWMAN bears a striking resemblance to Marlon Brando, physically, and in that he, too, disdains personal publicity. Despite superior performances in *Somebody Up There Likes Me, The Rack* and *The Helen Morgan Story,* it has taken him some time to gain a box-office following. But his new movie should give him a boost, for he has a hit in, **The Long Hot Summer,** a robust comedy in which he co-stars with his bride, Joanne Woodward; Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick and Richard Anderson.

Later this month, he stars in a western melodrama, **The Left-Handed Gun.** His portrait of Billy the Kid is an absorbing interpretation of the 19th-century's most famous juvenile delinquent.

At 33, Newman is anxious to return to the Broadway stage, where he started. But Hollywood isn't letting him go, yet. In his next film he will play opposite Elizabeth Taylor as the ineffectual husband in Tennessee Williams' explosive *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.*

Paul Newman: on a hot tin roof and climbing.

TELEVISION



Paar and Genevieve: how to keep people awake.

THE LATE-HOUR **Jack Paar Show** (NBC-TV) keeps people from going to sleep with comedy, songs and casual banter between Paar and French singer Genevieve, Dody Goodman, Elsa Maxwell or special guests. Oldest of Paar's regulars is "the pixie from Paris," Genevieve, who started on his second-night show, last July 30.

Her unique personality clicked with the audience, and Genevieve, 28, now appears twice weekly on the program (salary: $400). She says her fan mail grows daily, "but more women than men write me."

A supper-club singer who has never studied singing, Genevieve (last name: Auger) owned a successful cabaret in Paris where she acted as both chef and entertainer. But she nearly went broke ("How can you keep giving checks to friends?"). Then an agent discovered her four years ago.

Tiny (5′2″, 112 pounds) Genevieve hacks out her own tomboy haircut with a razor: "I'm ugly with curls," she says.

As for Jack Paar, his reaction to coping with three women on his show is typically masculine: "I can't understand any of them."

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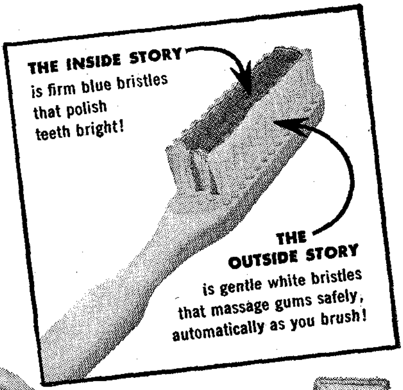
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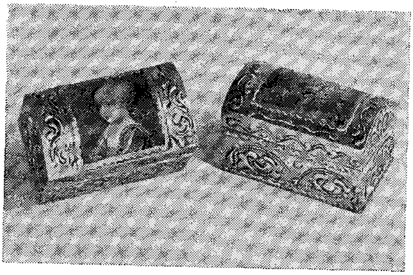
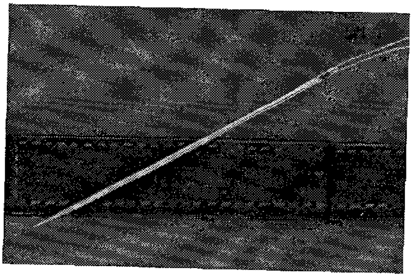
Your smile will say it's better!

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

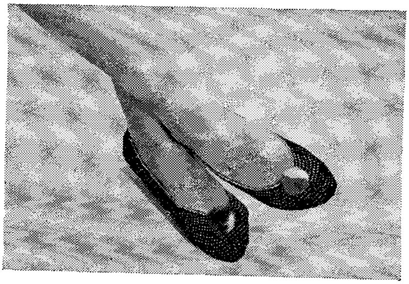
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



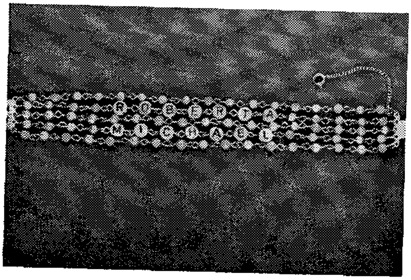
Treasure chest, handmade in Italy, can be used as jewel box, cigarette box, etc. Made of wood; outside has raised gold design with color reproduction of a famous masterpiece on lid. Measures 3⅛" x 2¾" x 4¾". $1.95 pp. Quintessence, Dept. CO-1, 227 East 50th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



If you think mom has everything, give her this sewing needle of 14 kt. gold. Measures 1¾" long. Comes in genuine black morocco leather case. An original gift with much practical value. $2.50 pp. Merrin Jewelry Co., Inc., Dept C, 530 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Comfortable and dressy stretch slippers have real mink pompons on toes. Will fit any size foot. Ideal for leisure wear. Washable, will not lose shape. Available in red and gold, black and gold or all gold color, $2.00 pp. Morris Products, Dept. C-1, 505 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Imported beads on bracelet spell out children's or mother's name. Set off with rows of pink, white or blue beads, linked with gold-plated chain. Safety catch. 5 strand, 2 names, $3.95; 3 strand, 1 name, $3.45, pp. B.B.F. Novelties, C9, 173-15 73rd Ave., Flushing 66, N. Y.

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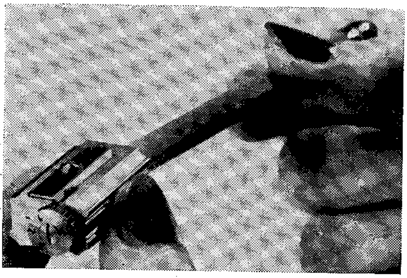
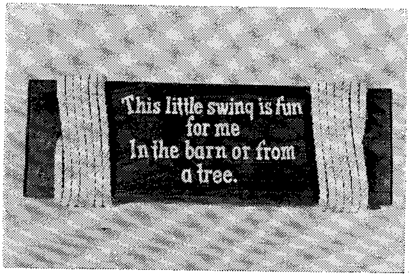
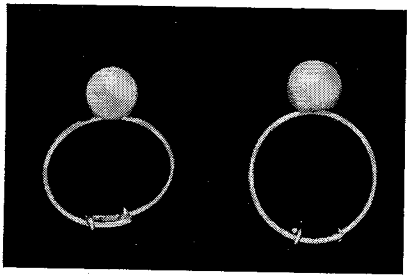


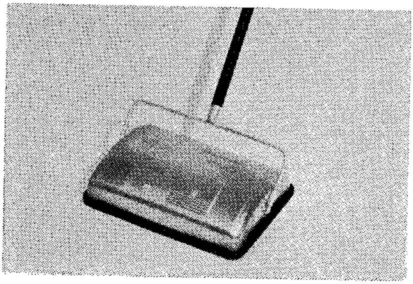
Tiny pencil sharpener has built-in mechanism which allows you to hone blunt, normal or fine points by flipping the selector wheel. Of solid brass alloy; fitted with surgical steel blade. In genuine leather snap case. $1.50 pp. Mr. Wink, COR, P.O. Box 252, Cos Cob, Conn.



Springtime is swingtime and this one can be hung in a playroom or from a tree. Mahogany stained wood seat measures 16″ x 5½″. Includes 16′ of rope and installation screws. Rhyme in ivory lettering. $2.98 pp. DeDe Waters, C-1, 1514 North Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.



Genuine cultured pearl ring is a combination of simplicity and grace. 14 kt. yellow gold band adjusts to anyone's finger size. Wear singly, or fashionably two or three at a time. Wonderful gift for Mother's Day. Each $5.00 pp. Jarra Gem, CR, 489 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Gift mother with solid brass carpet sweeper goodlooking enough to keep in living room or by the fireplace. Wonderful for whisking up crumbs, etc. Black handle; measures 9¼″ x 6½″. By Wagner. $9.95 pp. Wisconsin Home Spec., COR, 500 College Ave., Racine, Wis.

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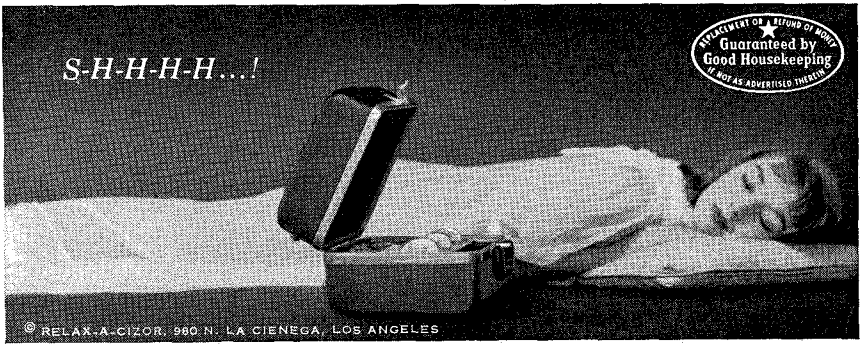

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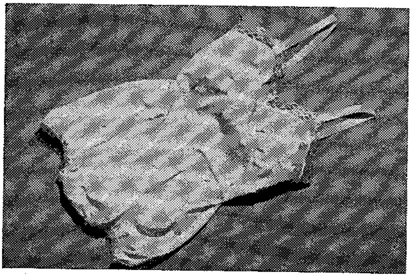

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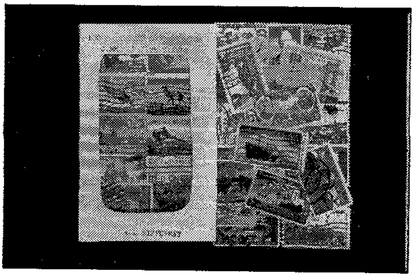
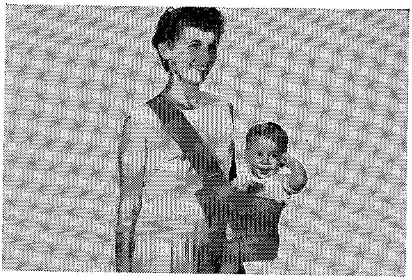
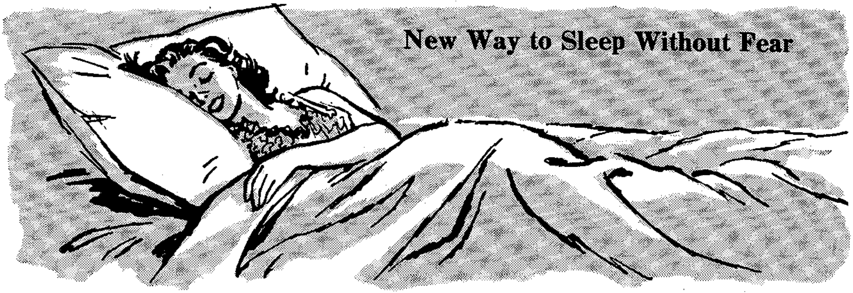


Attention stamp collectors. Assortment of 100 U. S. commemorative stamps portraying important events in history. No two stamps alike. Included are Defense stamps, United Nations stamps, etc. Only 75¢ pp. Globus Stamp Co., Dept. 15, 268 4th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Cuddleseat is the modern way for mom to take junior shopping. Wide adjustable shoulder strap distributes baby's weight evenly over back and shoulders. Baby sits on a comfy cushion. Blue, tan or gray. $4.98 pp. Healtholizer Corp., C-1, 331 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Men's leather moccasins for casual wear in hard-to-find wide sizes. Hand-sewn; steel shanks for extra support. Double leather soles with neolite heels. Choice of black or brown. Sizes 5 to 13, E to EEEE. $14.30 pp. Hitchcock Shoes, Dept. COR-1, Hingham, Mass.



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Results of these clinical tests have just been made public in a special medical report. In test case after case, the hours of sleep increased from 3 or 4 hours—to 8 hours of sound, unbroken sleep. And most gratifying, the patients disclosed that there was no groggy dullness, no harmful after-effects.

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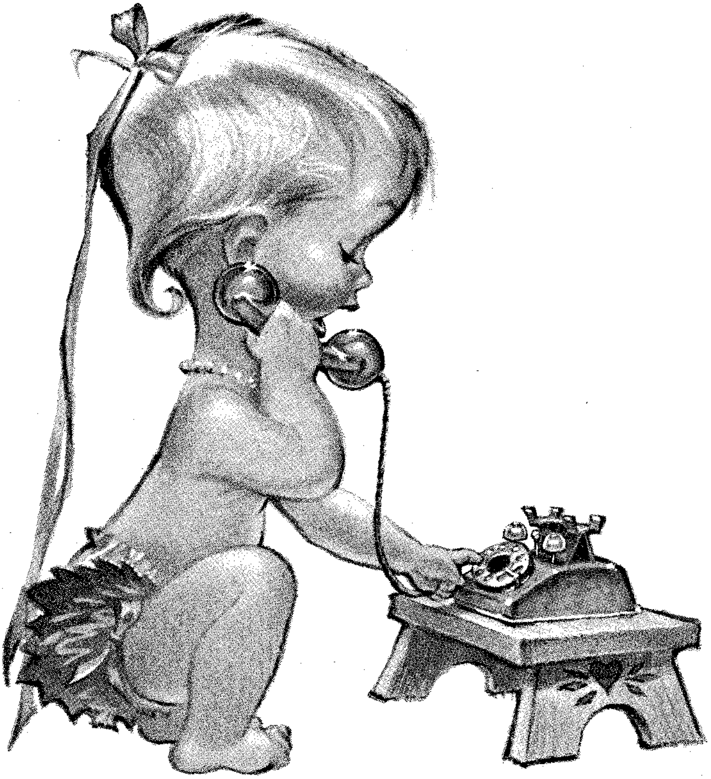

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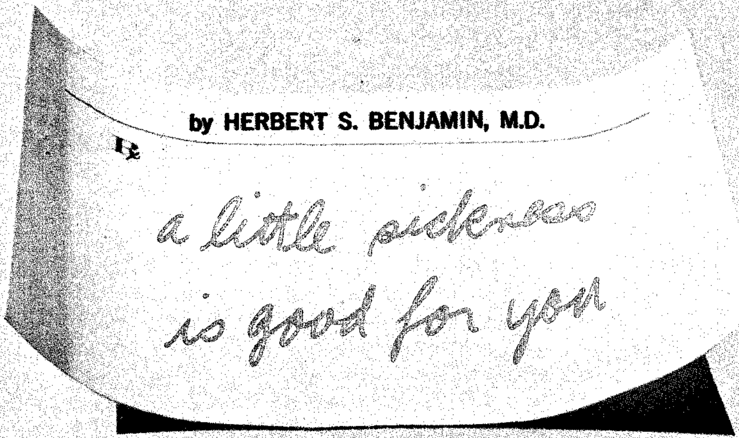


a little sickness is good for you

by HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D.

IF YOU ARE A NORMALLY HEALTHY PERSON, the chances are you have already overcome the challenges of infantile paralysis and tuberculosis, and have been infected by a staggering list of other viruses and bacteria. Microorganisms responsible for rheumatic fever, gas gangrene, pneumonia, nephritis and many other dread diseases dwell in your body at this moment—without adversely affecting you.

You have survived other lethal crises, too—degrees of oxygen-lack and circulation strain severe enough to have been fatal to many, for instance. And you have been deprived of emotional gratification in ways that have driven others insane.

You have, in fact, endured an infinite number of colossal challenges to every part of your body. And yet, if your medical history had shown less involvement with disease, you would not be genuinely healthy, or perhaps even alive today.

Good health was once thought of as the absence of sickness (you were "healthy" as long as you weren't "sick"). But physicians now look upon true good health as an organism's learned ability to overcome the agents of disease. And these causing agents, once thought of as menaces only, are now understood to be naturally occurring challenges of our environment, and the disease process itself as the body's healthy adaptive response to those challenges.

Tuberculosis germs, for instance, exist everywhere in civilized communities, and 99 percent of the inhabitants have lung scars as evidence of their first contact, which they experienced as a slight "cold." Recent mass testing has shown that almost that many of us have played host to the infamous infantile paralysis virus and survived, experiencing merely a stomach upset in the process, even without the benefit of a vaccination.

On a bitter cold winter night not long ago, two patients of advanced age were admitted to a hospital with the diagnosis of epidemic pneumonia. They were of approximately the same age, height, weight, body build, etc., and according to physical examinations performed previously, seemingly equal in all matters of health.

But one patient succumbed in a few hours while the other passed through the crisis and recovered. Was this just a matter of fate? The medical histories of these two patients showed that the one who survived had faced major attacks on his health before, whereas the one who succumbed had had only a minimum of previous experience in battling for his life.

The survivor had had mumps, measles and all the other childhood diseases. He had been hospitalized for an automobile accident, caught malaria in the tropics, and had suffered a number of intestinal ailments. Lung X rays showed that, like most people, he had once had mild tuberculosis.

The unfortunate who did not survive had, as a child, been sent to relatives in the country to avoid contact during epidemics of children's diseases. As an adult he had indulged mildly in sports. Aside from that, he had led an inactive life. At the first sign of a cold he would go to bed; he made sure he never "caught anything." And when it came to his first and only serious illness, no wonder drugs or modern treatment could make up for his body's lack of healthy experience with the agents of disease.

Since germs (to single out but one kind of disease causer) are an ever-present part of our surroundings, we had to make their acquaintance early and learn to live with them. The newborn baby, entering the world free of germs, contacts one type after another. Each original contact may have been signaled by a temperature rise, pain, a change in blood count, a discoloration, pus, or some other group of signs and symptoms which we call "sickness." Or the protective alterations of the body may have been so slight that they were barely detectable.

Although these germs represented genuine threats, continuous contact with them is absolutely necessary for the organism to continue to live. In experiments, newborn animals fed completely germ-free food died in a short time. Those maintained in a completely sterile atmosphere never survived.

Unless a baby's food contains a certain amount of coli bacteria, for instance, it will perish; yet coli can cause some of the gravest of illnesses known. The explanation for this seeming paradox is that the human organism must live in a continuous give-and-take relationship with the many challenges of its environment. And the better it adapts to them, the more healthy and endurable it will be, and the greater will be its chances for survival in the face of later challenge.

By accommodating to coli bacteria, the baby develops into that kind of organism which is natural to an environment where coli bacteria are everywhere.

And so are emotional frustrations. Perhaps at this moment you yearn for a new car, a new coat, a television set, a new job, a raise in pay, or merely a plate of ice cream or a cigarette—or a kiss from someone special. If what you want is not obtainable immediately, you don't commit suicide from grief, or go insane—because you are now able to adapt your urgent emotional needs and drives to the facts of your environment. As a baby, you began to learn to accommodate to what were then, for your mental health, the first critical challenges of doing without.

Dr. Hans Selye of Montreal has introduced a new concept into medicine, "the general adaptation syndrome," which in a comparatively short time has revolutionized medical thinking. Dr. Selye discovered—and thousands of specialists and research scientists have corroborated his findings—that the living organism responds to every challenge, physical and emotional, to every disease agent or strain, in a basically identical way.

There may be specific body responses in specific diseases, such as an enlarged liver in hepatitis or a rash in scarlet fever. However, during every condition of measurable stress, from germ-caused illnesses, burns, electric shock, tumors, the stress of battle, from oxygen-lack to menstruation, pregnancy, parturition, the body experiences the same adaptive responses. These are medically measurable in terms of alteration in hormone output, blood count, blood chemistry, the size of the secretory and lymph glands and the mucous lining of the stomach.

In expressing this response, the body will be *a little sick*—if the individual is healthy. But, if this organism has not previously developed a normal adaptivity to challenges, the response pattern will be abnormal and *a severe illness* may be the result. Selye's great contribution to science was this clear concept that disease affects people according to their previously developed ability to adapt.

Today, your physician prefers to hear that you have had childhood diseases like mumps, measles, whooping cough and the rest, rather than avoided them. He knows that a bout of harmless chicken pox while you were a child will probably immunize you for life, but that if you contract it first as an adult it could run a very serious course.

On May 14, 1796, Edward Jenner

vaccinated James Phipps against smallpox with material from the cowpox pustules of the milkmaid Sarah Nelmes. This was probably the first conscious attempt by a physician artificially to adapt a patient to the perils of his environment, by giving him a mild illness so that he could withstand a severe one.

Medical science has proved, since, that contact with, or vaccination against, one disease will frequently provide resistance to other diseases, and that the successful familiarity a patient has had with disease can often be a fair index of his resistance and health.

All too often, a patient will insist on a shot of glamorous penicillin or some newer antibiotic for a mild infection. The physician will explain that the drug is not necessary—that it is better for the body to use its own defenses—but the determined patient shops around until he finds someone who will administer it anyhow.

The frequent result is that although the individual's own natural resistance would have conquered the infection, the antibiotic suddenly robs the body of the germs necessary to stimulate the antibody-producing mechanism into action. And a stubborn chronic disease takes hold, against which antibiotics are now powerless.

Mortality statistics show that the longevity outlook for women is, and probably always has been, a few years longer than for men. This advantage in long life expectancy can perhaps be attributed to what Selye discovered about menstruation and general adaptation—that a life of cyclic readaptation to hormonal changes has trained women to survive the changing processes of age better than men.

Disease and health, then, are not true antagonists. If you have been a little sick occasionally, since childhood, you are probably in better health today than if you had "never been sick in your life."

For every time you get sick or injured, your body automatically learns an important lesson in survival it can never forget.

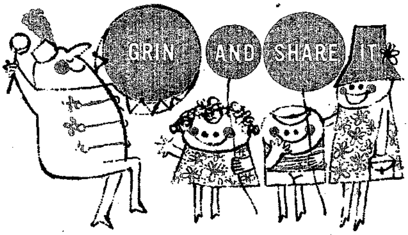
Don't go looking for trouble, but if you want to live longer, don't be afraid of your ailments either. As a healthy challenge now and then, a little sickness is good for you.

Steve Allen's Scrambled Book List

(from a speech at an Authors League of America dinner)

The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit—By General Robert E. Lee
You Can't Go Home Again—By Juan Perón
Of Time and the River—By Willie Sutton
Something of Value—By Bobo Rockefeller
Love Is a Many Splendored Thing—By Tommy Manville
The Bad Seed—By Luther Burbank
Three To Get Married—By Mama Gabor
Wish You Were Here—By Judge Crater
The Day The Money Stopped—By Charles Van Doren
Lady in the Dark—By Mrs. Tom Edison

—*Variety*



THIS ITEM appeared in a Texas newspaper: As near as can be determined there is absolutely no truth in the report that a Tulsa merchant is sponsoring a contest offering a first prize of a one-week vacation in Texas, and a second prize of a two-week vacation in Texas.

—*The Houston Post*

A KNOXVILLE NEWSPAPER recently carried this headline over a news story concerning a new development in the H-bomb situation:

U.S. FINDING WAY TO CUT FALL-OUT

The paper hadn't much more than hit the street before a woman contacted the city desk.

"If they cut fall out," she asked, "does that mean we're going to go from summer right into winter?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

A MAN WALKED into a bar the other day with a talking mynah bird. He ordered a drink and the bird ordered one too.

"Sorry," said the bartender, "we're not allowed to serve mynahs."

—ROBERT SYLVESTER (*New York Daily News*)

OLD MRS. GREEN, who lived alone, was a bit eccentric. One day while visiting a neighbor, she revealed that she kept all her savings hidden in a shoe box in her bedroom.

"But that's foolish," said the neighbor, "you should have your money in a savings bank; you are losing the interest this way."

"Oh, no, I'm not," said the old lady, winking slyly. "I'm putting away a little extra to take care of that."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A CRITIC lecturing to a women's club on The Cinema concluded his remarks with: "I ask you, is this all films have to offer people? An escaped convict gets into a home and holds the wife and children as hostages, burns down an orphanage; a man robs his employer, flees to Monte Carlo, breaks himself but not the bank and jumps off a high cliff into the sea; two pals love the same girl and one shoots the other; a man fights his way into the apartment of a beautiful model, abducts her in a car and they both plunge over a cliff at 80 miles an hour. But why go on? And now, ladies, are there any questions?"

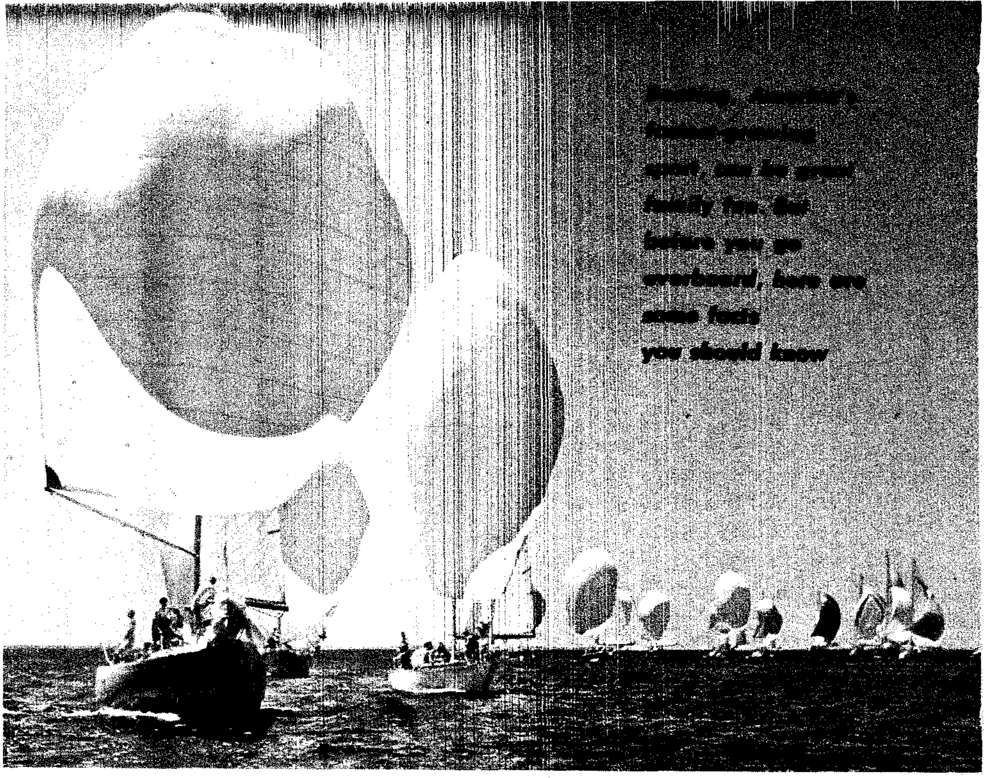
"Oh, my, yes," said a thrilled voice. "Where is it playing?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

WHAT A thrill!" exclaimed one circus-goer to another. "I just met the two-headed man face to face to face!"

—*General Features Corporation*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Boating, America's fastest-growing sport, can be great family fun. But before you go overboard, here are some facts you should know

BOATING BASICS FOR EVERYBODY

by Lawrence Elliott

IN LAND-LOCKED KANSAS this month, automobiles are hauling boat-laden trailers along dusty roads. In Seattle, thousands of boats are painted and primed for that water-wild city's annual "opening day" pageant. In New York, the 48th National Motor Boat Show has outdrawn the World Series.

For boating has become America's fastest-growing sport. Last year, some 35,000,000 Americans invested close to *$2,000,000,000* in more than 7,000,000 boats ranging from canoes to cruisers. This works out to something like a boat for every five families, with 500,000 or more first-timers reaching for yachtsmen's caps every year.

Areas with prime waterways—the Pacific Northwest, Florida, Long Island, the Great Lakes—pace the parade, but there is scarcely a bone-dry corner of the land that has not been brushed by the boating boom. Texans park their cruisers in two-car garages, trailer-pull them as much as 200 miles afield for a weekend afloat. Thanks to government hydro-electric and flood control projects, Midwesterners cruise thousands of miles on man-made lakes and rivers.

How did it all happen? An "oldtimer" with a full two years of sailing in his log explains: "It's more darn fun than anything else you can name." The boating industry, now truly big business, has done a lot to make and keep it fun.

Item: the new outboards, a far cry from yesterday's cantankerous putt-putts, can push a fully equipped 21-foot cabin cruiser at a brisk clip.

Item: with winches that make it possible for one man to launch and load a two-and-a-half-ton cruiser, boat trailers have created a brand new boating market.

Item: costs have come down, and these days you can float a boat loan about as easily as a car loan.

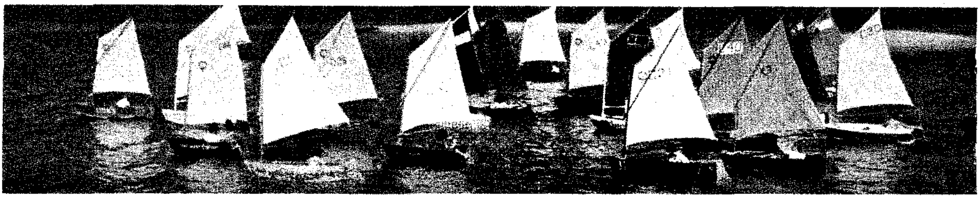
Item: an enormous variety now makes available everything from a $100 pram to a $100,000 ocean-roamer, and serves every price and purpose in between. And although the initial outlay for a boat may seem steep, you are making an investment not only in family recreation but in dollars and cents. Unlike automobiles, boats do not go out of style: after the first year's depreciation—20 to 25 percent—your boat, properly maintained, will hold its market value for a long time.

Finally: where once a man would be content to take off for an afternoon's fishing with a crony or two, now his wife has gotten into the act and made boating a family sport.

What's your water-borne pleasure? Your choice depends on three factors: the amount of money you want to spend; the kind of waterways available to you; and the purpose to which you want to put your boat. Following is a listing of main boat types, their particular uses, approximate costs, the advantages and drawbacks of each.

SAILBOATS The man who buys a sailboat is buying neither a fishing boat nor a means of transportation. When he puts out in a sailboat he is after the thrill and the sheer pleasure of sailing, period. What's more, he must know what he is about: where you can learn to operate a

Even youngsters can acquire sailboating skill. Below, small-fry skippers stage colorful race.



power boat in relatively short order, you'd better be a fairly experienced hand before you hoist sail.

Sailboats are classified, not by the size of the hull, but by the rig—the sails they carry. Smaller, open boats will have either a fixed keel or a drop-keel, actually a centerboard arrangement that can be lifted for crossing shoals. With a fixed, weighted keel, your boat is steadier and less apt to capsize if swamped. A centerboard, on the other hand, permits you to sail more shallow waters.

Dinghies: generally from seven to 14 feet long, the "dink" has one mast and a single sail shaped almost like a right triangle. With its wide beam, it is simplest of all sailboats to handle. You can choose between a flat, vee or round-bottom hull, with the flat being least expensive and slowest. *The cost*: from $400 to $800.

Sloops, Cutters, Knockabouts: these boats, with two or more sails on a single mast, are most popular in the 16 to 24 foot size, carry four or more passengers and, generally, are sleeker and more versatile than the smaller boats. But they demand more skill of the man at the tiller. *The cost*: from $800 to $4,000.

Yawls, Ketches, Schooners: these are two-masted cruising sailboats, from 26 to well over 50 feet long, fitted to take you on a tour of the Caribbean, even across the Atlantic—and cost accordingly, from $3,000 and way up. For most amateur admirals, they are in the daydreaming realm.

There's a sailboat to suit almost any waterway, and some asking around will help you pick the best boat for your home waters. At minimum, all you need is enough depth to float her, a little maneuvering room and a stiff breeze.

Most small-boat sailors are more secure, hence happier, with an outboard motor—or kicker—for docking and those galling moments of dead calm. These motors range upward in price from about $130 to about $1,000. Although operating expenses on a sailboat are nil, a fairly accurate rule of thumb calls for from $250 to $300 for every ten feet of boat to cover dockage, drydock, paint, equipment, marine insurance and miscellaneous expenses.

POWER *(inboard)* Other things being equal, inboard power will cost you more, but you get what you pay for in comfort and versatility. Except for extremely shallow and weed-grown waters, your inboard will navigate anywhere and, mounted inside the hull, delivers a smoother, quieter and more comfortable ride. Finally, its four-cycle operation is easier on fuel—by about a fifth—than a comparable outboard.

The main disadvantage of an inboard boat is its lack of portability. Once past the 18-foot, 60 hp class, better forget about trailer-carrying your inboard to distant waters. Nor can a big V-8 engine be easily removed for repairs the way an outboard can.

Sport-fishermen: if you're looking for an offshore fishing boat, one that will ride the surf and the swells beyond, you might start with a dory. Unsheltered and peaked at both ends, this long-time fisherman's friend may be short on comfort but, in its class, is unsurpassed in seaworthiness. It is built to ride best with a heavy load and ranges from 12 feet and 15 hp, to 18 feet and up to 100 hp.

A skiff is a more conventionally shaped sport-fisherman, still long on fishing elbow room and passenger-carrying capacity, with a minimum of frills and shelter. It is fast, will ride rough waters well and is available from 18 feet to cruiser length with matching horsepower.

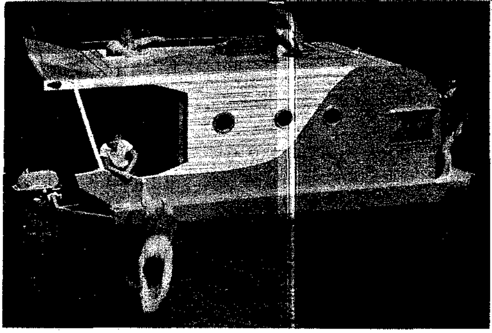
The utility or runabout is a sort of compromise between the comfort of a cruiser and the rough-and-readiness of a skiff. Useful for anything but extended cruising, the utility generally runs from 14 to 18 feet long, has a minimum of deck and will clip along fast enough to pull a couple of water-skiers.

The cost: under 18 feet, $500 to $2,000; over 18 feet, $2,500 to $5,000.

Cruisers: these are the aristocrats of the amateur fleet. Starting at 18-foot, 60 hp combinations, here is the kind of boat that will carry you on a weekend jaunt in your local waters, or on a voyage down the Inland Waterway to Florida or up the Mississippi River.

If it doesn't come to you fully equipped, it can be fitted with complete head and galley—ice box, stove, sink and storage space—as well as sleeping accommodations for two, three or four people in the cabin of boats up to 24 feet long. (Beyond that size, the possibilities for luxury—and the prices—are breathtaking.) *The cost*: from $2,500 to $7,000.

POWER (*outboards*) It is estimated that there are now ten outboards afloat for each marine pleasure craft of any other kind. Why this spectacular popularity?



The owners of this trim, outboard motor boat have converted it into a water-going cottage.

Foot for foot and unit of horsepower for unit of horsepower, it costs less to buy and maintain an outboard-powered boat. Even in lengths up to 20 feet, the outboard cruiser can be transported overland to likely water. Finally, there is hardly a hull, from dinghy to cabin cruiser, that is not adaptable to an applicably sized outboard.

For an investment only about two-thirds as high as you'd have to go for an inboard, you can equip yourself with a 21-foot cabin cruiser and two 25 hp outboards. Hanging over the stern, the motors take up no deck space and, should one conk out, the other will bring you safely home.

Started with a rope, like a gasoline-powered lawn mower, or by an electric starter, like a car, the outboard is steered by a hand tiller or by a rudder-wired wheel. Its draft requirements are absolutely minimal.

Although manufacturing advances and refinements have been short of spectacular, however, by its very nature, an outboard is noisier than a cowl-covered inboard. Constantly exposed to weather and water, it requires meticulous care if it's expected to deliver good service during its normal life expectancy.

Generally, outboard-designed hulls are made in the same categories—and for the same purposes—as inboard boats. The power requirements of the boat you buy will vary with its design, weight and size, and you can do no better than to follow the manufacturer's recommendations to the letter.

The cost (motors): 3 hp—about $150; 5 hp—about $200; 10 hp—about $350; 16 hp—about $400; 25 hp—about $500. An electric starter will add from $75 to $100 to these prices.

The cost (hulls): 12 feet—from $150 to $500; 16 feet—$400 to $1,500; 18 feet—$1,200 to $2,000; 21 feet—$2,000 to $3,000.

There is, too, a brisk market in used boats of all descriptions and, dollar-wise, it merits real consideration. As in automobiles, a used boat can mean anything from last year's barely broken-in model to a marine antique, and you can naturally expect to get what you pay for.

But bear in mind that boats, unlike autos, change little from year to year. You can save up to $1,000 on a 21-foot cruiser that, last year, brought $4,000 in a dealer's showroom. If the boat is sound, you have given away nothing but the dubious privilege of saying that you bought a new boat.

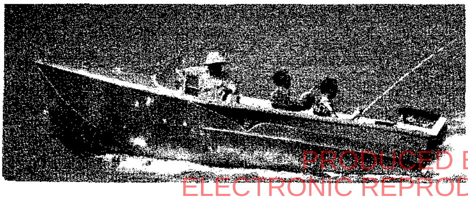
If you doubt your ability to judge a good sound buy, hire a competent marine surveyor before you make a decision. If nothing else, the peace of mind you'll get from his okay is worth the $25-or-so fee.

Engines are another story. Marine engines wear out fairly quickly. Five years is young for a boat, old for an engine in salt water. So if the boat of your choice is in otherwise good condition and the price is right, it's possible to fit it with a new engine at not-too-prohibitive a cost.

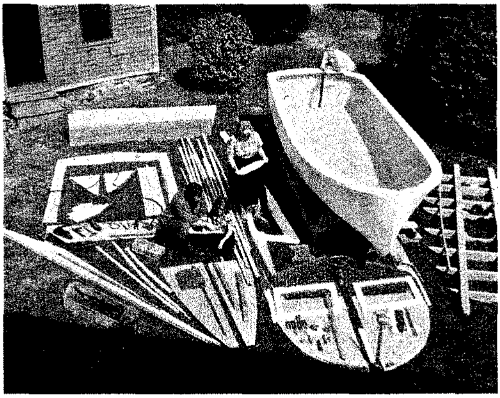
From the time man began sailing, he has constructed his boats from wood. But in recent years—and contributing to the present boating boom—some truly startling advances have been made in the materials used for marine construction.

Plywood, for instance, specially treated to withstand the damaging effect of constant immersion, will reduce the cost of your boat by as much as 25 percent. It is easier to work with, repair, and, in many respects, maintain. While not ideally suited for the open sea because of its lightness, plywood may well be for you if your local waterways are sheltered and relatively calm.

Metal — steel and aluminum — boats have become favorites, too. Their obvious strong points are durability and, with no seams to caulk, ease of maintenance. In fresh water there is not even any need to paint an aluminum boat. Nor will a metal boat become water-logged, rotten, shrunken or swelled. And, unless you run it aground hard enough to poke a hole through it, it won't leak. Repairs, however, are tricky and expensive. The dead weight of steel slows it down and the lightness of aluminum—which makes it practical for car-top carrying—is a bad bet in a high wind.



Fiberglas, neither actually glass nor fiber, is a plastic compound of incredible strength well on its way to becoming the answer to the boatman's ultimate dream. With color molded right into the plastic, a Fiberglas hull will require no paint for years, if ever. It is extremely resistant to marine growth and strong enough for duty anywhere. But plastic, so far, is more expensive than metal or wood.



A kit boat, which comes to you pre-cut and ready to be fitted together, is the way to save big money in boat buying. Kit boats are available in sizes and shapes from eight-foot prams to 31-foot cruisers, and mainly for outboard power. If you like working with your hands and are long on patience, you'll probably derive an enormous amount of satisfaction from building your own boat. And once it's finished—assuming you've worked carefully and well—it'll be as sound as anything on the water. But be forewarned:

it's not easy! If possible, study the detailed instruction sheet before you buy and be convinced that you have the room, the equipment and the know-how to finish the job.

A pre-cut kit will usually cost you about half what a ready-for-the-water boat of the same size would. But added to that will be the cost of painting, outfitting and powering.

Once you have your boat, what other expenses can you expect? The basic Coast Guard requirements for a Class 1 boat—16 to 26 feet long—call for a whistle, a fire extinguisher, a red and green bow light, a white stern light, adequate venting devices for inboard motors and adequate life preservers for each passenger aboard. Usually these musts are standard equipment on a new boat. Be prepared to part with $50 to $100 if you have to provide them for yourself.

Good strong hawser line, an anchor, water pump to keep your bilges dry, first-aid kit, flares, a good government chart of your waterways—all these will prove invaluable. An average trailer handling up to an 18-foot boat costs $200. And you can count on spending between $8 and $10 a foot for May-to-October dock space. It's best to have your boat hauled ashore for the winter months, another $150 for hauling and drydock space.

That's about the story. A few outings with an experienced friend and you'll be ready for some short cruising on your own, going farther afield as you gain in experience and confidence. Too, the U.S. Power Squadrons, a remarkable organization of amateurs, offer a ten-week course in piloting, seamanship and small-boat handling in some 232 cities across the country, absolutely free. The USPS certificate and the flag you're permitted to fly when you complete the course testify to your competence to handle your boat under almost any circumstances or weather conditions.

Good Advice

A CHURCH IN MINNEAPOLIS has a problem. Take a look at this quote from a recent church bulletin: "Some time ago we asked that you do not allow your children to eat the prayer cards in church. We noticed an adult or two chewing them last Sunday. If you are an adult and have a habit of eating cards, we suggest that you see your family doctor or your veterinarian or grocer or somebody."
—CEDRIC ADAMS (*Minneapolis Tribune*)

POLICE IN MOSCOW, Idaho, handed a black-bordered "Ticket" to careless pedestrians that read: "When I Am Injured Or Killed, Please Send Me To . . ." A choice of hospitals and funeral homes follows, with blanks for name, address, age, blood type and next of kin.

After a few weeks of this, jaywalking decreased sharply.
—*Farm Journal*

HE IS INDEED a wise lawyer who will have his male client appear before a jury of women with three buttons off his coat.
—*American Way*

Putting profit before pride, Britain's blue-blooded Barnum has turned his ancestral home into a three-ring circus and become . . .

RINGMASTER OF THE MANOR

by Graham & Heather Fisher

LIKE A REGAL RINGMASTER, John Robert Russell, the lanky, 40-year-old, 13th Duke of Bedford, leads paying guests through his ancestral home with its elaborately carved ceilings and glittering chandeliers. Without embarrassment, he points out the portraits by such famous painters as Rembrandt, Reynolds and Holbein hanging in the two drawing rooms, the Sèvres dinner service in the China Room. The portraits are valued at more than $1,500,000 and the dinner service—the most complete in existence—was worth $81,000 even back in the days when King Louis XV of France gave it to the wife of the fourth duke. Today it is worth at least four times as much.

But these days, the portraits and dinner service, the ceilings and chandeliers, the tapestries and antique furnishings of 17th-century Woburn Abbey, the Duke's home, are part of a new style three-ring circus playing to a weekly audience of 12,000 people through the seven months of the tourist season.

To prevent his stately home from moldering away, and to enable himself and his family to live in a mere handful of its 60-odd rooms, the Duke throws it open to anyone with the 35¢ admission charge.

Other members of the British aristocracy do much the same, of course. Zooming taxation and ever-

The Duke of Bedford (right) entertains visitors—at 35¢ a head.

rising maintenance costs make their castles and great manor houses impossible to keep up unless extra money is found from somewhere.

But while some rather shamefacedly strive to retain the remnants of their old-world dignity, the Duke of Bedford has entered into his operation with glee and abandon—and so successfully that last summer his takings were a record $200,000.

"One may as well face the fact that this is show business," he smiles.

The stunts he employs in this new form of show business have caused some of Britain's newspapers to nickname him "The Duke of Barnum." John Robert Russell does not mind. It is all good publicity.

The Bedford family has always taken life as they found it . . . and made life take them the same way. One was executed, another gambled away half the family fortune, while yet another was famed for the extraordinary number of mistresses he maintained. As recently as 1926, the present Duke's grandmother, at the age of 61, took up flying and set two new records before disappearing on a solo flight.

Three years ago, hardly anyone in Britain had heard of Woburn Abbey. But such stunts as the Duke's inviting Marilyn Monroe to sleep in the four-poster bed once occupied by staid old Queen Victoria (Marilyn did not accept) and arranging for the World Congress of Nudists to hold their convention in its 3,000-acre park made it the most talked-about old mansion in the country.

The Duke knows that only about one in every hundred sightseers has more than a passing interest in Woburn's historic porcelain, gold plate, rare books and works of art. The rest go there for a day out with the kids, and hoping to catch a glimpse of the beaming, bespectacled face which has become familiar to them through newspapers and television.

The Duke obliges, mingling with the cash customers, showing them around in person, signing autographs for small boys, posing with mum and dad for a photograph that will go in the family album, selling them ashtrays, plates and souvenir mugs, all adorned with the Bedford coat-of-arms.

Actually, he has turned the grounds into a sort of aristocratic Coney Island. The old stables are now a milk bar, complete with dime-in-the-slot coffee machine and chrome-and-scarlet juke box.

He has put paddle boats on the lake in the park, erected slides and rides for the kiddies, augmented Woburn's famous deer herd into a private zoo, and imported a skiffle

American tourists join the Duke (back to camera) in Woburn Abbey specialty—bison pie.

group to play for dancing in the sculpture gallery.

Occasionally he grabs a washboard and joins in himself.

Aware of the pulling power of television, he has maneuvered ten appearances on British screens in recent months. These varied from camera tours of the art treasures of Woburn, to satirical skits on the stately homes theme, to do-it-yourself demonstrations.

"Each time I go on TV I get about 5,000 extra people visiting Woburn over the next few days," he explains.

When the Duke took over, the Abbey had not been lived in for five years, had gone undecorated for 80. The elegant rooms were crammed from floor to ceiling with everything from priceless Rembrandts to rusty frying pans to ten drawings of animals and children signed by Queen Victoria. They found the Sèvres dinner service in the stables, and the Duchess undertook to clean off its accumulation of grime.

"For heaven's sake, mind you don't break anything," said the Duke, turning away.

From behind him came the crash of breaking china. He swung around, horror-stricken, to find his wife smiling. She had thrown a couple of old kitchen plates on the floor to teach him not to interfere with her side of things.

In 1953, the present Duke, after a succession of quarrels with his eccentric father, was fruit-farming in South Africa. In October, news came from England that his father had been killed in a shooting accident. John Robert Russell found himself the 13th Duke of Bedford, with a stately home at Woburn, other estates in Devonshire, Kent and the Bloomsbury district of London, art treasures worth around $5,000,000 —and a bill from the British Treasury for $14,000,000 in death duties. (So far, by selling part of his estates, the Duke has reduced the bill by close to $4,000,000.)

The Duke, the Duchess and Queen Victoria's bed. He invited Marilyn Monroe to sleep in it.

His trustees made it clear that there was no $120,000 a year to run Woburn Abbey. When the Duke said he would find the money by opening Woburn to the public, the trustees laughed. The Abbey was practically unknown: it was off the beaten tourist track, and too far from London and even farther from the cities of the Midlands.

Behind his blue-tinted spectacles, the Duke grins like a naughty boy as he says, "It's been great fun proving them wrong."

He moved into Woburn with his artistically minded, blue-eyed Duchess and in six months they had the place ready for its first visitor. That summer, 184,000 people paid to visit Woburn. Next year the figure jumped to 235,000. And last summer it soared to 373,000. (When a large party of American newspapermen turned up, the Duke killed one of his prize bison and served bison pie for lunch.)

He plans some extra-special high jinks when Woburn's millionth visitor passes through the turnstiles this coming summer.

For this lucky one there will be a champagne lunch as the Duke's personal guest, and gifts to take home.

Financially, John Robert Russell would be much better off if he sold his stately home and went off to live a life of indolence on the Riviera. And why doesn't he?

"I feel I am part of Woburn," he says, showmanship suddenly giving way to diffident understatement. "I just don't want to let the old place down, if you see what I mean. I want to keep it going for my children . . . and their children after them."

Accompanying him through the high, fine rooms where Charles I and Henrietta Maria once strolled, where Queen Victoria and her beloved Albert slept; gazing out through the tall windows at the rolling grassland of the park where tame deer still graze beneath the ancient oaks—you begin to understand what it was that turned the 13th Duke of Bedford into "The Duke of Barnum."

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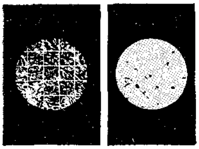
She uses only GLEEM *-the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF – IN PICTURES



Mouth bacteria, chief cause of decay, build up overnight (shown at left). One Gleem brushing destroys up to 90% of these bacteria (shown at right)

PROOF – IN PERSON

Tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people.

If you, like this mother, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause both decay and mouth odor. So she depends on Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on Gleem to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing.

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Religious freedom
is a foundation stone of
democracy.
Yet today it has
become an explosive issue
that is rocking
many of our communities

CHURCH, STATE—*and strife*

by Henry M. Christman

IS RELIGION SETTING Americans against one another?

Imagine for a moment how life would be if your community suddenly divided up according to religious faiths. Automatically, you and your family would be classified on one "side" or the other, according to your religion, or lack of it. And you'd find life might be rather unpleasant if your side lacked enough persons and community backing to counteract "the others."

Fantastic, you say? Americans respect the right of others either to practice their faith or to refrain from religious commitments.

In New Hyde Park, Long Island, public school officials offended parents of all faiths last year by proposing to post an "interdenominational" version of the Ten Commandments in classrooms. Indignant residents felt that their children should be taught the Ten Commandments only according to their own faith. Feelings became so intense that, on June 12, State Commissioner of Education Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., banned *any* display of *any* versions of the Ten Commandments.

By a four-to-three vote, the Ossining, New York, school board decided to mark the Christmas season last year by decorating the local high school lawn with a representation of the Nativity scene. It had taken the same action in 1956, again by the same four-to-three vote.

On both occasions, Ossining residents of all three faiths objected —not to the display itself but that a distinctly Christian religious representation was constructed on public property maintained by compulsory taxes from non-Christians as well as Christians. The case was brought to court and the right to erect the Nativity scene was upheld.

THE First Amendment to the United States Constitution forbids official preference toward any religion. The exact words are these: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." State constitutions also contain similar clauses. When The Founding Fathers put those words at the very first of the Bill of Rights, they launched a unique experiment in the history of mankind, the American system of "co-existence" among religions, with official favoritism toward none.

Yet there are strongly different points of view on how this principle applies in practice today. Consider the contradiction between states. For instance, should Roman Catholic Sisters wearing religious garb be permitted to teach public school classes? Kentucky says yes; New Mexico says no; and Colorado says in some areas but not in others. Should parochial school students receive free textbooks on the same basis as public school students? Louisiana says yes; New York, no.

The most widely debated issue dividing religious groups is, of course, that affecting payment of public tax funds to parochial and private school students. Roman Catholic leaders argue that school bus transportation, free lunches, medical care and other such "auxiliary" benefits are services not to the school but to the students—and all schoolchildren should receive them on the same basis, whether enrolled in public or parochial schools.

The court contended that such payments would be supporting parochial and private schools from public tax funds—which it believes is a violation of the U.S. Constitution.

On issues involving parochial schools, the lines are more sharply drawn than on practically any other question. Yet it would be a serious mistake to generalize religious conflict in this country as exclusively a struggle between Roman Catholics on one side and Protestants, Jews and the uncommitted all united in opposition.

Both Roman Catholics and Protestants have been found guilty of breaking laws forbidding the teaching of sectarian religion in public schools. Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, an organization vigorously opposed to any religious doctrine being taught in public schools, states that in some areas, particularly the South, Protestants also are teaching their religion in public schools.

In various instances, Roman Catholics, Jews, the religiously uncommitted and some Protestants find themselves allied to resist Protestant incursions on the public school system. Roman Catholic and Jewish organizations formally pooled their efforts, even making a joint legal suit, to halt distribution of the King James Version of the Bible—the Protestant version—to students in the Rutherford, New

Jersey, public schools. On December 7, 1953, they won their case before the New Jersey Supreme Court.

Communities in various parts of the nation have attempted to solve the question of religious symbols in public schools by limiting such display to the Christmas holiday season and then featuring a joint observance of Christmas and the Jewish celebration of Chanukah. A crèche is set up and a menorah, the candelabrum revered by the Jews as a religious symbol, is also displayed.

This pleases some Christians and Jews, but other Christians and Jews object. Opponents of the practice point out that the U. S. Constitution does not say that all religions shall be treated equally—it says that no religion shall be accorded official recognition.

Another source of controversy is community censorship of literature. With the ethical objective of keeping obscene reading matter away from the general public, groups have launched campaigns which often resort to boycotts and other unethical pressure on newsdealers and booksellers. The effect is to ban literature according to a religious standard which is not accepted by all the community.

For instance, the District Attorney of St. Clair County, Michigan, banned sale of all paper-bound books declared objectionable by a regulatory agency created by the Roman Catholic Bishops of the U.S. in 1938, the National Office for Decent Literature (NODL). Later, a Federal judge ruled against the ban. A comparable Protestant agency was formed recently, the Churchmen's Commission for Decent Publications; it, like NODL, aims toward eliminating publication and sale of literature it disapproves.

There is no such Jewish regulatory agency but, early in 1949, some Jewish organizations were accused of attempting to suppress the film *Oliver Twist* because of the offensive Jewish stereotype in the character Fagin.

Equally serious problems exist affecting radio and television. When a Chicago television station announced that, on December 21, 1956, it would show the film *Martin Luther*—made under Lutheran auspices—with a commercial sponsor, protests led the station to cancel the program.

Another area of conflict centers upon "Sunday closings"—laws and ordinances which require termination of all commercial transactions in deference to the Sunday Sabbath. Here again, different faiths observe different Sabbaths. And those whose religion provides for a Sabbath other than Sunday—Christian groups like Seventh Day Adventists as well as Jews—find that, due to Sunday closing laws, they must close on *two* Sabbaths.

The majority of Americans are, of course, Christians; but the Christian religion is in no way recognized as the "official" religion of the U.S. From time to time, there have been attempts to add a "Christian Amendment" to the Constitution which would require an oath to the U.S. as a Christian nation.

Proponents of such a measure would include an alternative statement for those who could not take the oath; but opponents have been quick to point out that the nation would immediately be divided into two classes—those who could take the oath, and those who could not. The second group would in effect become "second-class" citizens. Although a "Christian Amendment" has been periodically introduced in Congress since 1874—most recently in 1953 and 1955—it has never been brought to a vote.

Traditionally, almost every European nation has been dominated by one religious group or another. In Scandinavian nations, it was the Lutherans; in England, the Anglicans; in Scotland, the Presbyterians; in Russia, Greece and southeastern Europe, the Orthodox; in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and most of central Europe, the Roman Catholics; and Germany was divided into Lutheran and Roman Catholic sections.

Germany and France no longer have "official" churches, and all religions have been repressed in Russia and the satellite nations of eastern Europe; but in all the other nations listed, the religions are still the "state" religions. There is a direct tie between the government of the nation and the religion; the religion is recognized as the "official" church and generally receives financial income, legal support and protection from the government.

Many of the colonists who first settled in America were refugees from religious persecution. Ironically, once here, some of them set about establishing their particular religion as official in their colony. Thus, Puritans who had suffered from religious persecution in England established their own Congregational Church as the state religion in Massachusetts. Only conforming Puritans in good standing could enjoy the full privileges of citizenship. Through their dominance in New England, the Puritans were able to persecute those of other faiths; they banished and even hanged people for religious dissent.

No matter what a colonist's religion, he had to pay taxes for the support of the "established" church in his colony. Only three colonies—Pennsylvania, under Quaker William Penn; Rhode Island, under Baptist Roger Williams; and Maryland, under the Roman Catholic Lord Baltimore—had a real degree of freedom.

Eventually, many colonists became so repelled by religious persecution that, following the American Revolution, there was strong support for the new Constitutional guarantees of religious freedom.

By the 1800s, theology had ceased to be a matter of public policy; religion was accepted as a personal and private matter. But then came another problem: new immigrants began to pour into the U.S. They came from Ireland, from Italy and from eastern Europe. They spoke, looked, and acted in ways which seemed strange to the old stock Americans. There was great prejudice against these immigrants—not simply because they happened to be Roman Catholics or Jews, but primarily because they were "different" and because they competed economically with the native Anglo-Saxon Protestant Americans.

Whole new patterns of living emerged; Roman Catholic and Jewish communities were established across the nation. Old homogeneous areas were homogeneous no longer. From this developed the multiplicity of church and state problems which confront and confound Americans today.

What is being done to resolve areas of conflict? Such organizations as the National Conference of Christians and Jews are striving to maintain feelings of brotherhood between Americans of all faiths. Other organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith do similar work and, if warranted, give legal assistance to members of any group, regardless of faith, who feel that their freedom of conscience or religious liberty is being infringed. And the Ford-endowed foundation, the Fund for the Republic, has gathered together leaders and sociological experts from all faiths to conduct a nondenominational study of tension over religious issues.

The fact that religious leaders of all faiths can work together this way is encouraging; yet there is conclusive evidence that tension is both rising and spreading. And no matter what issue divides a community along religious lines, or which "side" wins—everyone loses.

Often such community struggles sow such deep feelings of conflict and prejudice that it seems that they will not be healed in this generation, and possibly not in the next, either. Hundreds of American communities have been split. Thousands more teeter on the brink of such a searing conflict. Is yours one of them?

* * *

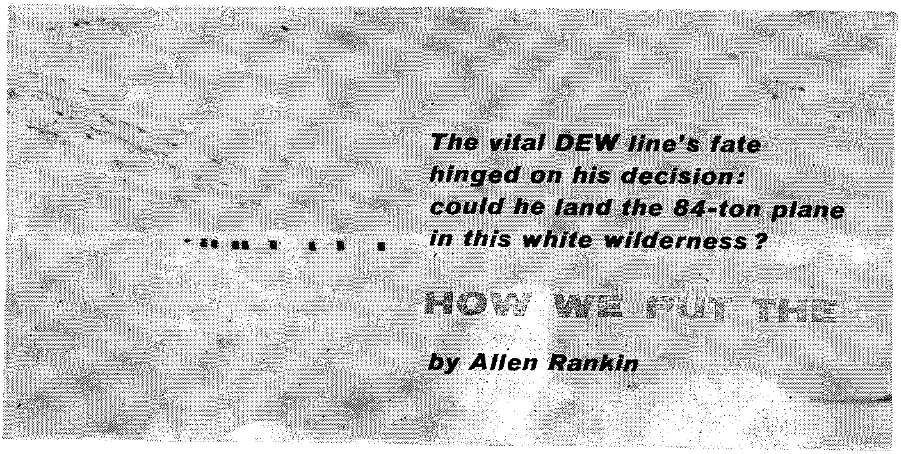
Newsworthy Notes

INFURIATED WHEN HIS FIANCÉE kidded him about his nearsightedness, an Egyptian swain lost his temper, pulled out a gun and fired at her twice at point-blank range.

He missed both times. —EDITH ROBERTSON

IN ST. ALBANS, ENGLAND, the production of a play called "World Without Men" which had a cast of seven women and a cat was called off by the local Women's Institute after all the cast, including the cat, were found to be pregnant. —MRS. DAN BRYANT

POLICE IN A New Hampshire town report they have an excellent collection of coins from Russia, Belgium, France, Holland, Germany, Argentina, El Salvador, the Philippines, Portugal, Burma, Dutch East Indies, Panama, Tunisia, Turkey and Yugoslavia—collected from the town's parking meters. —EDITH ROBERTSON



The vital DEW line's fate hinged on his decision: could he land the 84-ton plane in this white wilderness?

HOW WE PUT THE

by Allen Rankin

THE DATE WAS Sunday, March 6, 1955. On the bleak, frozen surface of Cambridge Bay in Canada's Northwest Territory, four men hunched their backs against the bitter 30-mile wind as they attacked the ice with chisels and augers.

The two of them who were Eskimos had begun to question the sanity of their American employers. "Too cold," one Eskimo grunted. The other nodded perplexedly. "We make big holes in ice, yet we do not fish for food. *Auyjorpok!* It is no good!"

Lieut. Col. Donald A. Shaw, U. S. Air Force, exchanged a nervous grin with his colleague, the German-born scientist, Dr. Andrew Assur. Despite the temperature—54 degrees below zero—the powerfully built Shaw, veteran of 12 major Arctic expeditions, was sweating profusely. Never before had he felt such urgency and pressure. For Operation DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line was top priority. And standing by ready to get started on this close-linked chain of radar outposts—which was to stretch for 2,500 miles across the upper Canadian Arctic and protect the North American continent from the devastation of a surprise air attack—were the combined resources of the U.S. Defense Department, the Air Force, Army and Navy; the last word in U. S. and Canadian industrial knowledge, and the heft and skill of 7,000 civilian workers.

Many still doubted that the necessary 55,000 tons of equipment could be transported to, and set up in, a remote, snow-blown wasteland in the two brief Arctic construction seasons allotted for the feat. In fact, at the moment, the success of the entire operation depended on an unknown quantity hidden within the polar ice itself, and on the ability of Shaw and his fellow "Snow-and-Ice Men" to pry out that secret. All other components of the operation were looking to them now for word as to how to proceed.

The problem faced in this bone-freezing wilderness by the would-be

GLOBEMASTERS ON ICE

builders of the DEW Line—including the primary contractor, the Western Electric Company—seemed insoluble. Winter ice locked in the proposed radar sites along the 68th Parallel. Surface ships could not force their way through the ice with the necessary construction equipment until late summer. By then, another winter soon would bring work to a standstill and delay the job for at least another year.

To haul the heavy stuff by land was out of the question. The closest DEW Line site was more than 1,000 miles from the northernmost city, Edmonton, Canada, and 800 miles beyond the last railroad's end.

An airlift seemed the obvious answer. But the only airplane big enough to carry the heaviest and most essential equipment—25-ton tractors, for example—was the USAF's largest cargo carrier, the C-124 Globemaster.

Globemasters, it had always been assumed, had to have solid airstrips on which to land. And there were no such at the proposed radar sites, as yet little more than map points on the swirling, shifting snow.

The stalemate had caused Air Force headquarters, supervising the whole operation, to ask a daring question: "How do we *know* we can't land Globemasters on the floating sea ice adjacent to the station sites? And how will we ever know unless we try it?"

So it was that Col. Don Shaw at Maxwell Air Base in Alabama had received an urgent call from the Pentagon: "Colonel, how thick would sea ice have to be to hold up a loaded C-124 grossing 84 tons landing weight?"

Shaw was a seasoned Snow-and-Ice Man with the Air University's scholarly Arctic, Desert, Tropic Information Center and a top specialist on aircraft operations in the polar regions. But he was no physicist. Was there enough ice in the entire Arctic to support the weight of an 84-ton airplane? He had no idea. Neither, he discovered, after a few calls of his own, did leading ice-scientists.

Two days later, at 4 o'clock on a Friday afternoon, Shaw's telephone rang with orders from the Tactical Air Command:

"We're sending you up to decide if it's safe or suicidal to put the first Globemaster on ice. We're authorizing it as an experimental landing, which means that if you lose the ship it won't count as an accident. But don't lose it! A plane will pick you up first thing in the morning. Good luck."

On Monday, a lone C-124 was lumbering toward Canada. Rattling around in the theater-sized rear of this airborne warehouse were two passengers—Shaw and Dr. Andrew Assur, a blond mathematical genius of 38, whose blue eyes peered absent-mindedly from behind thick-lensed glasses. Assur, one of Germany's top ice physicists in World War II, was now a distinguished brain at the U. S. Army's Snow, Ice and Permfrost Research Establishment (SIPRE).

This was the first time science had ever been called upon to determine the safety or peril of an aircraft landing on ice. Astonishingly enough, even the idea of testing ice *in advance* of landings was relatively new. Up till now, pilots had had to depend on intuition or primitive "tests" of their own. As late as 1951, crews of the USAF's 10th Rescue Squadron, looking for impromptu landing spots on pack ice off Barter Island, simply had dropped a five-gallon can full of water. If the can went through the ice, it was judged "too thin."

Meanwhile, SIPRE and another U. S. Army outfit, the Arctic Construction and Frost Effects Laboratory, had devised new formulas and instruments for the purpose. But would they come through in this crisis?

Shaw and Assur left their Globemaster and its 12-man crew at the Edmonton airport. In a light, ski-equipped Dakota (C-47), they continued northward until the frozen surface of Cambridge Bay gleamed below. This was a good place for their experiment because, while being typical of many ice-stilled seas throughout the Arctic, it possessed a permanent weather station, a few Quonset huts and salt ice already proved safe for medium-weight planes.

Immediately, they trudged out on the same wind-scoured ice-strip on which they had landed, and went to work. Considering the importance of their mission, their implements looked surprisingly crude.

First, with hand-turned "coring augers" they bored a series of holes along the strip. The augers, twisting all the way through to the water, brought up elongated cylinders of ice three inches in diameter. The cores, or cross-sections, revealed both the thickness of the ice layer and its quality at different levels.

Shaw frowned. "Only 63 inches of ice here," he said, "and that's not enough." Assur, too, was disappointed. Some physicists had estimated it would take a floe more than nine feet thick to support a Globemaster. Assur had estimated it would take at least five feet seven inches. This ice-depth was four inches short of the minimum predicted as safe.

And Cambridge Bay probably had as thick a crust on it as any polar sea at this time of year.

That night they mulled over the situation with a third consultant, Squadron Leader Scott Alexander, an ice-wise veteran of the RCAF.

In 1947, right here at Cambridge Bay, Shaw had checked the ice before a 65-ton C-74 had landed on the frozen bay. The ice—more than seven feet thick at the time—had stood the strain.

But could he call upon ice 19 inches thinner to support a plane 24 tons heavier? This might be the extra 24-ton straw that would break the titan's back.

On Tuesday, March 8, Shaw and Assur, assisted by the two Eskimos they had recruited, came to a critical phase of the testing. First they chiselled out two square pits exactly 24 inches apart. When only a thin film of ice separated the pit bottoms from the bay beneath, Shaw lowered himself into one of the excavations, Assur into the other.

With special saws, they cut up the ice between the two pits into equal-sized blocks about the shape of sandwich loaves. They placed these, one by one, in a simple cantilever device called a "beam-buster," which, holding each ice block by its ends, applied pressure against the middle until it shattered. A gauge registered the "breaking point" of each block.

The Eskimos could no longer conceal their contempt. "They make many good ice blocks, but not to build igloos—only to throw them away. It is a foolish thing. We quit."

Indignantly, they waddled off. The "beam-busting" finished, Dr. Assur hurried to the Quonset and averaged the breaking points of *all* the blocks. Then, using elaborate formulas, he worked out the total strength of the ice layer.

Looking up, he announced cautiously: "The ice is thin, it's true. But I think this particular 63 inches will hold up our loaded Globemaster."

Shaw grunted an almost indistinguishable, "Good."

Still, even after they had "healed" a rather large crack in the strip—cemented it over with a mixture of snow moistened with water—Shaw couldn't bring himself to say the final word. Night came again. In the stuffy Quonset, he could feel Assur and Alexander looking at him expectantly. Slowly he picked up a pencil and printed on a radio message form:

ICE IS THICK AND STRONG ENOUGH FOR C-124 GROSSING 84 TONS . . . LET'S GO. SHAW.

At 10 o'clock the next morning, a Globemaster came looming up over the horizon, its fat-bellied immensity gleaming in the cold sunlight. Far from seeming worried, its pilot, Captain Harold Monkvold, from Donaldson Air Base, told Shaw over the ship's radio, "Colonel, if this $3,000,000 heap goes through the ice, they're going to have to make you a four-star general so you can pay for it."

"Come on down, Red," Shaw called back with a confidence he didn't quite feel. "You'll make it without even getting your feet wet."

With a rubbery shriek, the great plane's landing-gear touched ice, slowed, rolled to a gentle stop. She was safely down.

But for Shaw, sprinting toward the ship, the most dangerous and suspenseful part of the experiment was just beginning. Now that the airplane was standing still, thrusting its static weight against the ice, it was much more likely to plunge through.

Quickly, he took his position at the surveyor's level set up near the plane. By focusing the cross-hairs of the instrument's telescope on a numbered "rod" lodged beneath the ship's belly, he and Assur could tell how fast she was "bending" the ice. A three-inch bend might be the maximum this thickness could stand without crumbling. And if she broke through, the Globemaster would never take off again. She would lie helplessly trapped until the floe melted next summer, then slide to the bottom of the sea.

A quarter-inch bend read the level, as the seconds crept by . . . a half inch . . . an inch.

To Shaw, seeing the picture as through a periscope, the huge ship seemed to be going down like the *Titanic.* On she sank: 1.4 inches deflection . . . 1.8 . . . 2 inches . . . 2.1.

Shaw had an urge to signal the plane to take off while, possibly, it still could. But he forced himself to remember that he stood to lose a $3,000,000 airplane but to gain a $400,000,000 radar defense system.

At 2.16 inches, the sinking finally stopped. Shaw felt like cheering, but it was not until the 84-ton ship had stood in one spot for 45 minutes that he climbed aboard and told Monkvold: "We did it. You can take her off."

Between March 10 and May 20, loaded Globemasters made 932 landings at 28 different sites scattered over 2,500 miles, without a single mishap. In one instance a C-124 set down on ice so thin it was allowed to remain only a matter of minutes before it had to be waved off, lest it crash through. Still, there had been time to unload its cargo. On another occasion, the ice shattered after a plane became airborne. Timing was that close and accurate.

Thus, 18,000 tons of vital heavy equipment was delivered to remote points. And thanks to the ice and its testers, the DEW Line, one of history's most difficult engineering achievements, was started and finished on schedule.

IN JUNE CORONET

20 ISLAND HIDEAWAYS

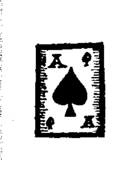
Want to get away—but not too far away—from it all? Here's a vacation guide to off-trail, low-budget island paradises that are close to whatever part of the U.S. you call home.

DRIED-FRUIT DIET

You can lose up to five pounds in one weekend by following this simple, foolproof program. It's packed with tasty, high-energy foods rarely before included in any diet.

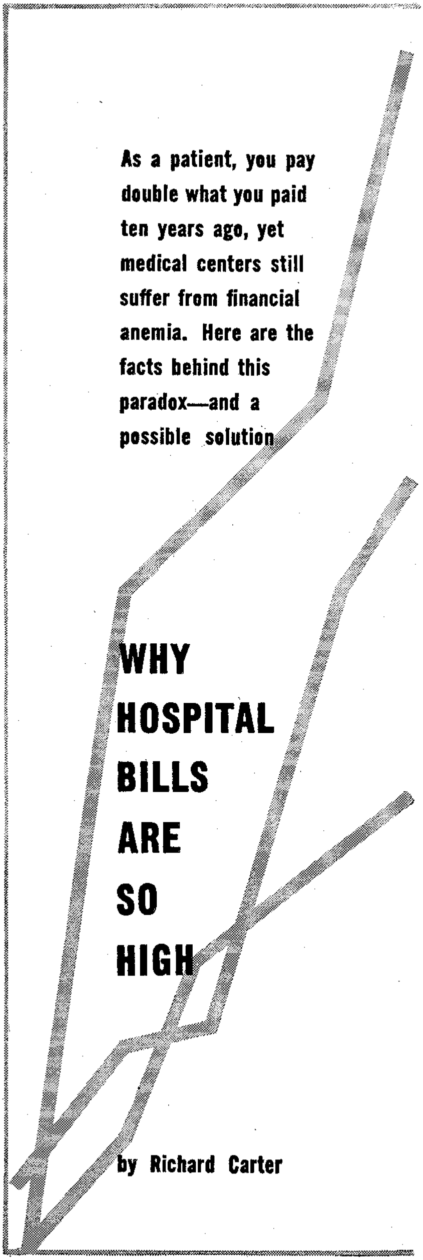
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Twins have many things in common—but triplets are often more complicated, says Guest Quizmistress Kate Smith. So you have to study the trios below carefully to discover the one thing they share. The singing star of "The Kate Smith Show" (heard daily on the Mutual Broadcasting System) lists three possibilities for each group. Look sharply, she suggests, for the elusive answer, and check your scores by turning to page 174.



THREE OF A KIND

1. Pavan, Gavotte, Bourée are
   a. old-style dances; b. card games; c. French wines.
2. Aïda, Rigoletto, La Traviata were written by
   a. Verdi; b. Rossini; c. Puccini.
3. Rudyard Kipling, George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann
   a. won Nobel prizes; b. wrote about the common man; c. were English novelists.
4. Tom Harmon, Red Grange, Jim Crowley
   a. played hockey for Harvard; b. made All-American teams; c. played tackle.
5. Macao, the Azores, Cape Verde are colonies of
   a. Spain; b. France; c. Portugal.
6. Benvolio, Leonato, Proteus are
   a. Italian poets; b. pen names for Da Vinci; c. Shakespearian characters.
7. Victoria, Albert, Rudolf are
   a. lakes in Africa; b. cities in Australia; c. rivers in Canada.
8. Theodore Roosevelt, Chester Arthur, Andrew Johnson
   a. were war-year presidents; b. served as vice-presidents; c. were Democrats.
9. Texas, California, Arizona border
   a. each other; b. New Mexico; c. Mexico.
10. Titus, Philemon, Timothy
    a. were Hebrew prophets; b. were Judges of Israel; c. are New Testament books.
11. Mt. Olympus, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker are in
    a. Oregon; b. Washington; c. California.
12. Columbus, Lansing, Denver are
    a. geographical centers; b. college towns; c. state capitals.
13. Charles Darwin, Karl Marx, Leo Tolstoy were
    a. writers on communism; b. contemporary theorists; c. exiled for their beliefs.
14. Mojave, Comanche, Navajo are
    a. mis-spelled; b. Indian tribes; c. Southwestern rivers.
15. Gabardine, denim, corduroy are **a. wool fibers; b. cotton fibers; c. fabric weaves.**



As a patient, you pay double what you paid ten years ago, yet medical centers still suffer from financial anemia. Here are the facts behind this paradox—and a possible solution

WHY HOSPITAL BILLS ARE SO HIGH

by Richard Carter

IN 1938, A YOUNG Philadelphia woman underwent an appendicitis operation at Episcopal Hospital. She recovered without complications after 14 days in a semi-private room, paid her bill of $73, and went home.

This year, a woman of the same age underwent the same operation in the same first-rate hospital and recovered with the same lack of complications in the semi-private room. But the 1958 woman was discharged in seven days instead of 14; and her bill was $203.40 instead of $73. She thought the bill high to the point of hardship, and she was right.

Hospital care is not a luxury but a necessity. Yet hospitals charge luxury prices for it. Hospital trustees and administrators wryly concede that the modern patient often recovers from his illness before he recovers from the bill. The joke is not particularly funny; hospital prices are a worsening national problem that can affect not only the private bank roll but the public health.

Recent surveys by the U.S. Department of Labor show that, whereas the over-all cost of living is twice what it was 20 years ago, hospital rates are four times what they were then. Moreover, in the last ten years, while the cost of living has risen only 21 percent, hospital rates have doubled. And this hospital-bill problem will prove of immediate importance to the one out of every nine Americans who will enter a hospital for surgery or other necessary treatment within the next 12 months.

The suspicion that hospitals profiteer in human misery is bound to arise in the mind of a patient required to pay from $15 to $25 or more for the dubious advantage of a semi-private room. For he knows that for less money he could get complete privacy, more comfort, prompter service and better food in any good hotel.

Yet despite inflated prices, the hospitals do not make money. In fact, the overwhelming majority of America's best general hospitals do not even *try* to make money.

They are run on a strictly nonprofit basis by boards of trustees composed of the most civic-minded and humanitarian leaders of business, religion and the professions. So scrupulous are these trustees about charging no more than is "absolutely necessary" that they have to solicit philanthropic handouts and governmental subsidies in order to make hospital ends meet.

The key to the riddle of hospital prices is provided by one of the country's foremost authorities on the subject, C. Rufus Rorem, a certified public accountant and Ph.D. in economics who used to be Director of the Blue Cross Commission of the American Hospital Association and now is executive director of the Hospital Council of Philadelphia.

"A hospital used to be a charitable institution where paupers went to die," he says. "It now is the headquarters of medical care, the heart of precise diagnosis and expert treatment for the entire community. It is the place where the costly new equipment is located, where the intricate new surgical procedures are performed; the only place, in fact, where the seriously ill have maximum opportunity for recovery."

Two decades ago, when the appendicitis patient paid only $4.50 a day for her semi-private accommodations, medical technique had not yet developed sufficiently to necessitate the establishment of the elaborately equipped and carefully staffed facilities of the modern hospital. Drugs were few and cheap.

Thus, in 1938, Episcopal Hospital was able to maintain 530 beds at an annual cost of $474,753. In 1957, with 505 beds, the hospital's expenses were $2,399,106, and it had to charge $16 for the semi-private bed that had once been $4.50.

The biggest item is wages. Research by the American Hospital Association and the Commission on Financing Hospital Care shows that in 1945 there were 150 hospital employees for every 100 patients. By 1954, with many more skilled technicians needed to perform the new, life-saving services devised by modern medicine, there were 207 employees for every 100 patients.

In 1945, for instance, 16 leading Philadelphia hospitals paid wages totaling $4,817,000. Last year, their combined payroll was $21,480,000—an increase of about 450 percent. Yet the average hospital employee receives scarcely more than $1 an hour.

"Since there are two employees for every patient," Dr. Rorem points out, "you can see that, for every day the patient occupies a bed, the hospital is spending at least $16 in wages before so much as a dime has been expended on food, equipment, utilities, maintenance and the care of charity cases."

It is a rare nonprofit hospital that

does not have at least 10 percent of its beds occupied by patients who cannot afford to pay the bill. In many hospitals, the proportion is higher.

The Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College in Philadelphia, for example, gives $750,000 of free care to charity patients every year, but gets back only $400,000 from governmental and private welfare agencies. The prices charged to paying patients are inflated to make up the difference, but the loss is never fully recoverable, because, as prices increase, the number of persons who are able to pay their full bill decreases.

THE HOSPITALS of Philadelphia are singled out here not as horrible examples but for exactly the opposite reason. They happen to be distinguished for having held the price line somewhat more successfully than institutions in many other parts of the country. Their daily costs presently average about $21.50 per patient. In 13 of Georgia's largest hospitals, the cost averages $23.47; in Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles, from $25 to $35.

To make all this more comprehensible, Dr. Lucius Roy Wilson, director of Episcopal Hospital, cites the case of a man who underwent major surgery in 1938, occupying a semi-private room for seven weeks and getting a bill for $230.50 ($4.70 a day). He compares that to the case of a man who had the same ailment in 1958, was hospitalized for only nine days but got a bill for $331.75 ($36.86 a day).

The 1938 patient, needing surgery for a non-cancerous swelling of the prostate gland, was admitted to semi-private accommodations priced at $4.50 a day. Blood and urine samples were taken for routine counting of red cells and possible discovery of infection or organic malfunction. There was no separate charge for this, nor for the simple test which showed the rate at which his system absorbed and excreted fluids, a clue to the severity of the glandular enlargement.

Then, because he was suspected of heart trouble, he was given an electrocardiogram. There was no separate charge for it.

Pronounced fit for surgery, he was given morphine as a sedative (no charge). In the operating room ($5 was charged for its use) he was given an anesthetic ($5) of nitrous oxide, oxygen and ether. It was administered by a nurse. The surgery itself was dangerous, involving incision of the lower abdomen, but it went off without incident.

Afterwards, the patient had to remain in bed for two weeks. He spent days under morphine sedation (free). It was 49 days before he could be discharged. When he got his bill, the only items on it were the $5 charges for operating room and anesthesia, plus $220.50 for bed and board, nursing service, drugs and routine laboratory.

The 1958 patient was the beneficiary of a new age of medical science. Thanks to surgical, medical and pharmaceutical discoveries of the previous 20 years, the element of risk was hardly noticeable.

After he was settled in his semi-private room ($15 a day), the hospital staff began the 17 pre-operative procedures that his physician had ordered. Most of these tests had been unknown in 1938. All were now regarded as essential if the patient were to get the safest, surest treatment.

The routine analyses of blood and urine were performed, as in 1938, but with a $10 laboratory charge. To determine the condition of lungs and heart, there was a chest X ray ($15) and electrocardiogram ($15). Specialized blood tests were done to scout sensitivity to antibiotics ($8), coagulation rate ($2), amounts of nitrogen, urea and sugar ($3), blood type ($5) and cross matching of blood with that of possible transfusion donors ($10). Also, a dye was injected into the veins and then tracked by X ray to disclose the workings of kidneys and bladder ($30).

A sulfa drug, Gantrisin, was given for fast control of a slight infection which one of the tests had revealed ($1.75). A barbiturate was also prescribed, because the patient was a bit restless (free).

It was three days before the well-equipped hospital laboratory completed its work on all the tests and the patient was pronounced fit for surgery. By then, his bill for three days of room, board, drugs and tests amounted to $114.75.

As a pre-operative precaution against infection, he was given a shot of the antibiotic, Terramycin ($1.50 per ampule). He also was given Nisentil, a narcotic (free). In surgery ($25 for the use of the room), the spinal anesthetic ($20) was administered by a highly trained nurse-anesthetist working under the direct supervision of a physician qualified in the specialty known as anesthesiology.

The surgeon, assisted by another surgeon, one of the hospital's surgical technicians and miscellaneous nurses and attendants, did not have to cut into the patient's abdomen. Using several thousand dollars worth of modern equipment, he was able to work through the urinary tract.

Within 40 minutes, the patient was out of the operating room, under narcotic sedation (free) and getting the first in a series of intravenous feedings of sugar-water, vitamins and Terramycin ($13.65 for the series).

He was out of bed the next day, walking around gingerly and undergoing repeat performances ($25) of some of the blood tests that had been given before the operation. He got more Terramycin ($4.50) and a tranquilizer (free) and, exactly six days after entering the operating room, he went home—owing the hospital $331.75.

"It is easy enough to justify the size of the bill when you take it apart and analyze it for the patient," says Rufus Rorem, "but it is a rare family that has enough in the bank to pay such a bill without hurting."

With other experts, he believes that the public should accept the fact that hospital care is an expensive necessity of modern life, that it should become part of the family budget and be paid for in advance installments. The favored method is, of course, hospitalization insurance, differing forms of which are now providing varying degrees of protection to 116,000,000 Americans.

If the 1958 prostate patient had been a subscriber to an adequate hospitalization insurance plan, such as the Blue Cross Associated Hospital Service, he would have been given a bill not for $331.75 but for $36.60. Blue Cross would have paid $295.15.

"People will budget for payments on a new car every three years," says a hospital official with some bitterness, "and they'll budget for a new TV. But they claim they can't afford to budget for hospital care. This is insanity."

"Hospital services cost more than ever but they are better than ever and cannot be provided for less," says Dr. Rorem, "and this situation will not be fair to all until the burden is equitably distributed. In the first place, wage-earners and others with adequate income should have the most comprehensive possible hospitalization insurance. At the same time, the government should pay the full cost of hospitalizing public welfare cases, instead of allowing part of the cost to be shifted to other patients.

"Full assumption of responsibility by the government for its welfare clients would permit hospitals to hold their rates in line. This would mean lower, more attractive insurance premiums and more widespread enrollment in good insurance plans. That, in turn, would facilitate even more comprehensive coverage by those plans and fewer unexpected bills for their members."

In that direction lies the only relief from the awful impact of the unexpected hospital bill. All experts agree that hospital prices will continue to rise. The trend is not likely to be reversed until that wildly improbable day when doctors develop a pill so wondrous that illness, injury and hospitals become things of the past.

Naturally!

IN OUR ARMY TENT in Korea we had a houseboy named Kim. He was a hard working youngster who kept our tent clean and tidy and was intent on learning English. We had a bit of trouble teaching him the periods of time, like yesterday, tomorrow, last week, etc., but he soon had them memorized.

One day the Commanding Officer, after inspsecting our tent, remarked, "You have a good houseboy here."

"Yes, Sir," said the sergeant. "He speaks darn good English, too." The sergeant turned and told the houseboy, "Kim, say 'yesterday.' "

The boy answered him correctly.

"Say 'tomorrow.' "

Again the houseboy answered correctly. Then the CO decided to try him out.

"Say 'two days before yesterday.' "

Kim looked at him searchingly for a moment, then answered: "Yesterday, yesterday, yesterday, Sir."

—PAT LISANDRELLI

HUMAN COMEDY

THE WIFE OF A SOLDIER who had developed a liking for chess while in the army, upon learning that he was soon to be discharged, sent him a hastily scrawled note that ended with ". . . and I have something I know you'll enjoy when you get home—a new chest set."

A few days later she received a telegram asking: "True or false?"

—GEORGE B. HASTIE

A FRIEND of mine dined with George C. D. Odell, compiler of the 15-volume "Annals of the New York Stage," on the professor's 82nd and last birthday.

After a convivial cocktail, the waiter approached them for their dinner order.

"What would you suggest?" asked Mr. Odell.

"The liver is very good tonight," answered the waiter.

"Is it tough?" the old gentleman inquired. "Because I'm wearing my new plates."

"It's very tender," replied the waiter.

"Oh well, I'll try it," Mr. Odell answered. "Nothing dentured, nothing gained."

—MORRIS C. GOODMAN, D.D.

OLD AUNT FANNIE, who had been in our family for years, had never been more than five miles outside of our home town before we took her to Florida with us. On the beach, she simply stood, mouth agape, and stared at the water before her. With children splashing all around, drops of the salty water happened to pop into her mouth. She leaned over to taste it again, then exclaimed with amazement:

"Why, this here water's got *seasonin's* in it!"

—NANCY STAIR MITCHELL

IT WAS THE THIRD time the guest had stayed at the little hotel, and it was the third time he had noticed the sign stating that the elevator was out of order.

"It's taking a long time to get that repaired, isn't it?" he commented.

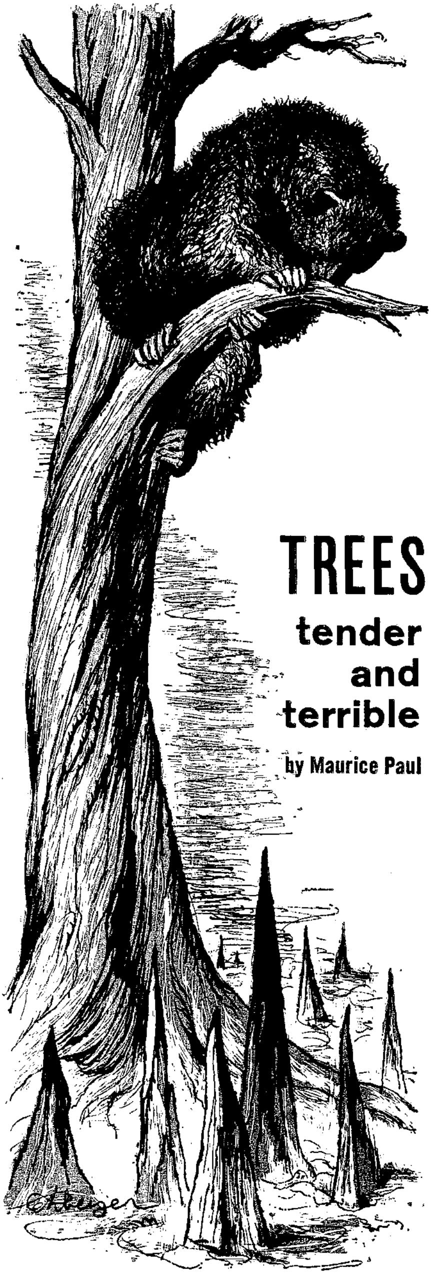
The porter leaned over to him and whispered, "Just between us . . . that's not an elevator at all, it's a broom closet. But it makes a better impression."

—MARIE H. BREWER

MY WIFE, an English war bride, accepted an invitation to speak on England before a group of Girl Scout Brownies. She told how automobile traffic moved on the left side of the road and explained many differences between living habits of people in the United States and those in England. At the end, she asked if there were any questions.

One little girl slowly raised her hand and said, "Yes. Will you please speak a little of the language for us?"

—EDWARD L. WAHL



TREES tender and terrible

by Maurice Paul

As in the world of men, there are greats, near-greats and ingrates in the tree world.

The aspen of our Lake States, for instance, helps other trees survive their natural enemies. Beneath its leaves, it shelters the seedlings of the white pine and the Norway pine to which too much sun or too much shade might prove fatal. When they take firm root and start to attain their maturity, the aspen begins to decay and offers its own substance as the final fertilizer to insure their continued growth.

The bear-killing cypress grows in the Dismal Swamp country of Virginia. In one of its hollow limbs lives a swarm of honey bees. Growing under the tree, for a radius of about a hundred feet around the parent trunk, are shoots sent up from the root system. These shoots are half a foot thick, grow to a height of three or four feet, and are wedge shaped, coming to a sharp point.

A bear, attracted to the honey in the decayed branch, clambers out on it to get at the bees' cache. The bees thereupon swarm over the bear, causing it to lose its hold on the rickety branch. The heavy beast falls to earth where it is impaled on the shoots. The bear-killing cypress of the Dismal Swamp has accounted for about a dozen known victims.

The banyan tree strives to keep its

ever-increasing brood about it at all times by projecting branches outward and then down and back into the earth again. There the branches take root and become new trees which in turn send out more branches. The original tree may thus grow into a veritable grove of banyans, attaining a mass circumference of approximately 2,000 feet.

A banyan growing in India is believed to be the identical tree which was reported by Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great. This single banyan and its offspring can shelter an army of 7,000 men beneath their shade.

The *Pteles trifoliata* of the American Southwest is known to local inhabitants for its comfortable shade, its attractive green-yellow blossoms, and for the fact that it does not like to be touched. They call it the "Polecat Tree" because of the unbearably offensive odor which it emits if any of its leaves are hurt by human touch.

Holly trees seem to have separate and distinct sexes, and the one which may be called the female tree will not produce berries unless it is fertilized by the male holly tree.

The cannibal of the forest folk, the Mexican strangling fig, begins life as a seed. Usually a bird deposits it on some likely host tree. Once secure in its new home, the seed sprouts and sends out long roots to the soil below. As it gains strength and size, it winds itself about the trunk of the host tree.

It applies such terrific pressure as it girdles the host, the latter is literally crushed to death. The fig then severs its own roots from the earth and henceforth secures its nourishment from the substances of the tree it has killed.

Some trees seemingly attack without warning if a human approaches them too closely. In this category is the South American acacia. When someone touches the tree, causing a vibration, the ants living in its thorns immediately come out and sting the passerby.

Some trees will go to great extremes to insure the life of their seeds. The Torrey pine, for example, seeks to perpetuate itself by sheer quantity, producing seeds so numerous, and so tiny, that 500,000 barely weigh a pound. On the other hand, the Seychelles Island coconut palm bears one seed—but this one weighs 40 pounds.

The Australian wattlebush covers its seeds with a very hard shell in order to protect them from forest creatures. Unfortunately, it has made the shells so hard that the seeds may lie dormant in the earth for years before they burst through their protective covering. ♛♛♛

Yearning for normalcy
in his part-time relations
with his children,
this divorced father's
agony mirrors a tragic
social problem

"I'M AN UNCLE TO MY SONS"

Anonymous
as told to Judith Krantz

I AM A FATHER who is divorced. I don't mean to beat my chest about it, but I love my two sons. For the past five years, since my wife and I parted when Peter was seven and Mike was eight, they have spent every Saturday and Sunday with me, as well as holidays and birthdays.

I see a great deal more of my children than do most of the other divorced men I know; but, in spite of the efforts I've made to keep this most precious relationship just as it used to be, I can't delude myself that I've succeeded. And to me this means the loss, quite subtle but truly unmistakable, of a portion of the greatest joy I've ever had.

I haven't replaced my sons with a new family. For one thing, I was 42 when the divorce happened, and too emotionally shellshocked for another try. Furthermore, half my income goes to support the boys and Mona, my ex-wife. This leaves me hesitant about taking on additional responsibilities. Barring an unforeseen development, Pete and Mike are all the family I'm ever going to have—and I'm a man who desperately wants a family.

Looking back, there would have been no divorce if Mona and I had been able to keep on living together without exposing the boys to an atmosphere generated by constant, savage quarrels—an atmosphere I think is more destructive than a divorce. It may seem incredible to people who have never seen a marriage degenerate to this point, but even today we can not meet or talk on the phone without running the risk of a brutal disagreement, based on completely unimportant things.

For this reason, I've stopped trying to participate in the day-to-day lives of my sons. At first, since I had what the courts call "unlimited access," I'd drop in to see them once or twice during the week, staying for only a few minutes. But even those few minutes were time enough for a volcano of an argument to erupt.

Since the main reason I was able to justify our divorce was to protect the children from witnessing our fights, I've limited seeing them to weekends, when they can come to me. I've discovered that they conspire together to this same end.

Several weeks ago, for example, I missed a weekend with them because of a four-day business trip. When I next saw Pete he was pale, thin and coughed constantly. After a lot of questioning, he finally admitted that he'd been sick in bed with bronchitis for ten days.

"Why didn't you phone to tell me you were sick?" I asked.

He wouldn't say . . . but I knew why. At 12, with a pathetic, precocious kind of tact, he would rather pass up the comfort of a visit from his father than run the risk of my having a scene with Mona when I came to see him.

During that lonely void from Sunday night to Saturday morning, I miss more than just knowing if my sons are sick or well. What I miss most are the small triumphs and disasters which make up the great events of a child's life: the hour of glory when Pete came home to announce that he'd been elected to the student council; the general gloom when Mike's medical examination revealed he needed glasses; the carefully underplayed excitement the first time a girl asked Pete to a party.

By Saturday, the news is cold. Kids forget quickly and they can't remember their reactions the way adults do—even the reluctant wearer of the eyeglasses was resigned to the idea and didn't need my pep talk.

Sometimes I get particularly lonely for the boys and would give anything to be able to just take them out for dinner. But I find that this doesn't work out, because it gets the boys all excited and keeps them from getting any homework done afterward.

Another part of the problem is in the unavoidable artificiality of the hours I *do* spend with my sons. On Saturday morning, the doorbell rings and two freshly scrubbed kids, dressed in their good clothes, walk into my little bachelor apartment. "Hi, Dad! What are we going to do today?"

There's little that's casual or natural about it. You can't expect two lively boys to leave home, where they have their own rooms, their toys, books, bikes and sports equipment, to come and spend eight or ten hours on two successive days just fooling around my two and a half rooms. There has to be an elaborate organization, a painstaking plan of action—with an alternate plan always available in case of rain.

It's like taking out a girl when you don't know her well enough to improvise an evening. In effect, it *is* a courtship, since I want to make sure that the boys won't regret the weekend they might have spent at home.

So, out we go: we see every movie that's remotely suitable; we see a ball game, a rodeo or a circus; we've been to every room of every museum in the city; we've played hundreds of games of catch in the park; we take trips to factories and printing presses and airports. We eat our lunches and dinners in restaurants. Of course, we watch television.

I bless television . . . at least while we're sitting companionably in front of the set, gobbling cookies, I have the momentary illusion that we're a commonplace family spending a common evening. How I envy the undivorced father who never thinks of his kids as people he has to keep *entertained*—for 104 days a year!

GRADUALLY, my friends came to understand that I am never available on weekends. The only trouble is that weekends are precisely when *they* are free. But between the choice of having a busy social life and seeing my sons, naturally I choose the latter.

Now, however, Pete is 12 and Mike is 13 and *their* extracurricular life is starting in earnest. Mike has just joined a natural-history club which meets every other Saturday afternoon; Pete is wild about playing baseball, and the big practice sessions take place on weekends. Also, both boys are reaching the stage where girls invite them to parties. In fact, I've found out that twice in the last few months they have refused invitations to Saturday night birthday parties without telling me about it. They didn't want to disappoint me by cutting short our regular time together.

Although I was touched by this, it disturbed me deeply, because I do *not* want to prevent my sons from developing full, active lives of their own. As much, and quite possibly more than other kids, they need normal adolescent social lives. And you don't have to be a psychiatrist to know that this sort of sacrifice isn't good. It must create a conflict between what they naturally would like to do by themselves, and what they feel they *ought* to do with me—a conflict which is bound to lead to resentment or guilt.

Where does this leave me? I'll gradually have to settle for less and less of their time, in all fairness to them.

I suppose all fathers of teenagers go through this necessary slackening of the bonds, but they certainly don't depend on their children for company as much as I do. What's more, most undivorced fathers never *had* to cut out golf, hobbies, friends and Sunday afternoon naps to spend time with their kids. How satisfying it must be to say, without a guilty second thought, "Go away, kids—can't you see I'm resting?"

It's only occasionally that I glimpse the amount of emotional disturbance the divorce has stirred up in the boys. They've never referred to it in front of me—it's like a taboo.

I'm profoundly grateful that at least there are two of them and they can discuss it with each other.

Although we have a fine old time together, I'm aware that to them I've come to stand for a weekly fun fair. When they're with me we're off limits, we're in a holiday mood and everyone is on his party manners. Behavior problems just don't exist because this isn't the world of getting up in the morning, taking baths, helping out with the dishes.

In other words, I'm not a part of their *real* life. I'm an extra. Their mother, as she often reminds me, must bear the entire burden of day-to-day discipline. But in return, she has the deep satisfaction of being the center of their actual lives while I can only occupy a position on the sidelines. She's understandably bitter about having to cope single-handedly with the unangelic side all boys have, while I see them at their best.

But I'd gladly give up the thrills of taking them to a hundred rodeos to be able to hustle them off to bed at night, protests, stalling and all. I'd infinitely prefer spending a rough hour helping them with their homework to taking them to the movies. After all, at which time are they *really* kids?

The average father who lives with his children has hundreds of opportunities to give them a sense of values, to impress on them the standards he considers important, by example as well as by words. But whenever I try to start any discussions along these lines with Mike and Pete they grow restless, distracted and change the subject to one that is less "sticky." Weekends, they seem to be saying, aren't for heavy stuff.

One day, for instance, Mike casually mentioned a schoolmate who was "lucky" enough to have an English version of the French book the class was translating. I thought (practically rubbing my hands together with paternal glee) that this was the perfect opportunity to lead them into a discussion of the whole question of cheating in school—but somehow, try as I would, we ended up talking about Don Newcombe.

With the tremendous complicity of brothers, they aid each other in keeping the mood light and in avoiding the sort of pointed questions an everyday father inevitably asks . . . and which might well lead to something other than fun and games. For example, last year I received a telephone call from Pete's teacher. She wanted to discuss his inability to master mathematics and his failing marks in spelling.

Then this year the school psychiatrist called me to talk over Mike's troubles. It seemed that Mona's emotional dependence on the boys, her demands, spoken and unspoken, that they substitute for the man in the family by "protecting her" and "taking care of her," were getting to be too big a burden for him to carry. Mike's classroom and playground behavior was revealing the strain he was under.

Both times I was dumbfounded—neither boy had even hinted to me that he was upset about anything, and their mother had unfortunately preferred not to discuss the matters.

Once I knew what was going on, I was able to take some action. In Pete's case, I arranged for special tutoring which is having good results. It's more difficult to aid Mike since there is little anyone can do about Mona's attitudes, but the school psychiatrist is giving him an hour every week and I can only pray that this will help him through the problem.

When you're divorced, no matter whose fault the divorce was, or how impossible it was to avoid, you can't help feeling directly, *personally* guilty, every single day of your life, for having, in effect, deprived your children of what all children need most—a secure, united home. And when you feel guilty, you go way overboard to make the time they spend with you as agreeable as possible—in fact, you spoil them badly. Basically, I suppose I've been afraid that if I made the weekends any less agreeable they might not want to spend them with me.

Recently, since I've come to see this situation clearly, I've been making a steady effort to become more of a father and less of an indulgent uncle to them. I don't treat them to a barrage of questions on every visit, but when I sense that there is something which needs discussion I dig as subtly as I can until we get at it.

As the boys grow older and more able to communicate, I think this problem will be easier to handle.

During these last five years, I've come to understand that I'll always be the less important parent to my sons because they don't live with me. I've freely chosen to limit my life in certain ways, in order to have room for them. But I must not let *them* do this for me.

Some men I know, in positions like mine, chose to virtually run out on their children, except for financial support, and create totally new lives for themselves. They point to the difficulties of maintaining contact with their children as the reason for this abandonment of responsibility—and those difficulties certainly exist.

But in spite of them I've had an enormous amount of happiness with Pete and Mike. Undoubtedly not as much nor exactly the same kind as if there had been no divorce—but, realistically, what else can you expect?

Of course, part of the joy is gone. But thank God, so much is still left.

They Asked For It

A LECTURER at a medical college exhibited a large diagram and commented: "The subject here limps because one leg is shorter than the other."

Then he addressed one of his audience, "Now, Mr. Smith, what would you do in such a case?"

Young Smith pondered deeply before answering, "I imagine, sir, that I should limp, too."

—*Capper's Weekly*

A MICHIGAN college professor found it necessary to lecture the boys in his class on their habit of "cutting" to go pheasant hunting. In order not to seem too strict, he ended with a smile, "But if you must miss class to hunt, at least bring one back for me."

A few days later he walked into the classroom and found two pheasants on his desk.

—*The Saginaw News*

The strange school panic

by Madelyn Carlisle

AN EERIE MADNESS descended one day in 1939 on the big consolidated high school in the town of Bellevue, about 50 miles from New Orleans, in Louisiana.

It all began quite innocuously when a girl attending a school dance developed involuntary twitchings in the large muscle of her right leg. She told her girl friends about it and, shortly after another dance, two of them were suddenly afflicted by the same twitchings.

The story spread through the school. And that night telephones buzzed as parents discussed the strange goings on.

Next day when students gathered for the routine morning assembly, Helen, the girl who had had the first attack, uttered a muffled cry, as another attack came on. Later, in a classroom, another girl began the spasmodic twitching. She was taken to the infirmary.

Then came a cry of dismay from the girl who sat next to her: "I can't stop it!" As she explained afterwards, "First I trembled a little. Then everybody kept saying, 'Look at Geraldine.' Then I started jumping."

Just how the news spread through the community nobody knows, but at that point a worried mother dashed into the principal's office screaming that she wasn't going to have her children stay in a school being swept by that "sickness." Cars pulled up to the school. Parents rushed in and out. More girls were stricken and rushed to the infirmary. Students were crying, rushing hysterically about.

The principal, to calm them, called another assembly. But in the auditorium, he could not be heard above the screams and moans as girl after girl became hysterical. With that he gave up. School buses were assembled and classes dismissed. One of the buses turned into rolling bedlam when a girl became afflicted with the strange jerking. Doctors were swamped with calls from parents whose children started behaving strangely at home.

Doctors, State Board of Health officials and psychologists from various universities made exhaustive tests and finally announced that there was nothing physically wrong with any of the victims of the jerking malady. Only the curious contagion called mass hysteria could account for the strange panic at Bellevue School.

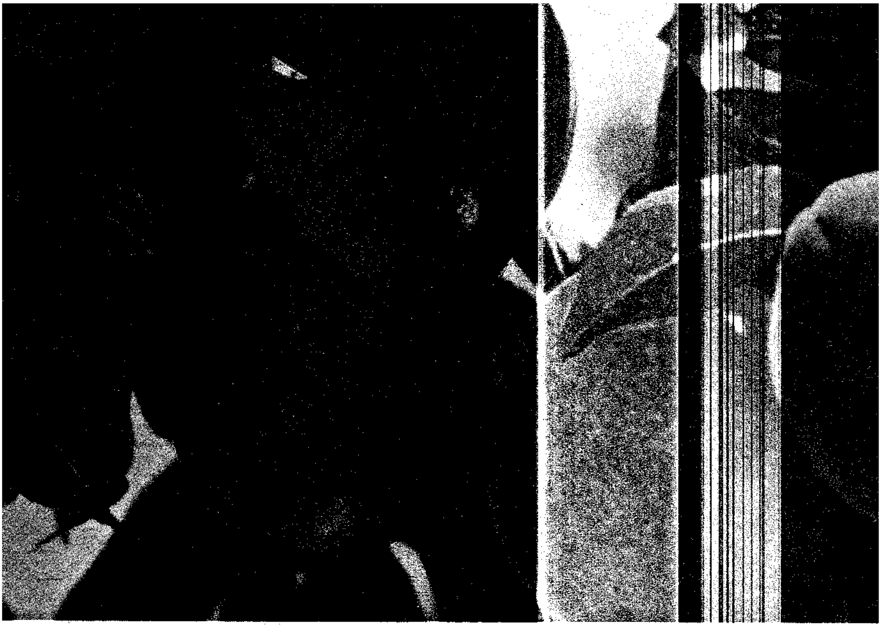
GEORGIA

land with a living past

Text by Ben Merson

Ever-blooming in memory's garden are yesterday's traditions

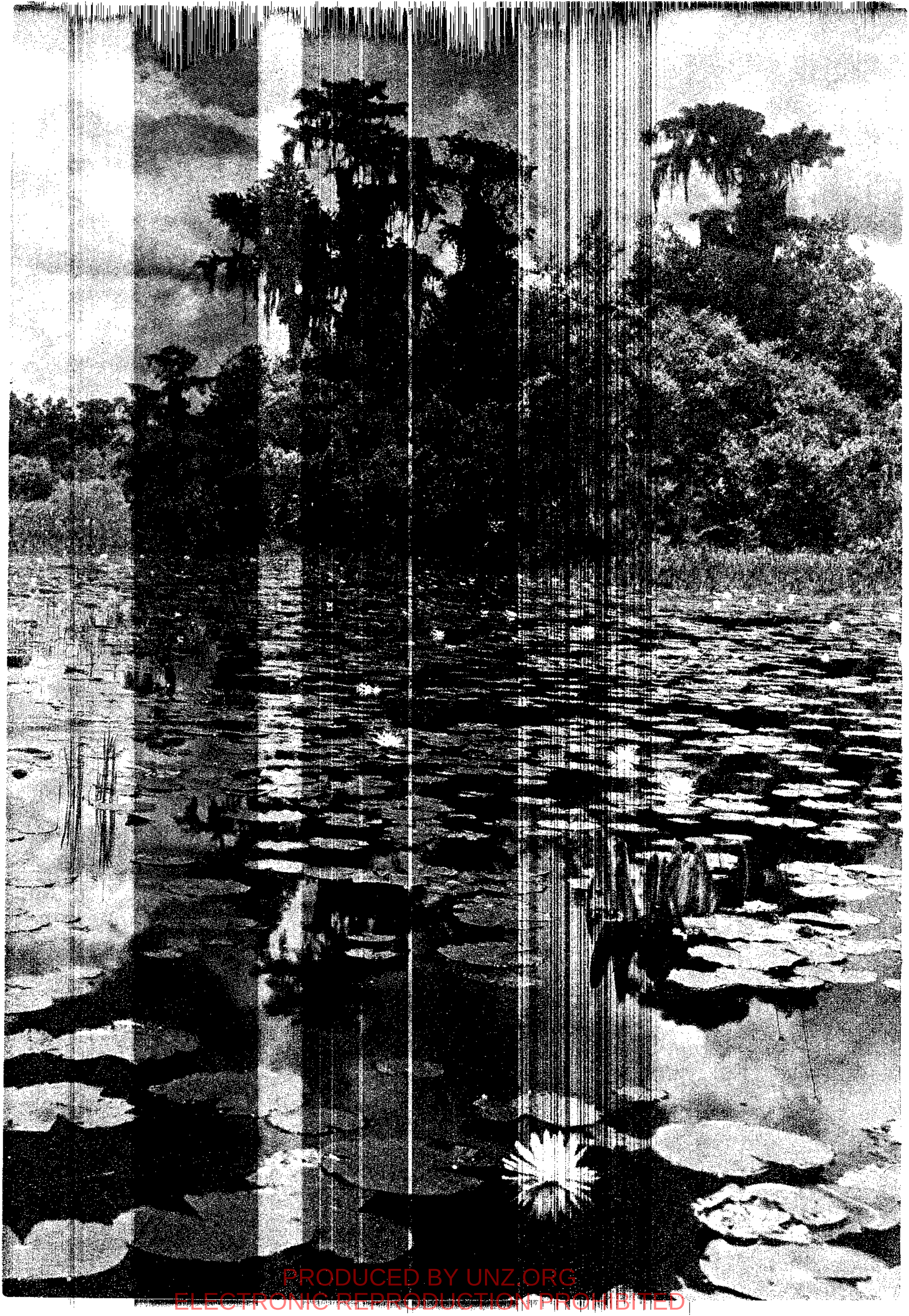
Time has trod lightly in its march through Georgia, making but a mild imprint on the historic soil. Undisturbed are the traditions and the mode of life so strongly rooted in the past; unchanged the gracious colonnaded homes, the lush gardens, the fields of cotton gamboling like chicks in the soft breeze. For in Georgia, as the pictures on the following pages show, yesterday dawns ever with today.



Eternal is the call of the [illegible] . .

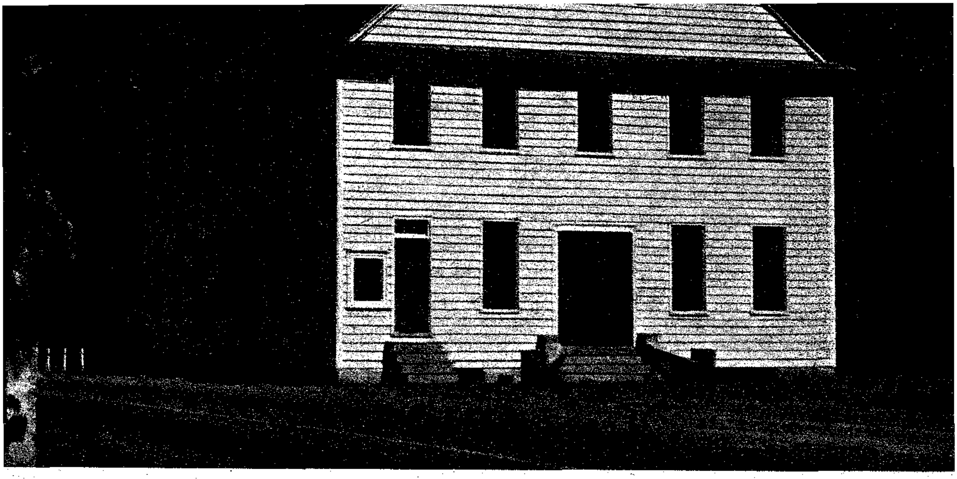
and ageles too, the plump smile of the bountiful arth

Even amid the ruin and ravage of
the War between the States, the call of the
bobwhite quail was never stilled by
cannon, nor the scent of the blossoming
peach befouled by gunsmoke. The
quail remains eternal, still mocking the
hunter. And the land still smiles
its ageless smile, beaming upon fruit and
forest, tobacco and wheat, peanuts
and sorghum, pecans and grain, and all that
grows in the endless continuity of time.



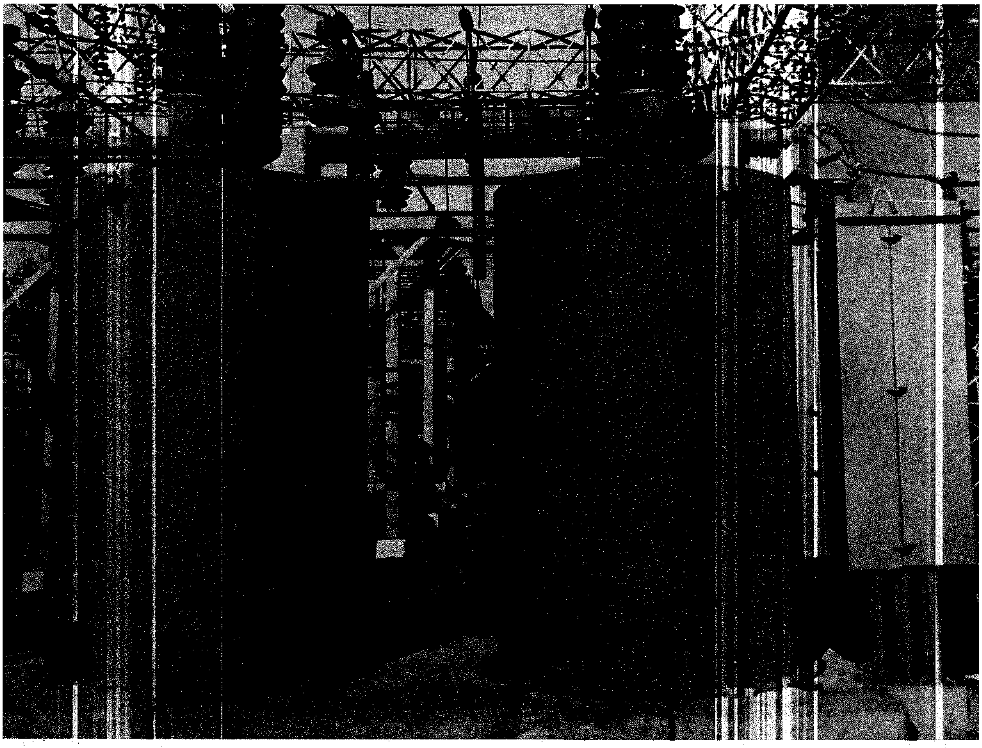
Sombre morass, peaceful pasture — various is the face of the land

Brooding darkly beneath bearded cypress trees crouches 700-square-mile Okefenokee Swamp, an impenetrable morass, where the fish and the wild beast play out their immemorial game of life and death. Sinister and beautiful, Okefenokee has forever withstood the hand of man, who with axe and plough would turn savage soil into dusty path and ripening field.



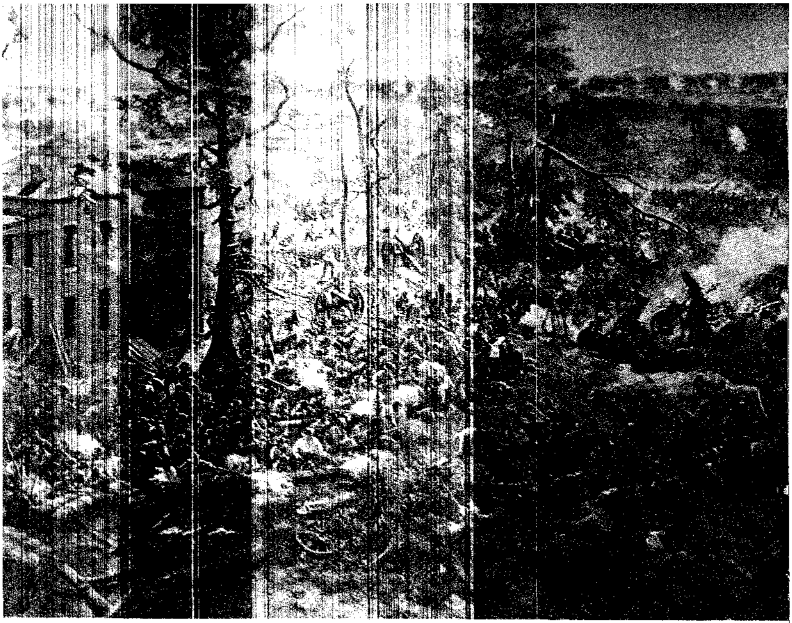
From the rubble and dust of dreams they built a spiritual fortress

Between Darien and Savannah stands Midway Church, where once worshipped Button Gwinnett and Lyman Hall, signers of the Declaration of Independence. Capped with belfry and garbed in white, its simple strength bespeaks the spirit of men who later perished for their ideals in the holocaust of Union shellfire that shattered nearby Fort Pulaski.

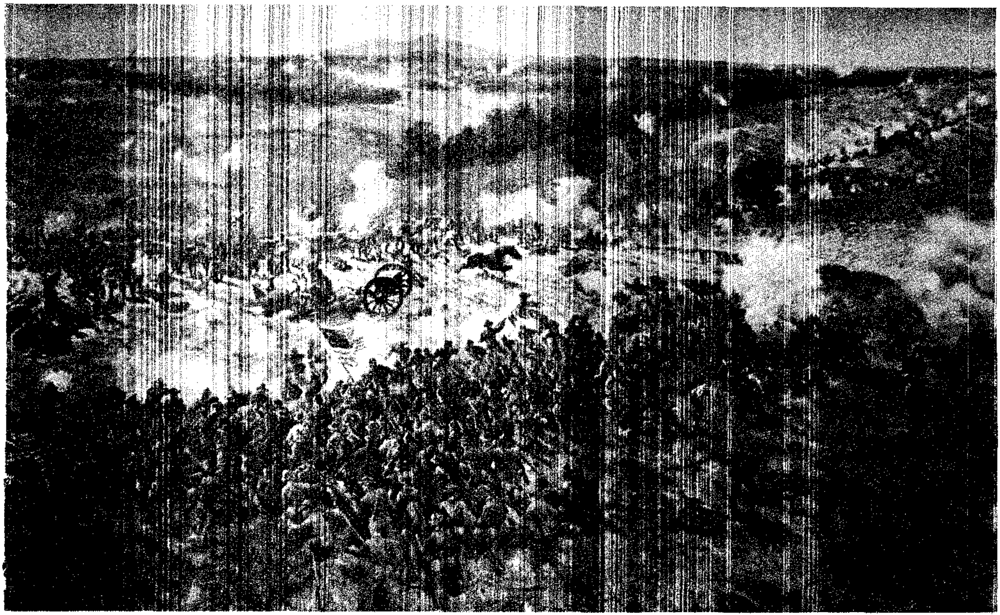


Through the heavens men waft power; from the soil gather strength

Man sends synthetic power singing through the skies on coppery strands. But the earth below remains attuned to the song of growing things, furrowing the brow of those who hear and toil, and fulfilling heart and hand.

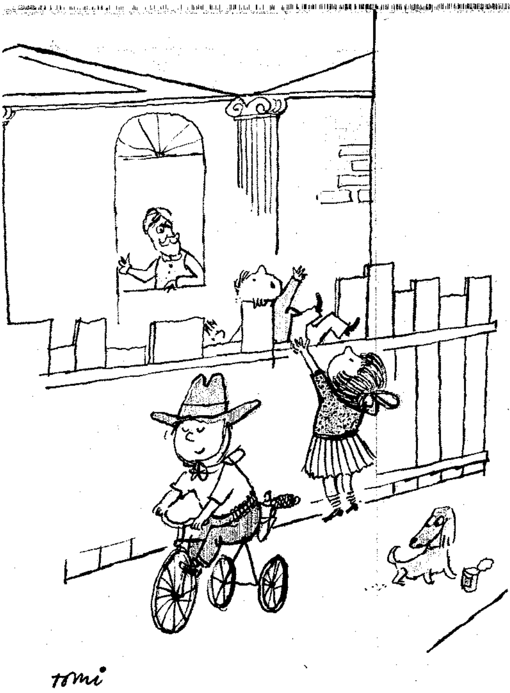


Out of the rack and ruin of war rose up the city again . . .



its ashes turned to bedrock, its sinews turned to steel

Hewn of concrete and steel, modern is the face of Atlanta.
But the heart of the city beats everlastingly
with the past; with the valor of the Men in Grey, and
with the undying hope that raised Atlanta
from its ashes. Emblazoned on a monumental painting,
the glory of the defenders lives on.



The family, on a shopping spree, finds the cheapest way to save money is to bank on . . .

Grandpa's charge accounts

by K. N. Hardin

DURING THE TIME in my life when our growing family consumed the bulk of my earnings, I used to console myself with the thought that when our two daughters were educated and married (why they couldn't have married *before* I paid for all that education I'll never know!) and when my son had acquired sufficient knowledge to earn his own living, then the day would come when I could remove my nose from the grindstone and my wife and I could begin to live it up a little.

I figured that two could live cheaper than five, and possibly have enough left over to really have ourselves a ball in our middle age. It came as a great shock to me to discover otherwise.

One item in the budget that has soared, for instance, is our clothing allowance. I've found that I can no longer buy suits off the rack as I used to, because few manufacturers put bulges in their suits where I bulge. This has necessitated my having suits tailored.

My wife apparently has the same difficulty, because not a month goes by that I don't see "foundation garment" listed on my charge account. I asked her once why in the heck she had to have all of those foundation garments and she informed me crisply that her foundation had settled—that's why! So I've steered clear of the subject since.

I've found also that while I am theoretically keeping only two of us in clothing, there seems to be an enormous quantity of snow suits, buntings, school shoes and winter coats charged to my account.

When I investigated the items, I learned to my surprise that my married children were charging things and paying my wife cash for them (she said), when and if it became convenient.

I had thought that we were through with the expense of building things, but with the coming of our grandchildren and our subsequent baby sitting, it became necessary to fence our back yard with a six-foot, solid board fence, which makes our patio look more like a stockade than a yard.

The fence keeps the children in fairly well, with the exception of the twins, who manage to go AWOL every time we have them. We've never discovered whether they dig out or go over the top. But the fact remains that even though they are locked securely in the stockade, it is just a matter of time until they're riding their tricycles in the street in front of the house. I can see how they might improvise a way to get them*selves* out, but how they get their vehicles out has remained a mystery.

I had thought that our telephone bill would be practically nothing when our children left home, but I soon discovered that the amount I contribute each month to the telephone company is phenomenal.

It was especially high when our younger daughter moved to Alaska with her husband and two little girls. Even though my wife and I firmly resolved to limit our long-distance calls to emergencies only, we soon found ourselves remarking wistfully that it would certainly be good to hear their voices.

"I really think we should call and see if they're in an apartment yet," my wife mused thoughtfully one evening.

"We ought to find out how their car held up on the Alaska Highway, too," I put in.

In less time than it took to call my son in Chicago, I had my daughter Dorothy in Fairbanks on the line.

"Hello, Dot? How are you?" I shouted into the telephone.

"Just fine. How are you and Mother?"

"We're fine," I assured her. "How are the kids?"

"They're just fine."

At this point my wife entered the conversation on the extension.

"Dot? How are you?" she asked.

"Fine," my daughter said. "Everyone's fine. Just a minute, Judy wants to speak to you. Speak to Grandma and Grandpa, Judy."

After about three dollars worth of silence Judy finally muttered something unintelligible.

"Ginger wants to say something, too," Dot informed us, and another long expensive pause followed.

We finally brought our communication to a close. Needless to say, we had not found out about their apartment, or the car. And our phone bill was in astronomical figures.

Birthday presents are another item of no small consequence in today's budget. Actually, I don't have so many grandchildren that giving each one a birthday present every year would break me. But my wife got the idea that not only should you give the birthday boy or girl a present, you should also bring the brothers and sisters one or they would feel left out and unloved.

Times have certainly changed since my young years. Never did *I* receive a birthday present on my *sister's* birthday!

The Christmas presents to my grandchildren take an even larger bite out of my income. In fact, I have reached the point where I have to start my Christmas saving fund in January because every year our gifts to our grandchildren get more expensive.

Last year, for example, when I asked my wife what the grandchildren wanted us to give them, she replied, "A gymnasium set, a wading pool and an electric train—among other things."

That really set me off. "Don't kids get apples and candy and nuts any more?" I stormed. "Why, when I was a boy I was tickled when I found apples and candy and nuts—"

"Nuts!" my wife said, and went right ahead with her shopping.

When we drove over to Eloise's house on Christmas morning to see how the kids liked their things, we found that they had put the gym set out on the ground and were playing in the box it came in.

You can bet your boots I shall refer to this fact when Christmas shopping starts next year.

One more extra expense that I have encountered in recent years is that of keeping myself and my wife in good running order. The upkeep increases with age—as in automobiles—and it is sometimes necessary to replace parts from time to time.

My first parts replacement took the form of dentures. However, I found that the advantages of the dentures outweighed the cost. For one thing, they are handsomer than the originals. And too, I discovered that I can control my grandchildren when they get obnoxious with the threat, "You act like *that,* and Grandpa won't pop his teeth out for you."

Though I am of the opinion that people, like automobiles, should stay out of the shop as long as everything is running smoothly, my wife finally convinced me that we should both have a thorough check up. We were X-rayed, fluoroscoped, questioned, probed, examined—and pronounced fit. But when they presented me with the bill I went into a state of shock, and I haven't felt at all well since.

There is no doubt in my mind that people can live cheaper when they are young, though I can't convince my children of it. Just the other day, for example, my oldest daughter came by our house after having outfitted her brood for school.

"It must be nice," she sighed, "to be like you and Mother and not have all the expenses we have. When we're your age we're going to really live it up. Go places. Do things."

"Yeah," I assured her blithely. "That'll be the day!"

Why Editors Leave Town

A CATASTROPHE was narrowly averted in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, when a newspaperman writing of a program for mothers re-read his copy and discovered he had put it together like this:

"Mrs. Smith was presented a bouquet of roses for being the mother of the most children by Mr. Jones."

—*Scottsbluff Star Herald*

AD IN A New Jersey paper: Visit our clothing department. We can outwit the whole family. —*Troy (N.Y.) Times Record*

Does your home meet your family's needs?

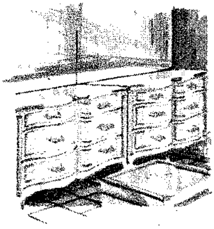
Dr. Rose N. Franzblau, Psychological Consultant, Mastic Tile Corporation of America

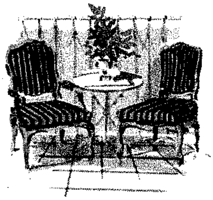
Psychology has given exciting, new dimensions to the art of decorating. Today we know that the way a room is arranged and the types of furnishings used have an effect on a person's moods, and evoke certain feelings in him. Every home should be attractively decorated, but, most important, it should be decorated to meet the needs of each member of the family. Attractive surroundings make the person feel more attractive. Of course, what is attractive to a child of 8 would be quite different from that which would appeal to a young adolescent of 14 or a pre-school toddler.

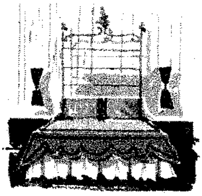
One of the most important needs is for each person to have "a place to call his own". When children have the feeling that something belongs to them and that their privacy and belongings are respected, they feel respected as individuals in their own right.

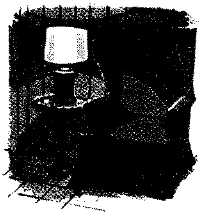
Actually, you'll find that home decorating is easier and more fun when approached from the psychological viewpoint, because you are decorating your home according to the taste and needs of your family. Respect yourself and your likes and your choices will be good. After all, nobody knows better than you what you like, and what you can live with in comfort, both physically and emotionally.

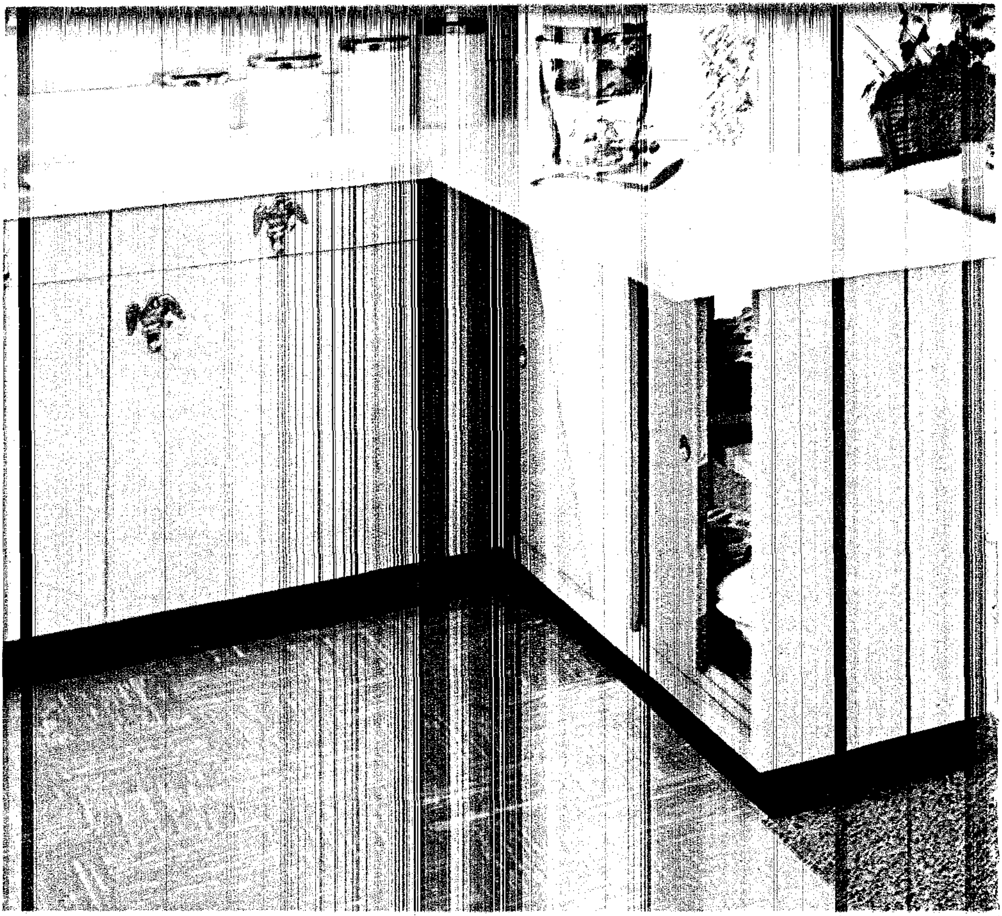
The happiest rooms start with **MATICO** tile floors











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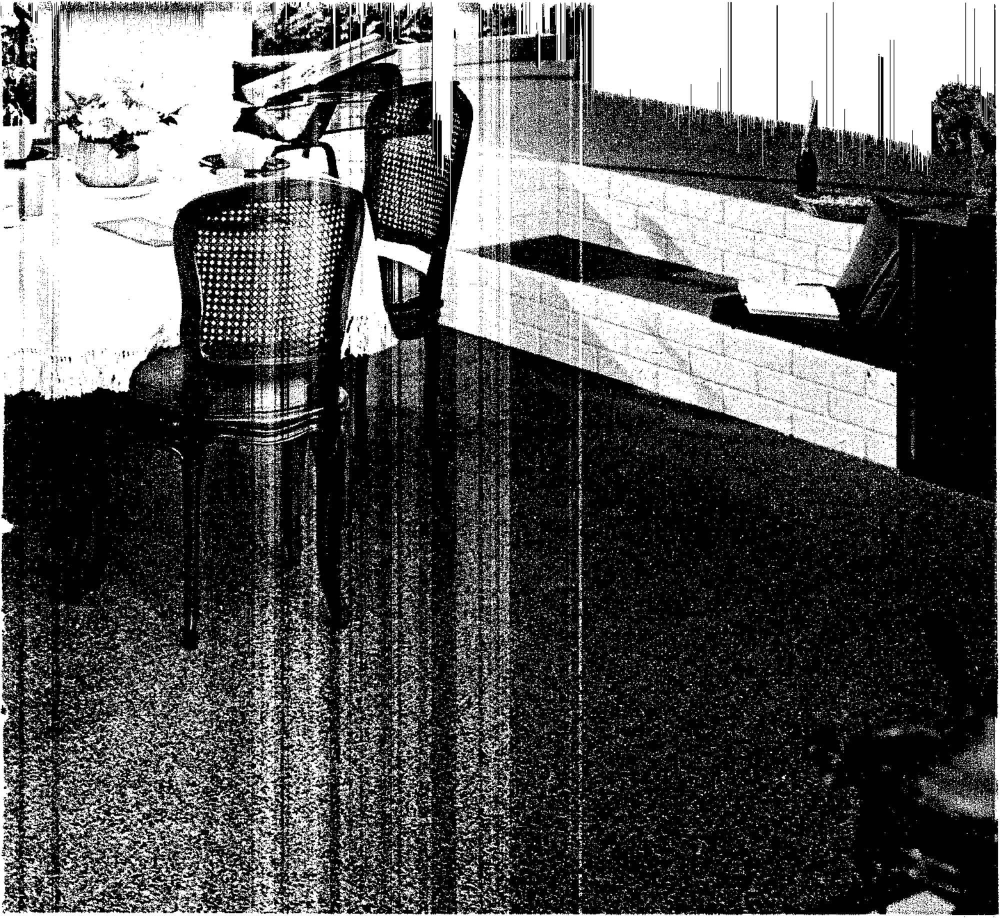

a MATICO FLOOR makes mealtime a lot more fun for everyone!

Simply plan your dining area with your family's special needs in mind to make mealtimes more happy and less hectic. One idea is to put your meals on wheels. A mobile serving cart not only cuts down on kitchen trips, but also encourages the children to help. They think pushing the cart is more fun than work!

And remember, put everyone at ease with an easy-to-clean MATICO floor. Spills and spatters won't worry this smooth-surfaced tile, or mother. It's easy to keep sparkling clean, and the colors stay bright and cheerful always.

The floor: A striking combination of Pink and White marbleized Tile M-1421 (so easy to keep clean) and Pink mottled Matico Tweed Vinyl-Plastic VK-1151.

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PRODUCTS

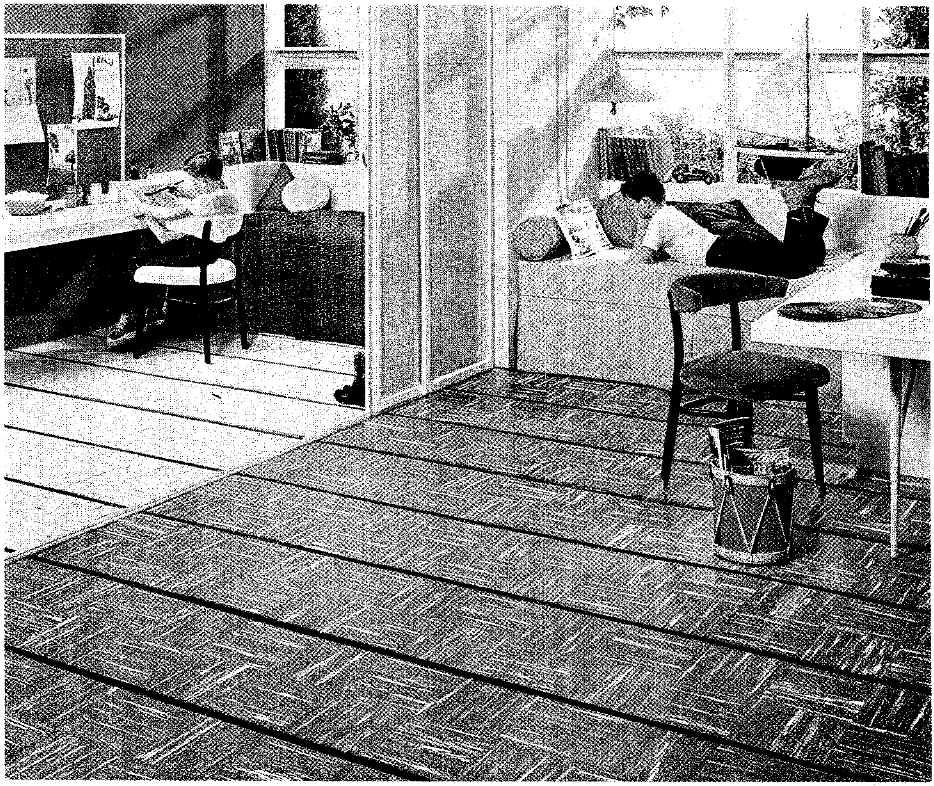
MATICO tile floors are

You share the fun when you share the room!

Even individual projects are more enjoyable when the family's there for company. Plan your family room so that each person has storage space for his own possessions . . . and so that there's as much room as possible for group activities. MATICO on the floor opens the door to freedom. The family works or plays on this warmly colored, extra durable tile without fear of harming its handsome appearance.

This distinctive Maticork Asphalt Tile floor features a random pattern of light (CK1070), medium (CK1071), and dark (CK1072) tile.

ready for any activity

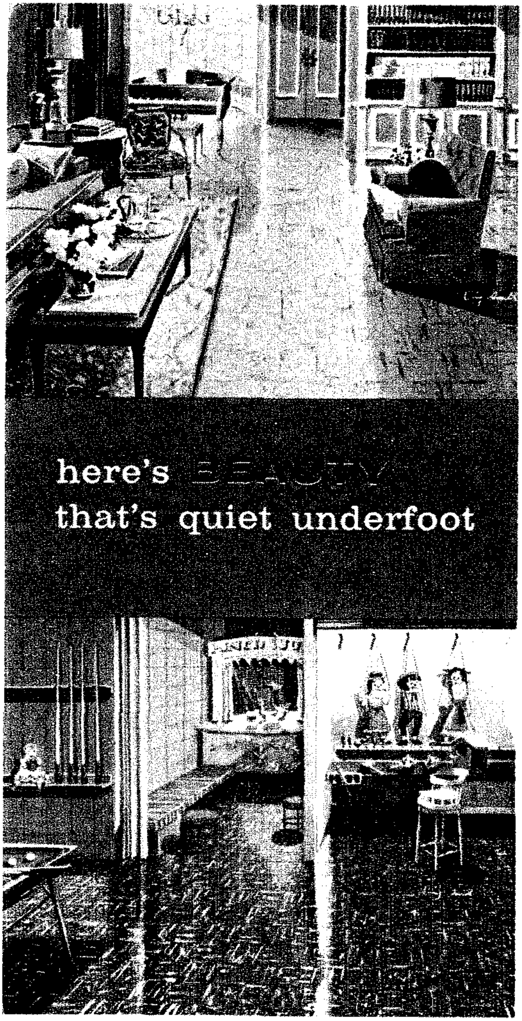


A "room-of-my-own" for two boys!

Two boys find privacy in one small room when clever decorating and a little psychology create the illusion of a separate room for each. Here it's done with a division of color and a sliding wall. Note how, with the wall pushed back during the day, the MATICO Tile floor provides a grand "playground" for all sorts of doings. Even painting with water colors is safe, for this fine flooring resists stains and is always so very easy to keep clean.

Matico Vinyl-Plastic Tile in Gainsborough Red (320) and Dover White (317) with Black feature strip.

MODERN TILE...color-styled



Here's classic beauty in modern dress . . . marbleized **SOFSTEP RUBBER TILE.** From the pleasing way it silences footsteps to the remarkable way it retains its sleek appearance through the years, this highly resilient tile will be your pride and joy. Available in 23 smart colors that harmonize with any decor.

This attractive room features Sofstep Rubber Tile number M-729, cream with red and gold marbleization.

The ultimate luxury in tile flooring . . . famous for its superb clarity of color and the elegance of its gleaming surface. **WEAREVER ALL-VINYL TILE** is a prize flooring, the perfect selection for rooms where long wear, comfort and superior good looks are equally important. See it in 18 lovely modern colors.

Wearever All-Vinyl Tile number M-1404, bright red with white, is ideal in this upstairs playroom.

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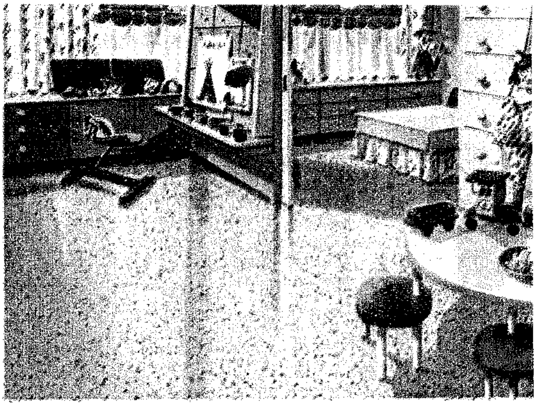
for MODERN living

High-spirited, colorful Confetti is a favored floor pattern in MATICO VINYL-PLASTIC TILE. It's a youthful, exuberant design just right for the young in heart (though not necessarily in age). And, it's economical...easy to care for. Available in 15 multi-color combinations, in Vinyl-Plastic Tile and 7 fresh new colors in Asphalt Tile.

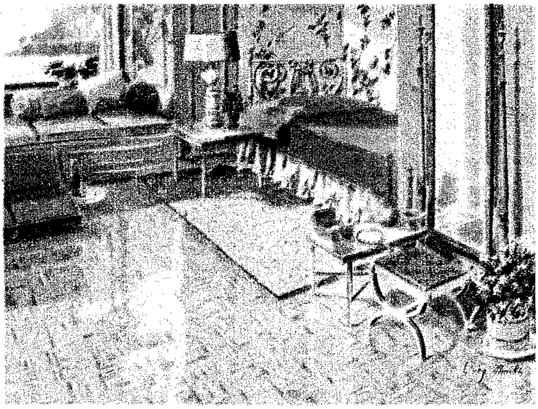
This lively floor is Matico Confetti Vinyl-Plastic Tile number Q-733, yellow with multi-color mottle.



the loveliest rooms start with MATICO

Light-hearted and sophisticated, the new Catalina colors are perfectly styled for contemporary living. You'll find this excellent MATICO VINYL-PLASTIC TILE at home in any room, a subtle yet important accent to your furnishings. And it's as easy on the purse as it is on the eyes . . . so simple to keep clean, too. Available in 13 decorator colors.

Matico Catalina Collection Vinyl-Plastic Tile number 371, old ivory with taupe, pink and pale gold.



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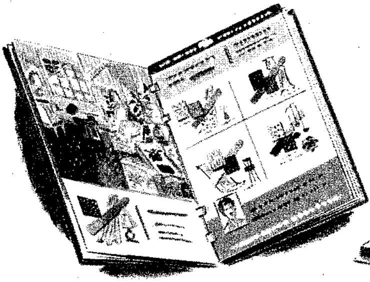

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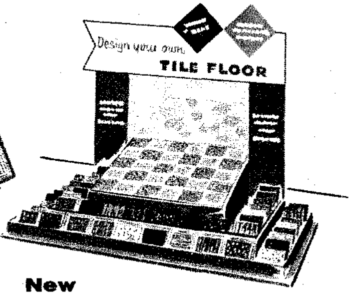

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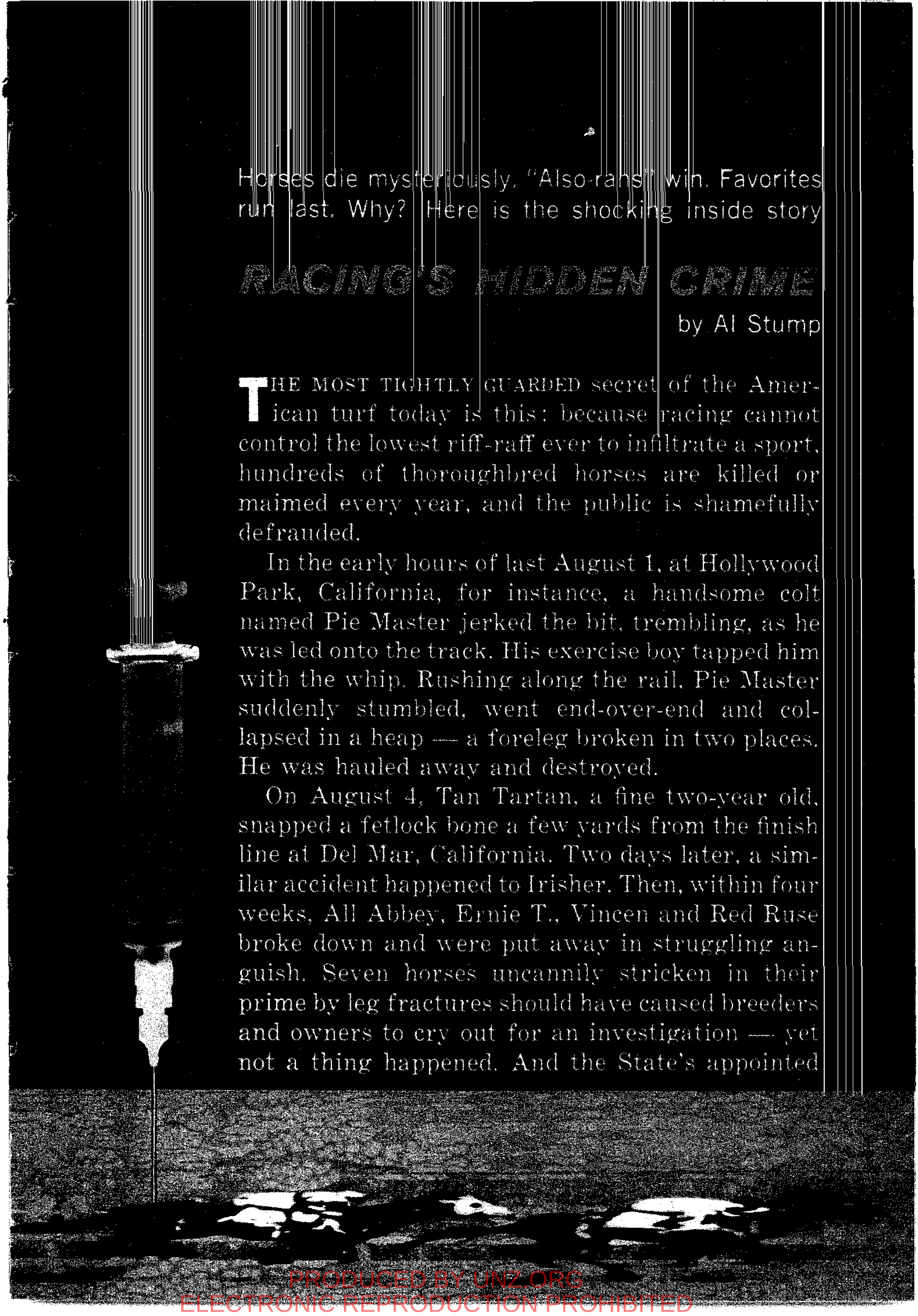


Horses die mysteriously. "Also-rans" win. Favorites run last. Why? Here is the shocking inside story

RACING'S HIDDEN CRIME

by Al Stump

THE MOST TIGHTLY GUARDED secret of the American turf today is this: because racing cannot control the lowest riff-raff ever to infiltrate a sport, hundreds of thoroughbred horses are killed or maimed every year, and the public is shamefully defrauded.

In the early hours of last August 1, at Hollywood Park, California, for instance, a handsome colt named Pie Master jerked the bit, trembling, as he was led onto the track. His exercise boy tapped him with the whip. Rushing along the rail, Pie Master suddenly stumbled, went end-over-end and collapsed in a heap — a foreleg broken in two places. He was hauled away and destroyed.

On August 4, Tan Tartan, a fine two-year old, snapped a fetlock bone a few yards from the finish line at Del Mar, California. Two days later, a similar accident happened to Irisher. Then, within four weeks, All Abbey, Ernie T., Vincen and Red Ruse broke down and were put away in struggling anguish. Seven horses uncannily stricken in their prime by leg fractures should have caused breeders and owners to cry out for an investigation — yet not a thing happened. And the State's appointed officials remained as professedly mystified as the operators of California's $450,000,000 annual pari-mutuel industry. "A streak of hard luck," a Hollywood Park spokesman explained.

MEANWHILE, according to the newspapers a "mad doper" was on the loose in the West since, at four tracks, Bay Meadows, Los Alamitos, Del Mar and Hollywood, the criminal hopping-up of animals had been discovered. Even when armed guards were thrown around barn areas, the dopings continued. By the morning Pie Master perished, a $15,000 reward had been offered for the "mad doper."

The connection?

"Narcotics which excite horses to unnatural speed," says George M. Crosier, special agent for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, "are one of the big factors behind 'mystery' breakdowns all over the country. The number of fine colts and fillies sent to the boneyard is incredible. Yet racing's propaganda line—which most people believe—is that doping today is under complete control.

"There's been no 'mad doper' in California. Rather, a busy racket involving many expert needlers has sprung up."

Pie Master was a typical victim. Unable to finish better than third in his previous 14 starts, amazingly on June 26 he exploded around Hollywood Park to win by two lengths and pay $22.30. Post-race chemical urinalysis revealed that Pie Master's adrenal glands had been hypoed with the drug ephedrine, thus converting a subaverage sprinter into a distance-staying marvel.

Los Angeles bookies claimed that Las Vegas gamblers—suspected of braintrusting the coup—had bet $10,000 on the colt, for a $100,000 profit. And soon afterward the colt lay dead, his fragile legs so weakened by the pressure that the bones cracked.

Never able to prove definitely who stimulated Pie Master, the California Horse Racing Board suspended a trainer and groom on charges of negligence in protecting their animal against tampering, then confusedly confessed, "We feel neither of these men is guilty. But there is no one else to punish."

This casts new light on a problem long ago supposedly solved. In 1956, while U. S. mutuels were taking in a record $2,800,000,000, track heads and their special police assured horse racing fans that the "drenching" of steeds—a prevalent evil during the 1920s and early '30s—had been almost entirely stopped. Super-scientific laboratory tests, along with a national security patrol recruited from FBI ranks and called the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, guaranteed the horseplayer an honest run for his money.

However, "there are more dopers in action today than ever before," says a leading West Coast animal toxicologist. "Grooms and trainers, crooked ex-jockeys, hired formula specialists—who often are veterinarians—and organized mobs all are in on it. I'd estimate that each week at least one needled horse starts at every track that's open. Which means about a dozen weekly drenchings—50 a month, 600 a year."

His figures, checked against those of Dr. John Kater, former Fordham physiologist and world-ranking expert on speed-formulas, are conservative. Studying wholesale drug-company records, Dr. Kater not long ago discovered the purchase of enough amphetamine sulfate (which whips up the nervous system) to hop 520 horses. The purchases were made within a three-month period by known habitués of tracks at New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.

According to the SPCA's Crosier: "The millions the public loses on rigged races isn't the worst of it, by far. Thoroughbreds suffer the same withdrawal horrors from hop as humans. And today they have become the most pathetic of all animals."

The industry's private file of dope investigations shows a good 50 percent of them marked "unsolved." In the past year, morphine-needlers have been found in New York's Belmont Park along with five Illinois, Ohio and Arizona tracks. At Centennial in Denver, Ellis Park in Kentucky, and at a Lincoln, Nebraska, track, procaine was the stimulant. Maryland's Laurel and Pimlico, in a single season, turned up more than 20 cases of hopping by benzedrine and strychnine compounds.

California's 1957 epidemic involved methamphetamine and nikethamide—"junk" with powerful impact on the pumping of the heart. The whole book of pharmacopoeia is tapped by modern horse-hypes—to a total of about 120 drugs which either agitate or depress the horse.

Precisely how lax is the security maintained against them was evident one morning at Santa Anita Park, a 401-acre flower garden encircling 750 betting windows handling up to $4,700,000 daily. A young woman claimed she could walk past the noses of the guards into the barns and feed one of the day's entrants a lump of sugar. "Ridiculous," her friends laughed. "That place is sealed like the federal mint."

Waving a plastic identification card at the gate patrol—"My owner's badge," she smiled sweetly—the girl strolled in, fed sugar to a dozen horses, and strolled out again.

"I could have doped the whole fifth race," she reported. "All you do is swing your hips."

Last June at Hollywood Park, when the "mad doper" scare was on, all 2,068 horses stabled there went under "airtight" surveillance. No one could enter without being triple checked. Even veterinarians had to make their rounds with a Los Angeles police officer escort.

Yet a dose of ephedrine was fed the winner of one race—and the needle and syringe that did the trick were discovered hidden in a lumber pile not 100 feet from a cordon of guards. And the morning after the doping, pinned to the stall of the hopped horse, was a note reading: "Dear Mad Doper: I don't care what you do, but *please* let me in on it!"

Slow-pills, depressants with such trade labels as Sparine, Trilafon and Trasentine, are employed by dopers to tranquilize a favorite out of running to his normal form. After he suffers several defeats, the price on him goes up to, say, 20 to 1. Then, slipped a fast-pill, he thunders in to pay off the fixers in box-car figures.

But by far the guiltiest secret the industry protects—the strongest evidence that hyping is the crime it is helpless to stop—takes place eight times a day when a state-licensed employee known as a "U-boy" takes his stand outside the winner's stall. After the race, as the horse cools off, it is hoped he will void. The "U-boy," capturing a sample in a bottle, hastens to the state veterinarian's office, where the bottle is sealed, then shipped to a chemical testing laboratory.

This is the vaunted urine test. Coupled with saliva analysis, it assertedly insured that the presence of any and all hop will be detected. Of course, the discovery always is made *after* the crime has been accomplished—too late to unscramble the mutuel pool division and refund a swindled public's wagers. This is one more item racing doesn't mention.

Is the urine-saliva test as accurate as it is claimed to be?

"Unfortunately," admits Dwight Murphy, Chairman of the California Horse Racing Board, "certain drugs do exist that, despite present laboratory equipment and knowledge, cannot be detected."

To turf insiders, this has long been as well known as the price of oats. Because of what might happen to betting totals, it has remained the cat no one would let out of the bag.

But now, forensic chemists and vets testify there are *at least a dozen formulas* which escape all microscopic and spectrophotometric breakdowns of saliva and urine made in the labs. "And the smart boys have their own chemists," these experts say. "As much as $5,000 has been paid for a surefire compound."

In 1955, a California owner suspected foul play when one of his stakes-winners was destroyed with a broken leg. He ordered a private post-mortem. The heart valves showed the ravages of steady doping. Yet the horse had been a regular winner for two seasons—without the labs ever suspecting a thing.

Other studies indicate that newer toxins will astonishingly improve a sluggish horse, sometimes by as much as six lengths over a mile. Properly administered (one grain in the bloodstream an hour before post time), one of them acts quickly and fades through absorption before the "U-boy" shows up to take his sample.

Another drug with an adrenalin base has a magical "locked-in" effect. Injected 24 hours prior to a race, it remains passive until the last minute, when the trainer vigorously massages the mount's neck, which triggers a mighty jolt through his system. Not more than three of America's 25 states where racing is legal have a test that will detect the drug—and lead to punishment of the doper.

Yet another loophole lies in the fact that the combined urine-saliva test—the one strong deterrent to drugging—many times is a slipshod operation. Studied singly, body fluids reveal little; and C. A. Jeffries, chemist in charge of all California tests, stated last year that although the law requires it, the labs are not always supplied with *both* samples.

Anyone familiar with racing stables can realize why. The effort of racing dehydrates a thoroughbred so completely that often he doesn't void until several hours later. In virtually all 25 states, "U-boys" wait for their sample not more than 35 minutes. By then another race has been run; they move on—with empty bottles—to the new winner's stall.

"And such an ordinary hop as benzedrine doesn't show up in saliva at all," points out toxicologist R. H. Semple of Los Angeles. "So what else can you call the present lab work but a joke?"

Final evidence that billionaire racing is lax lies in the fact that in *no* state are more than 20 percent of horses examined for needling. The rule is to test only the victor in a regular overnight event and only the first three finishers in any stake worth more than $10,000. All the rest of the field could be full of a depressant drug without danger of challenge.

To protect racing against dopers, a 100-percent-sure pre-race examination must be developed. Leading the campaign to discover such a method is harassed Racing Chairman Dwight Murphy of California.

"As it is now, we impound horses in a receiving barn an hour before they run," states Murphy. "But that won't stop dopers. You can't have everyone who enters the barn shadowed. The only answer is some sort of blood test given at the last minute, so that the needled horse can be thrown out and all bets refunded."

And that test, the world's biggest gambling business does not presently have. No more than it has the right to let horses die in torment, or to deceive its supporters.

Deft Definitions

AN ADULT WESTERN: The same as any other western except that the villain doesn't get shot at the end of the picture—he gets sent to a psychiatrist.
—MIKE CONNOLLY, *Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate*

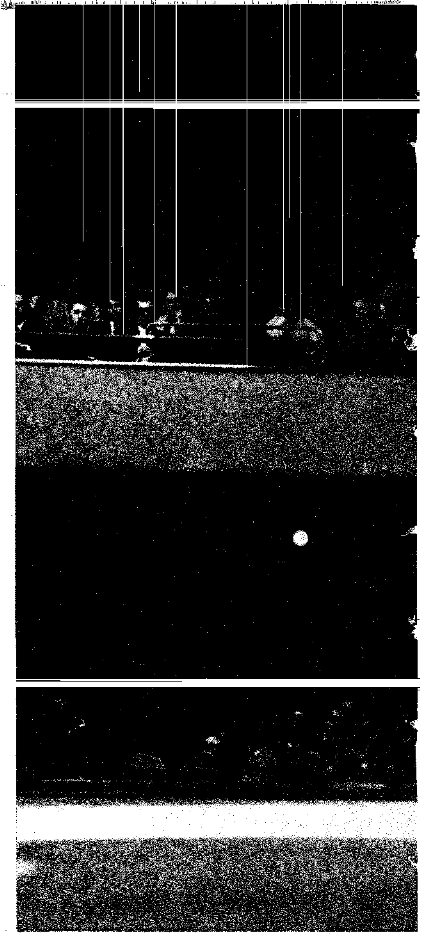
CHANCE REMARK: Anything a man manages to say when two women are talking.
—*Philnews*

MOSQUITO: A small insect designed by God to make us think better of flies.
—*Atlas News*

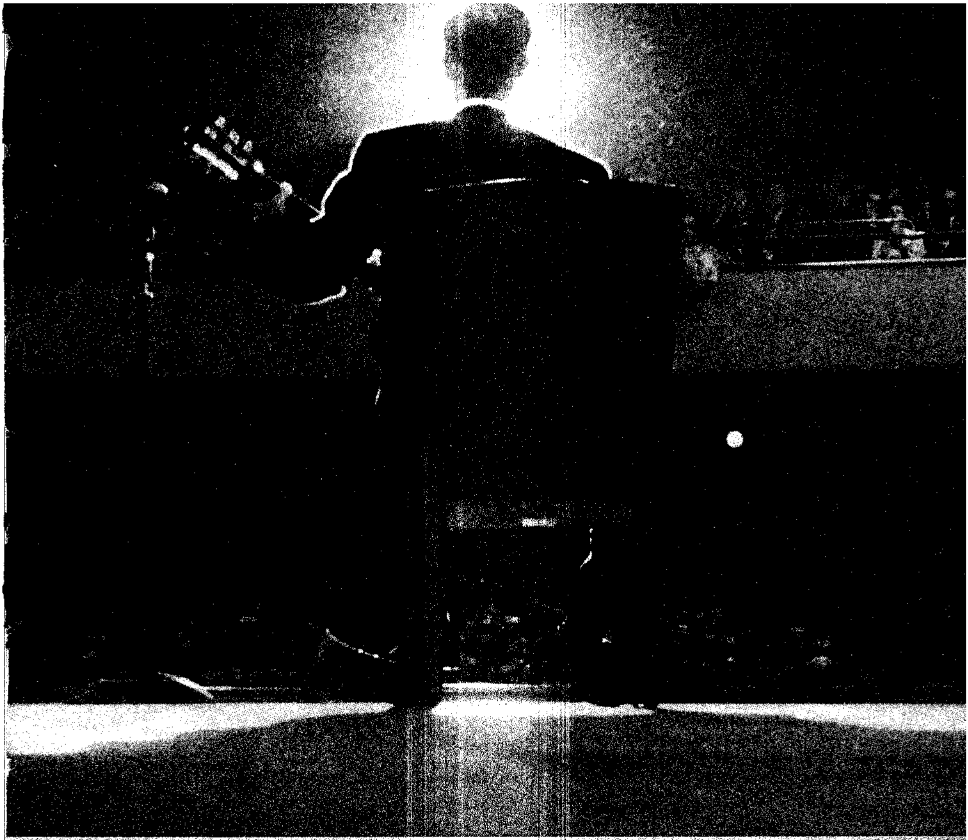
LOVE: The feeling that makes a woman make a man make a fool of himself.
—*Atlas News*

HOTEL: A place where a guest often gives up good dollars for poor quarters.
—*Atlas News*

BACHELOR: The only species of big game for which the license is taken out after the safari.
—*Type Talk-Baltimore*



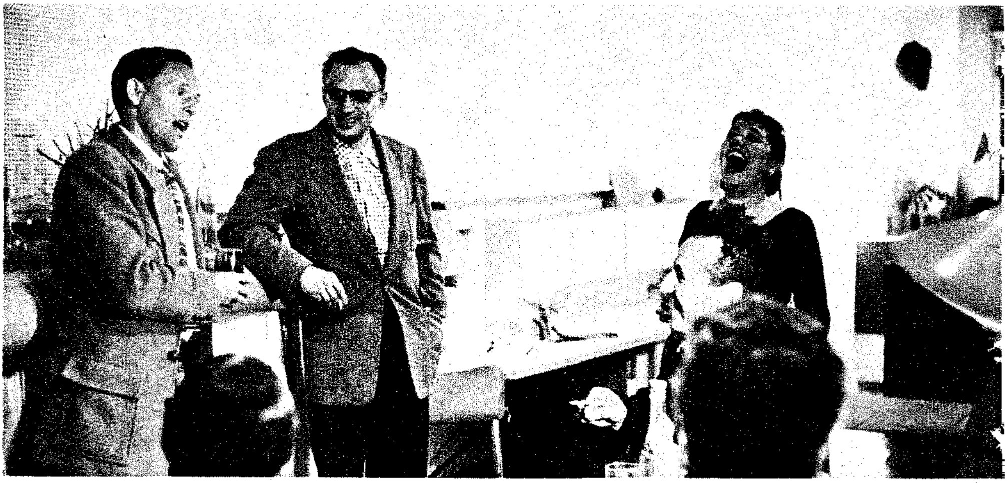
Like a minstrel of old,
20th-century troubadour
Richard Dyer-Bennet
roams through
the U. S. with a guitar
in his hand and
600 songs in his heart



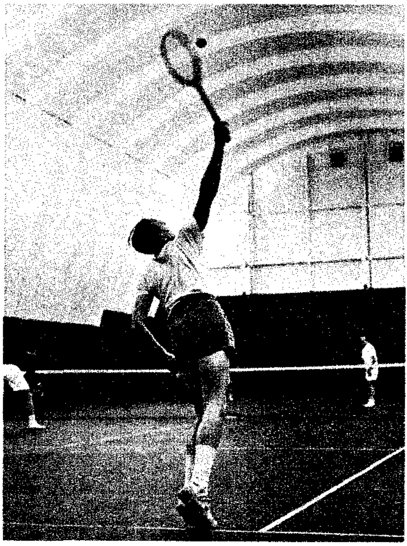
Text by Richard Kaplan

THE MAN IN THE SPOTLIGHT (above) is 44-year-old Richard Dyer-Bennet, one of the last of the great minstrels. In the Middle Ages, bards such as he roamed the countryside, singing of chivalry and love. Today, the British-born Dyer-Bennet and his Spanish guitar preserve this tradition at concerts throughout America. But he is more than just an itinerant singer. With a repertoire of 600 tunes in seven languages, he is a unique stylist who makes no concessions to showmanship as he sings in a clear, haunting tenor voice. Unlike most troubadours the blond, bony-featured Dyer-Bennet scorns gaudy sport shirts on stage, preferring white tie and tails. "My songs range back to the 13th century," he explains, "so I wear neutral clothes of no particular era." Roaming around the U. S., Dyer-Bennet leads a hectic yet rewarding life, as the pictures on the following pages reveal.

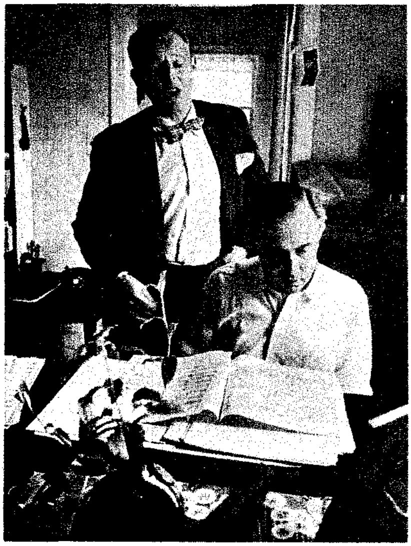
At Chicago party, he entertains novelist Nelson Algren (center) and hostess, Mrs. John Walley.



A tennis player of first-class caliber, the wiry singer works out whenever he has the time.



Dyer-Bennet rehearses with Chicago Chamber Orchestra conductor Dieter Kober (right).

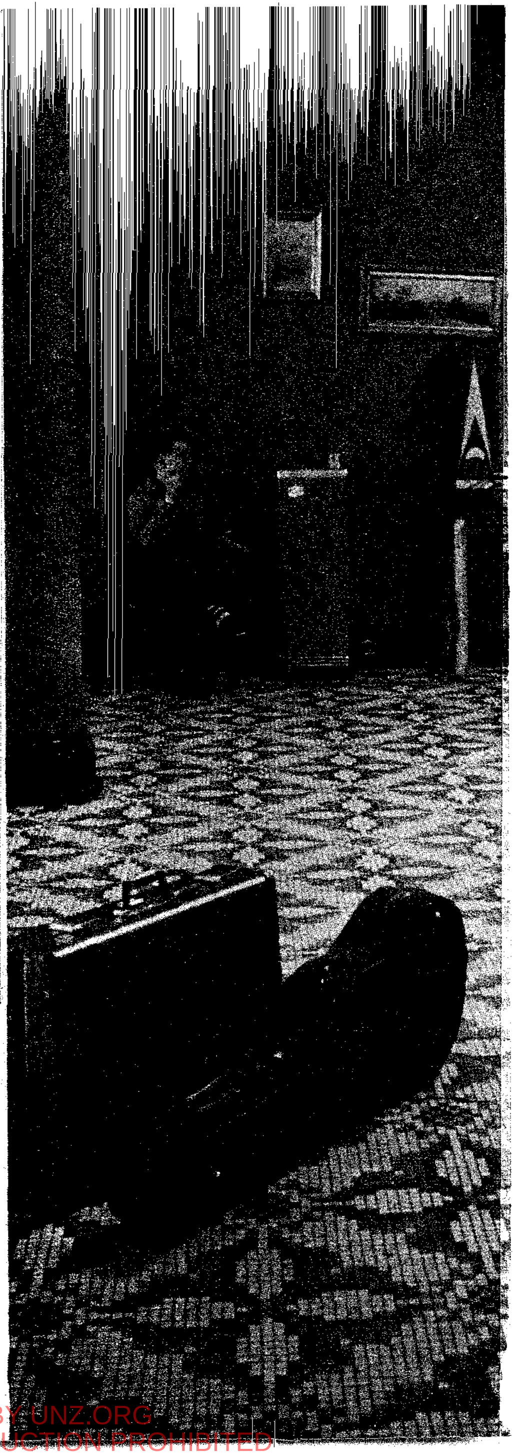


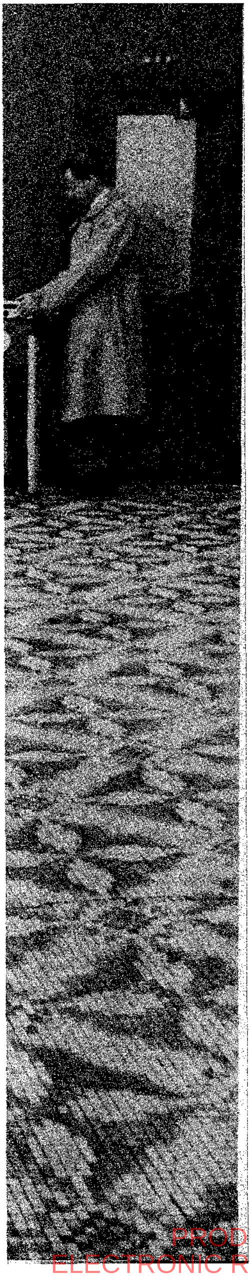
Cradling his guitar, Dyer-Bennet tells Minnesota audience about origin of his next song.

THE MINSTREL'S ROAD unwound before Dyer-Bennet quite by chance. In 1933, while attending the University of California (and dreaming of becoming a professional soccer player), he sang at a Christmas party and was heard by the noted voice teacher, Gertrude Wheeler Beckman. At her suggestion, Dyer-Bennet went to Sweden to hear the dean of minstrels, Sven Scholander, later making his first public appearances in the mining districts of Wales. (The Welsh, Dyer-Bennet says, are the only people he has ever seen erupt into song spontaneously.) In 1942, Dyer-Bennet scored his first U. S. musical success—at the Village Vanguard, a New York nightclub. Since 1945, though, he has been on the road, and no longer plays lucrative club dates. "As a concert artist," he says, "I have two hours to create my own mood. I don't have this much time in the clubs or on TV."

In deserted parlor car of train taking him through Midwest, Dyer-Bennet smokes pipe before retiring.

Bored and tired, he plays a lonesome pin-ball game (right) in lobby of Moorhead, Minnesota, hotel.





THIS WILL BE Dyer-Bennet's busiest season—with about 50 concerts in 22 states. He could make more money than he does, but turns down engagements to be with his family. On the road, Dyer-Bennet's chief occupational hazard is loneliness. "I'm beginning to get used to it," he says resignedly. To kill time between trains, planes and performances, he practices (when hotels permit it), goes to the movies and reads pocket books.

Before recital, Dyer-Bennet tunes up. Taught by the Cuban virtuoso, Rey de la Torre, he is a fine guitarist and can also accompany himself on the lute.

20
21
22
13
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MORE THAN HALF OF HIS RECITALS are given in college towns, and that's when Dyer-Bennet is happiest. "These audiences are not only interested in my kind of music," he says, "but also in its origins and background." By "my kind of music," Dyer-Bennet doesn't mean merely folk singing. "Folk singers," he says, "only sing the melodies of that part of the world they come from, such as cowboy ballads or spirituals. I have folk songs in my repertoire. But I also have old German minnelieder, Swedish shepherd songs, Irish ballads and airs by Schubert. So I don't think I'm a folk singer. I'd rather be called a minstrel, a professional, self-accompanied musician who makes a living by constantly being on the move."

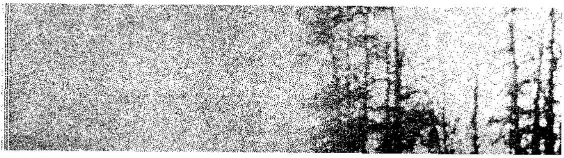
Conducting a seminar at Concordia College in Minnesota, Dyer-Bennet draws full house.

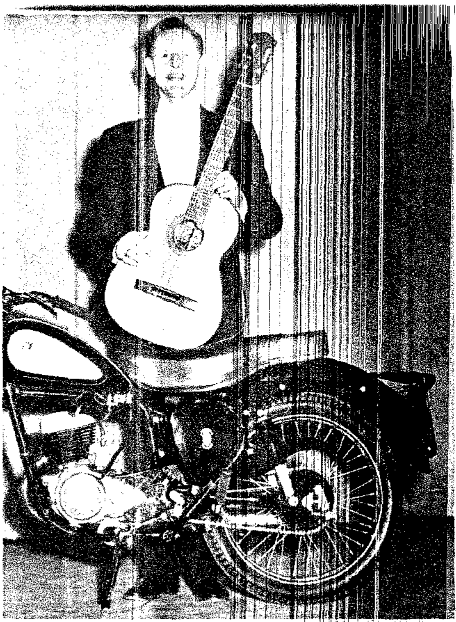
The minstrel meets old friends all over U. S. In St. Paul (below), he sings ballad for rapt opera star Mimi Benzell.

Ignoring din of indoor football practice, Dyer-Bennet (right) tests the acoustics in gymnasium where he will perform.

By moonlight, Dyer-Bennet waits at chill depot for train that will carry him on last leg of seven-month journey.

By sunlight, he freshens up with dash of cold pump water on back porch of friend's home in Staunton, Virginia.

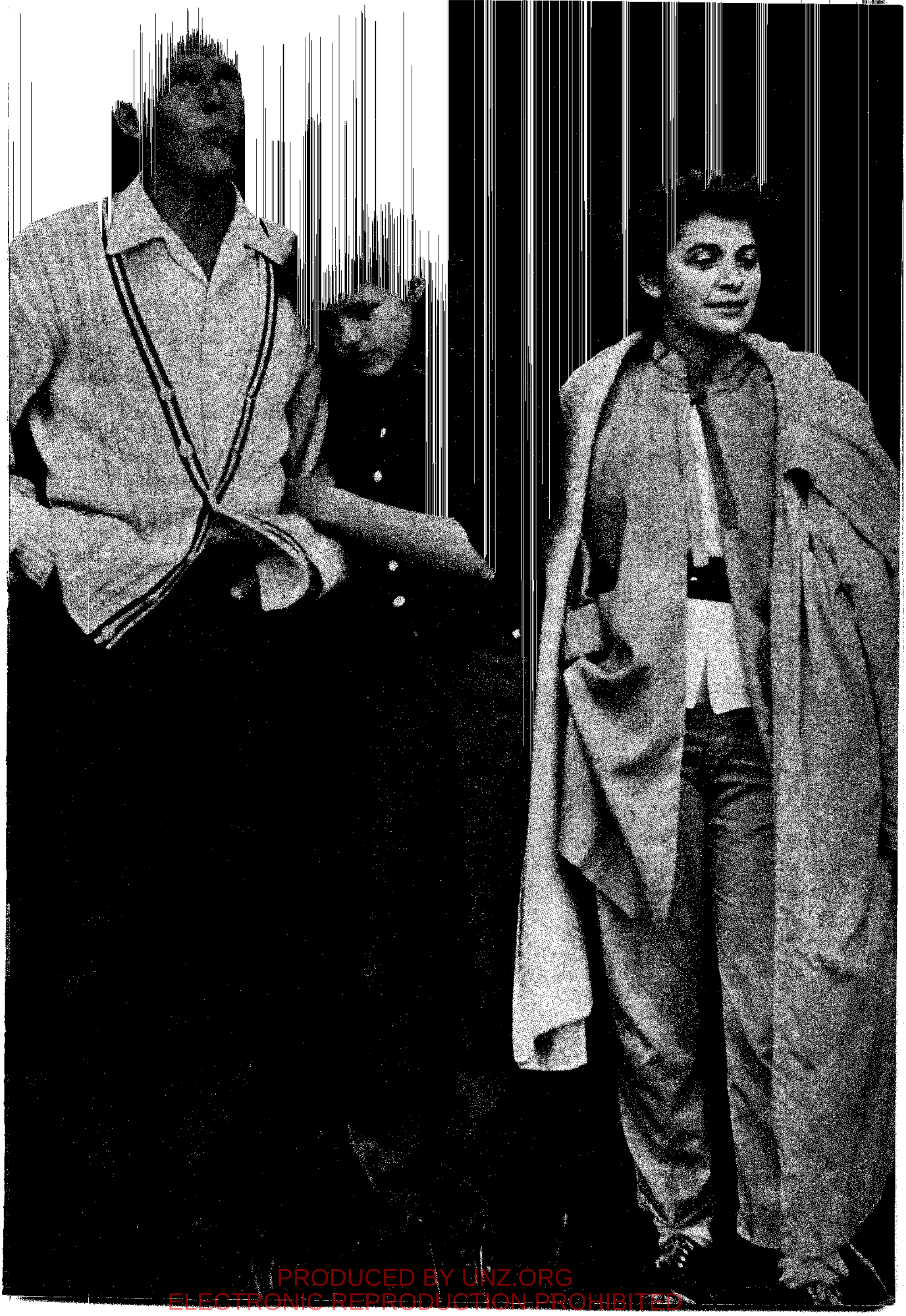




Oddest fee for concert was paid by citizens of Springfield, Vermont. They gave him a motorcycle.

NO MATTER WHERE he's singing, home is where Dyer-Bennet's heart is. He and his family (wife Melvene, daughters Bonnie, 14, Brooke, 11, and a Weimaraner dog named Hopper) live in a small cabin deep in the forest near Monterey, Massachusetts. Soon to be built, however, is a futuristic new home with a glass-domed roof and perfect acoustics for record-making. The Dyer-Bennets spend the summer together, and as many weeks as he can spare from his annual October-to-April concert grind. "We miss each other terribly," says Mrs. Dyer-Bennet. "But we feel we're lucky to see him as often as we do."

In the summer, Dyer-Bennet tries to forget music, relaxes with Melvene and daughters Brooke (left) and Bonnie. This August, however, he'll play at the Shakespearean Festival in Stratford, Canada.



Legless though he was, forgiveness made him a whole man again

THE WAR IS OVER FOR BENNY

by Bud Greenspan

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY for a ticket to a track and field competition and you're entitled to a seat. That's all. But on January 29th, 1953, when the Millrose Games were held at Madison Square Garden in New York, I got more than my money's worth.

I had an end seat, and next to me in an open area was a group of permanently disabled soldiers in wheelchairs, who nevertheless joined with the other spectators in cheering the athletes on. The soldier closest to me would excitedly jam me with his elbow and say: "How about that son of a gun . . . can he run or can't he. . . ?"

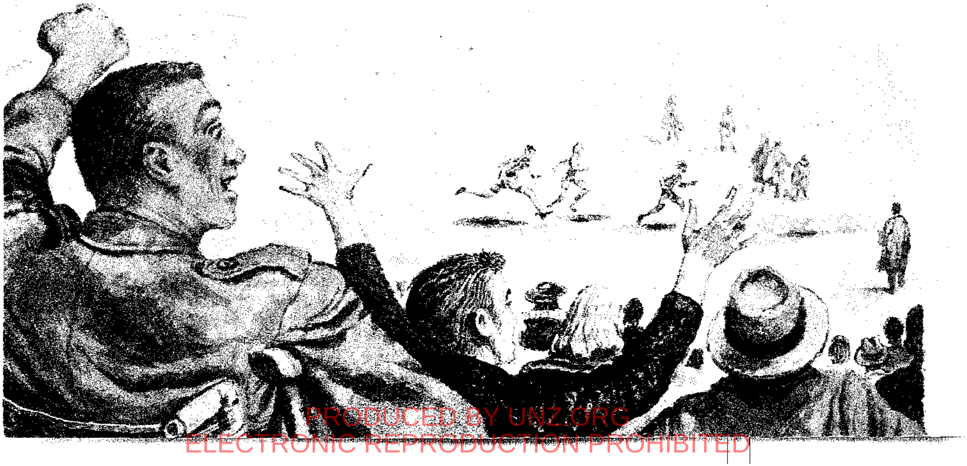
I soon learned that his name was Benny and that he had lost both his legs when a land mine exploded in front of him on the approaches to Paris in 1944. Now it was nine years later and he still hadn't forgotten. Once he said: "I could be out there if it wasn't for those rats. . . . I used to run in high school. . . . They got a Heine running tonight. . . . Our boys will cream him good. . . ."

He was a German runner scheduled to compete in the 880-yard run. His name was Heinz Ulzheimer.

Finally the announcement came over the loudspeaker for the competitors to report for the 880, the race Benny had been waiting for. One by one the runners were introduced: ". . . and on the outside lane . . . Heinz Ulzheimer of Germany."

There was a smattering of applause for the German and I quickly looked to Benny. He had a pained expression on his face. But he was silent. He stared at the stocky, brown-haired German athlete who stood there.

Then Ulzheimer flexed his leg muscles rapidly, touched the tips of



his toes with his fingers, and Benny began to shout: "C'mon, Carl . . . c'mon, Carl boy. . . . Let's show him, boy . . . let's show him. . . ."

"Carl" was Carl Joyce, one of the American favorites in the race.

The starter's gun sounded and they were off. Quickly the field moved into Indian file, the German Ulzheimer leading. With effortless grace he circled the track, the other five runners following closely behind. Ulzheimer was setting a fantastic pace.

"The Heine will burn himself out . . . they always burn themselves out . . ." Benny said.

Ulzheimer led the field by ten yards at the quarter. The runners behind him were waiting for the first signs of fading but the German was feather-footed, at ease.

"They'll get him now . . . the Heine will crack," Benny shouted to me. The crowd was on its feet as the German boy continued to pour on speed.

With two laps to go he was 25 yards in front and the runners behind made their move. But they could not gain.

Ulzheimer started the last lap with his lead unchanged. The crowd roared as he pounded down the straightaway of the backstretch, into the final curve.

Benny was screaming: "Get him . . . get him, Carl. . . ." But his voice was without enthusiasm.

Ulzheimer hit the tape 30 yards ahead of the second-place finisher. The crowd applauded politely and the German almost apologetically waved them a greeting. The public had not yet fully accepted the fact that Germany was not still the mortal enemy.

As the announcer finished reading the placings and the crowd still buzzed with the excitement of the race, it happened—something that caught the jammed arena totally unaware.

The band began to play. Suddenly Ulzheimer stopped in his tracks and came to attention. In tribute to his great victory the band was playing the German national anthem. Not since Hitler invaded Poland in 1939 had it been played publicly in the United States.

The scene was an incongruous one. There amongst the hundreds of trotting and running athletes stood the immobile Ulzheimer. Other athletes brushed by him, either unknowing or unwilling to recognize what was taking place.

Then a few of them stopped moving and came to attention. Others stopped. Soon the infield was quiet.

In the stands, some stood up, others continued talking and moving about. I did not know what to do.

I looked to my right and saw Benny struggling with his crutches. He placed one under each arm and pulled himself out of the wheelchair and upright to attention. I quickly stood up and others around us followed.

When the anthem was finished, Benny painfully sat down. Then he jammed his elbow into my side and said: "How about that son of a gun . . . can he run or can't he. . . ?"

I could only nod, but I was thinking: "How about that Benny . . . is he a man or isn't he!"

They
had high
IQ's.
But they
were
slated for
life's
scrap heap—
until
a unique
institution
salvaged
their future

by
Joseph N. Bell

THE ELDERLY WOMAN placed her purse on the front steps of her walk-up flat on Chicago's seamy West Side while fumbling with her key. When she got the door open, the purse was gone. She remembered that several children had been playing in the area; they were gone, too.

A few blocks from the scene, police found an emaciated youngster of nine cowering in a basement doorway. He was dirty, unkempt and frightened—but also remarkably lucid. He had several dollars in his pocket which he said he had found on the street.

He denied the robbery. Questioned about his home, he stated matter-of-factly that his name was Mark, he had no recollection of his father who had disappeared when he was an infant, and his mother didn't pay much attention to him.

When police took him to the address he gave them, they found a cluttered flat with evidence of drinking. It was empty, and Mark had no idea where his mother was. He told police he spent most of his time roaming the streets. School, he said, bored him. He repeated his denials of the robbery.

There was something about this youngster that intrigued juvenile officials. His language was carefully phrased and his choice of words remarkably adult.

An IQ test revealed that Mark's intelligence measured over 170—in the near-genius class. He belonged in a select group of less than .5 percent of our population. Yet he was sleeping in doorways, roaming the streets—and now suspected of larceny.

Because there was no solid evidence against him, Mark could not be sent to a correctional institution. An investigation showed that his mother neither wanted nor was able to take care of him. So what to do with him?

There are agencies to handle the placement of the ordinary run of such pathetic youngsters. But Mark possessed an intellect that needed special attention and there was only one place in the country where that was available—Arden Shore, a remarkable institution for high-intellect youngsters on the verge of being lost to bad environment.

Miss Josephine Strode, Arden Shore's salty, ex-social worker superintendent, talked with Mark at great length, then asked and received his custody from court officials. That was two years ago.

Today, Mark, which isn't his real name, of course, is a healthy, vital young man engaged in the exciting and rewarding pursuit of knowledge. He is developing into a mathematical and scientific wizard who will soon take into high school an outstanding record and an inquisitive mind.

Yet, had there been no Arden Shore to salvage his talents, he might very likely have turned into a bum or a criminal. Only Miss Strode knows the circumstances of Mark's coming to Arden Shore—where private lives remain private because it is important that the youngsters there not be hurt any more than they already have been.

Children with an IQ of 150 or above appear but one in a thousand —and they come from all sorts of environments—yet almost one third of these gifted youngsters in the United States never get to college. This tremendous area of waste occurs among high-intellect children of broken homes, alcoholic parents, poverty and other extreme conditions beyond their control—youngsters who, because of unsatisfactory environment, have not been able to develop their capabilities.

At Arden Shore, a definite pioneering stride is being taken to find and preserve the potential scientists, statesmen and scholars among this lost legion of boys who are referred there by judges, school officials and social workers in the Chicago area. They must meet three requirements for entrance: a Stanford-Binet IQ of 130 or more (the average IQ of school children today is between 90 and 110); proper motivation to work and study; and some element of need. Boys from ten to 14 are preferred.

At Arden Shore, the youngsters live in three cottages, 16 to a cottage, on a delightful lake front. Each cottage is supervised by a team of counselors who are war veterans and education majors at nearby Lake Forest College.

The boys attend public school in the elementary grades in the nearby village of Lake Bluff. High school students are distributed among several North Shore high schools, including New Trier, where they get special attention commensurate with their intellectual ability.

But much more important, they get direction, purpose, stability and affection from Arden Shore's trained and dedicated staff. For the first time in their lives, many of them are intellectually stimulated by keen competition.

Sitting at lunch in Arden Shore's cheerful, noisy dining room, I listened to some startling table talk from fourth and fifth graders. One lad explained at length how he went about solving an intricate algebraic problem. Another speculated on the propellent power that would be required to dispatch a rocket to the moon.

When they finished eating, they solemnly disposed of their dishes and played bridge until it was time to return to school. They played intensely—and they played well. They weren't precocious or bored or supercilious. They were spirited, lively, humorous—and having a good time.

"We spend millions of dollars each year helping the mentally retarded and the physically handicapped, but practically nothing to save and develop the genius of the gifted child," says Josephine Strode. "Yet in the long run, the solutions to the very problems to which we devote so much time and money must come from these intellects that are now being wasted."

Five years ago, Miss Strode—writer and authority on social work and former professor at Cornell University—was offered the job as superintendent of the Arden Shore Association for Boys. Since the 1890s, a group of wealthy Chicago women had supported Arden Shore—on Lake Michigan about 40 miles north of Chicago—as a school and camp for underprivileged Chicago youngsters who desperately needed to get away from slum environments. The children, however, were selected willy-nilly.

In Arden Shore, Miss Strode saw the answer to a long-nurtured dream of a haven for youngsters with great intellectual potential who were threshing around in the jungles of Chicago, either dissipating their intellect or putting it to the wrong kind of use. The sponsoring ladies agreed, and Miss Strode enlisted the cooperation of Chicago officials who could and would refer to her the type of youngster she was seeking. Today, Arden Shore has a capacity house of 48 potential intellectual giants with IQ's from 130 to 170.

Arden Shore boys take part in athletics ranging from high school football to Little League baseball, and are included in social activities and welcomed in Lake Bluff homes. This is a real tribute both to the quality of the youngsters and the broadmindedness of the townspeople.

Occasionally, Arden Shore boys bump heads with local authorities. When some nearby homes were broken into, two policemen called to question a group of Arden Shore lads. The investigation proceeded ponderously while the boys sat restive and impatient. Finally, 12-year-old Tom—who spoke authoritatively from first-hand experience—told the policemen: "You'll never get anywhere *this* way."

And while the officers watched open-mouthed, Tom questioned the suspects, probed for evidence, examined alibis, and finally turned the whole package back to the policemen with his opinion that they were barking down the wrong trail.

The problems some of these youngsters faced in their previous environments were compounded ten times over by their sensitivity and intellect. Many were deliberately making low grades because they did not want to be thought sissies. Some had turned their intelligence to criminal activities in an effort to be socially accepted in the structure of big-city gang society. And almost all of them had difficult home situations.

WHEN MISS STRODE first saw 10-year-old Jimmy, for instance, he was a bundle of raw adolescent nerves and terribly depleted physically. Jimmy's father, mentally unstable, had been committed to institutions several times. Finally, before Jimmy's horrified eyes, his father had beaten his mother savagely and almost fatally.

Jimmy wound up as a ward of the court—bewildered and embittered even beyond normal, because Jimmy was an exceptionally perceptive child with an IQ of 165.

When he arrived at Arden Shore, his teeth were so bad he could scarcely chew food. He was given immediate dental care, and one of the first cracks in his wall of resistance came when he told Miss Strode wonderingly: "I didn't know it was possible to eat without hurting."

After two years at Arden Shore, Jimmy's greatest joy is working with laboratory equipment, for which he has shown a remarkable aptitude. He will be a scientist one day—and the clouded memories of a terrified childhood will become less and less real and urgent.

Although Jimmy's environmental problems were more violent than those of most of the Arden Shore boys, dozens of others have had to scatter the cobwebs of the past before they could let in the promise of the future. In most cases, the parents are glad to find a place for the child whom they either don't want, don't understand or can't care for properly.

The boys are not isolated from their families (though some of them would like to be). Parents are permitted to visit the school once a month, or the boys may go home one weekend during the month. Not all of the parents are dissolute. Many are conscientious people who have been dealt more than their share of bad luck. These parents look on Arden Shore as a heaven-sent opportunity for their sons to make the most of their prodigious mental gifts.

At the present time, it costs $114,000 a year to operate Arden Shore. In addition to the contribution of the Arden Shore Association, the school receives about $16,000 annually from the Community Chest Fund, $7,000 from public funds and a token amount from parents who are able to contribute. This adds up to a cost per child per year of slightly more than $2,300. The Arden Shore staff includes six full-time employees—a nurse, cook, secretary, laundress and two administrators—plus nine counselors.

The boys' allowances range from $2 a month (for fifth graders) to $3 a week (for high school seniors). Most of them earn additional money—either at Arden Shore or in and around Lake Bluff.

The first group of boys who have enjoyed the Arden Shore therapy for two years or longer will graduate from high school in 1958. Miss Strode is busily lining up information on scholarships for which they can compete. She is also trying to interest business corporations in financing the further education of these youngsters who have so much to contribute.

The ladies of the Chicago Arden Shore Association are starting a college scholarship fund from which the boys can borrow to help meet their college expenses. They will be expected to repay this money as soon as they are able, so it can be used to help another youngster go to college.

All of Arden Shore's facilities will be open at vacation time for its college boys who have no home to return to. But Arden Shore can carry its lads just so far. Then the American system has to pick them up and take them the rest of the way.

Says Josephine Strode: "We can only guess how many thousands of superior American youngsters are being lost completely or turning into criminals in big-city environments or grinding poverty. We should prevent this at all costs.

"I'd like to see institutions like Arden Shore all over the United States, near every big city that is swallowing and hiding these lost boys. This is one important way we can find and salvage one of our greatest and most wasted resources: the gifted child who has become a victim of his environment."

Off to a Bad Start

A MILWAUKEE WOMAN was granted a divorce because her husband painted a mustache and spectacles on her wedding photograph.

A FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, man was given a jail sentence for forging checks on his wife's bank account so he could buy wedding and engagement rings for a girl friend.

A LOS ANGELES WOMAN was given a divorce after testifying that her husband sold her engagement ring for money to buy a race horse and insisted on her getting a job to support the horse.

A 20-YEAR-OLD VAN NUYS, California, man, who was found by the police with stolen goods in his home, explained: "I was trying to prove to my father-in-law that I could support my wife as well as he could."

A DETROIT WOMAN asked for a divorce from her husband whom she had not seen since he disappeared from their wedding reception 26 years before. —FRANCES RODMAN

From the largest

educational film library

in the world . . .

Coronet Films

presents on the following pages a selection of forty-eight distinguished motion pictures for the schools of America

Today—through the magic of film—children can open wide a window to the whole world. *Seeing* is *believing*, and the Coronet films described on the following pages can make the greatest possible impact on the youthful mind—in its search for truth and knowledge.

Extreme care has been exercised in producing these films, to provide maximum assistance in classroom instruction. Each has been planned and filmed by the largest staff in the world permanently assembled for this purpose—researchers, writers, directors, cameramen, and technicians. Each has been carefully checked and re-checked, studied and reviewed by outstanding educators and classroom teachers, who work closely with Coronet throughout production. Each is the product of months of tireless research, planning, writing and filming, with the *average production time approximately two years!*

Even so, the production program at Coronet is so extensive that new films are completed and released at the extraordinary rate of six each month. These films provide basic instruction in science and other fundamentals, from the primary grades through high school and into college.

Please read these descriptions and discover for yourself the range of subjects at all grade levels for which Coronet has made educational films. And remember . . . these are only forty-eight recent productions among the 800 films currently available.

Each film listed here is a 16mm sound motion picture available in full, natural color or in black-and-white. Each may be purchased for permanent use at Coronet's usual low prices or may be rented for occasional use from the rental libraries listed on the last page of this section.

CORONET FILMS

Coronet Building • Chicago 1, Illinois

Beginning Good Posture Habits (11 min.)

Here is a way of showing youngsters how to improve their posture—by helping each other and by feeling tall. Examples of good posture in people children admire—postmen, nurses, and servicemen—motivate even greater attention to posture problems. The meaning of posture is clearly defined in its relationship to health. *Primary . . . Health.*

Beginning Responsibility: Other People's Things (11 min.)

The children in the film draw pictures which tell a story of what results when there is carelessness with other people's things. The film shows youngsters that careful treatment of property—*borrowed or found*, private or public—has advantages for all. An excellent film for building proper attitudes, as well as responsibilities. *Primary . . . Guidance.*

The Big Sun and Our Earth (11 min.)

This film instills our familiar sun with new, dramatic meaning. It presents fundamental concepts which increase our understanding of the sun's relation to our earth. Set in the context of an average boy's curiosity about the world around him, *The Big Sun and Our Earth* is a vivid learning experience for youngsters in their early years. *Primary . . . Science.*

A Boy of the Netherlands (11 min.)

Here is the charming story of Willem's ride to Amsterdam on a barge to buy a bicycle chain. He watches the life of old and new Holland along the canal—the windmills, flowered fields, sleepy villages, and even factories. A shopping trip and an exchange of presents with some friends end an exciting day. *Primary . . . Language Arts.*

Bushy, the Squirrel: Background for Reading and Expression (11 min.)

When Stevie spies a squirrel with a long bushy tail, he follows it into the woods. His discoveries there, how he makes friends with Bushy, and the things he learns, will stimulate children to read and tell their own stories about squirrels and to become more aware of surrounding animal life. A film all youngsters will enjoy. *Primary . . . Language Arts.*

Coronet Films for the Primary Grades

DURING THE EXCITING age of five to eight, schools introduce youngsters to a wide range of new ideas. While much of this fascinating new world is strange, it must be presented in familiar terms. As children learn in these early years, they draw heavily upon their own experiences.

Coronet films present accurate *pictures* of the world around us. They answer children's insistent questions of "how?" and "why?" When these pictures are woven together with imaginative techniques and scientific accuracy, the stage is set for more and better learning.

Coronet films for the primary grades explore the worlds of science and human relations from various

How Birds Help Us (11 min.)

Jack learns that most birds help us and give us pleasure. Chickens lay the eggs he loves to eat, and Thanksgiving wouldn't be the same without a turkey. The barnswallows, like many birds, eat harmful insects, while others eat disease-bearing rodents. The beauty and songs of bird life are a delight to see and hear. *Primary . . . Science.*

How Insects Help Us (11 min.)

Skillful photography follows the movements of insects seen near homes and schools, and captures the movement of the rarely observed silkworm and praying mantis. It shows youngsters three basic ideas about insects: some are helpful, some are harmful, and many are extremely beautiful and fascinating to observe. *Primary . . . Science.*

How Water Helps Us (11 min.)

When the water in Dickie's house is temporarily turned off, he becomes aware of its importance—for washing, drinking, cooking, and laundering. He also learns how water helps fight fire, is a source of food, and is used for travel and recreation. Floods and erosion are discussed and carefully illustrated to show the hazards of water. *Primary . . . Science.*

points of view. Some deal forthrightly with natural life at the child's own level of comprehension. Others suggest forms of desirable behavior and help in the understanding of social relationships. Still others present the lives of people living beyond local environment—in lands across the sea or in centuries past—to provide understanding in a changing world. All share this in common—they stimulate pupils to learn on their own—the ultimate goal of all education.

The sixteen Coronet films described on these pages were released during the past year. There are 116 other fine films available for use in the primary grades.

Kindness to Others (11 min.)

This film helps children develop the positive social attitudes of kindness to and consideration for others. The film shows how youngsters can convert their feelings of selfishness and self-centeredness to concern for other people, with specific ways in which these feelings may be realistically expressed and practiced. *Primary . . . Guidance.*

Lands and Waters of Our Earth (11 min.)

This film translates geographic terms into clearly illustrated ideas that children can grasp. Jimmy sees each of the land forms in turn—hills, mountains, valleys, plains, streams, rivers, and oceans—and looks at a book where the name of each is printed with a simplified picture, helping him understand their relationships. *Primary . . . Science.*

Living and Non-Living Things (11 min.)

Tony learns the five basic differences between living and non-living things. By observing his dog and fish, plants, clouds, rocks, and other things, he recognizes the characteristics which make a difference between living and the non-living things. Young viewers will be encouraged to observe more fully the world around them. *Primary . . . Science.*

Mother Goose Rhymes: Background for Reading and Expression (11 min.)

In an imaginative trip, Barry and Linda meet their best-loved nursery rhyme characters in Mother Goose Land. These people and the places with which they are associated provide rich material to encourage storytelling, further reading, and acting out nursery rhymes, with different parts played by the children. *Primary . . . Language Arts.*

Mr. and Mrs. Robin's Family (11 min.)

This film, in a simple backyard setting, presents the intimate, day to day activities of a robin family—from March to November. We see familiar neighbors feeding their young, building their nests, and teaching the fledglings to fly . . . and raising two families during one summer. How family activities follow the seasons is shown. *Primary . . . Language Arts.*

Summer Is an Adventure (11 min.)

Captured in this film is the atmosphere of summer—its tell-tale signs, its own special activities, and the natural wonders associated with it. We go with Fred and Judy to a lakeside cottage where boating, swimming, summer evenings, animals, flowers, and berries fill their happy days. Catching fireflies is a highspot of their fun. *Primary . . . Science.*

We Explore the Woodland (11 min.)

This exciting exploration shows what a typical woodland trip would reveal—birds, flowers, moss, insects, trees, and wild fruit. Children watch a beetle through a magnifying glass, learn how soil is enriched when decayed leaves fall, and watch an insect caught in a spider's web. The woodland is seen as an animal home. *Primary . . . Science.*

What Do We See in the Sky? (11 min.)

Freddie satisfies his curiosity about the sun, moon, clouds, planets, stars, and constellations. He learns the relative distances of a number of astronomical objects and more about what we see in the sky through clear telescopic images . . . a wonderful start for the fascinating adventure of discovering the sky. *Primary . . . Science.*

Animals with backbones (11 min.)

An exciting visualization of the five vertebrate classes—fish, reptiles, amphibians, birds and mammals—this film shows the similarities and the differences in the structure of these animals. Living examples, combined with clever animation, create a clear and provocative scientific study for young naturalists and for the plain curious. *Intermediate . . . Science.*

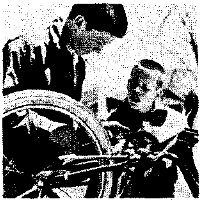
Audubon and the Birds of America (17 min.)

This film highlights significant events in Audubon's life—his youthful beginnings, his struggles, and his later triumphs. We see how his years of painting wildlife in the great forests of the American frontier were climaxed with the publication of his monumental "Birds of America." *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*

Australia: The Land and the People (17 min.)

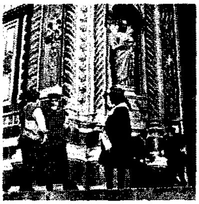
Australia interests us because it is a country very much like our own. This film describes its geography and principal activities of its people. We see busy city streets, vast wheat farms, isolated sheep station communities, and the arid interior desert. Here is an exciting picture of the land "down under." *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*

Bicycle Safety Skills (11 min.)



This film develops positive attitudes toward safe cycling by showing desirable practices and potential hazards. We watch Cliff prepare for a bicycle safety test and follow him through the important points which assure good, safe cycling. Major signals are clarified and explained. Later Cliff passes the test with flying colors. *Intermediate . . . Safety.*

Boy of Renaissance Italy (13½ min.)



Filmed entirely in Italy, this beautiful motion picture creates a breathtaking picture of Renaissance society. Young Niccolo, on his way to Florence to become an artist, meets soldiers, merchants, and peasants. Only through a screen presentation can young people visualize the artistic and cultural life of the Renaissance. *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*

Coronet Films for the Intermediate

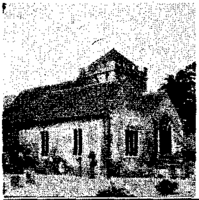
CHILDREN FROM NINE to eleven are in a period of development when they take a great deal for granted. They have grasped a variety of simple, descriptive materials and are ready to move into study areas at their own levels of interest and achievement. They know that robins come in the spring, that the sun is larger than the earth and millions of miles away, and something of the rewards to be gained by treating other people with respect and consideration. Their inquisitive minds demand more complex material.

Coronet films at this level have been carefully designed to avoid presentations which are merely descriptive or talk down to pupils. Instead, they stress basic concepts, more complex relationships, and

The Boyhood of George Washington (11 min.)

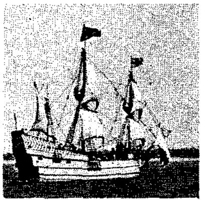
Against a background of authentic locales, this reenactment of Washington's youth shows how these formative years helped fit him for leadership of the new nation. The factors which influenced his youth are analyzed, as are the high standards of conduct, morality and performance for which he is so justly known. *Intermediate . . . History.*

Ireland: The Land and the People (11 min.)



Young Americans of Irish ancestry will be especially interested in this geographic overview of the fabled land, Ireland. Beautiful photography portrays an industrious people living in fascinating cities and charming rural areas. We witness traditional patterns of society as well as the new industrial developments. *Intermediate . . . Geography.*

The Jamestown Colony (1607 through 1620) (17 min.)



Here is an impressive visual record of the settlement of the Jamestown Colony and of life during its early development. Against the rich backgrounds of the 1957 Jamestown Festival reconstruction, we see a detailed history of the settlers' difficulties and triumphs—of Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, and others. *Intermediate . . . History.*

Grades (*Grades 4 through 6*) encourage more subtle insights. At this stage, the children want to learn what distinguishes the lives of people in other countries from our own—how they associate with others and use their resources. They are ready to survey plant and animal life, and make finer distinctions among various scientific processes. They want to find out why certain things are more important than others. Here the film comes into its own as a teaching tool. It brings all parts of the world to the classroom, in detailed accuracy, and receptive enthusiasm usually results.

The sixteen Coronet films described on these pages were released during the past year. There are 203 other fine films available for use in the intermediate grades.

Mealtime Manners and Health (11 min.)

Here is a film which links good health to pleasantness at meals. It shows that one benefits more from food in a friendly and cheerful eating atmosphere than at a meal where poor manners and tension are exhibited. Excellent for illustrating how important manners are for health and how digestion and manners are related. *Primary . . . Health.*

Life of a Primitive People (Africa) (13½ min.)

This is the study of a society in which cultural development remains comparatively static—a vivid, living portrait of men and women struggling to fulfill their needs in a simple environment. We learn how they gather and hunt for food, how they make clothes, and something of their social customs. *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*

The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere (11 min.)

This film combines all the excitement and drama of one of the most famous rides in American history with a vivid reading of "Paul Revere's Ride." It develops a deeper appreciation of the literature which breathes life today into a story of long ago and provides a better understanding of the pre-revolutionary period. *Intermediate . . . Language Arts.*

The Panama Canal (11 min.)

Tracing the history of this famous waterway, including shots actually taken during construction, this film explains the canal's operation and shows us its significance to world transportation. A trip through the canal and views of life in surrounding cities help develop a better understanding of this link between East and West. *Intermediate . . . Geography.*

Southeast Asia: Lands and Peoples (13½ min.)

The lands of Burma, Thailand, Malaya, and Indo-China have assumed enormous importance in our resources-hungry world. Here we learn what these countries are like . . . their history, how their people live, and their aspirations. We see people at work in industry and on the farm, growing teak and rice. *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*

Story of Our Number System (11 min.)

Beginning with the earliest records of counting, this film traces the development of our number system, including the contributions of Babylonia, the Mayan civilization, the Far East, and Rome. We see the abacus, learn of the place-holder, see how and why the zero was developed and how our own symbols came to be used. *Intermediate . . . Arithmetic.*

Understanding Our Earth: Rocks and Minerals (11 min.)

This film describes three major types of rock—igneous, sedimentary, and metamorphic—and illustrates graphically how each is formed. We see the eruption of a volcano, the work of streams depositing sediment, and how materials are changed through heat and pressure. The uses of rocks and minerals are also shown. *Intermediate . . . Science.*

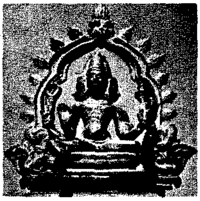
The West Indies: Geography of the Americas (11 mins.)

Stressing the varied population, terrain, resources and opportunities for future growth of these romantic islands, this film examines modern trends toward industry and the older traditions of large plantations and small farms which raise a variety of semi-tropical foods. The history of the islands is also discussed. *Intermediate . . . Geography.*

American Literature: The Westward Movement (11 min.)

This film helps us understand how writers have used the westward movement to portray the changing American scene. The spread into new and unsettled lands inspired a number of authors—including Conrad Richter, Bret Harte, Hamlin Garland, Joaquin Miller—and this is a visualization of their inspirations. *High School . . . Literature.*

The Ancient Orient: The Far East (13½ min.)



This beautiful film traces the beginnings of culture and civilization in India. China, and Japan. It visualizes their lasting contributions to the world—philosophy, religion, mathematics, the dance and drama—and shows the heritage and ideas which have shaped Oriental life from early times to the present day. *High School . . . World History.*

Behavior in Animals and Plants (11 min.)

This film breaks down the complex subject of behavior into more simple concepts. It illustrates tropism, reflex action, instinct, and intelligence and presents familiar examples of each. The film also serves to introduce students to certain aspects of psychology based on animal behavior but applicable to human relationships. *High School . . . Biology.*

Climate and the World We Live In (13½ min.)

This film distinguishes the characteristics of all climates in the world by comparing each of the climatic regions. Such determining factors of climate as latitude, ocean currents, and prevailing winds are illustrated. Scenes from all over the world show the effects of climate on population, agriculture, and industry. *High School . . . Geography.*

English Literature: The Elizabethan Period (13½ min.)

People in a London theatre represent the various classes of Elizabethan times. Their lives and environments show us how trends in expansion, trade taste, and study affect the literature of that period. Great Elizabethan writings and the elements which characterize them are presented in an exciting, costumed presentation. *High School . . . Literature.*

Coronet Films for Junior and Senior

THE SIX YEARS of junior and senior high school are characterized by increased specialization in the course of study. Left behind is the period when virtually all pupils are bound to the same curriculum. Rather, students are encouraged to exercise choice among the subjects which will help them prepare for careers, jobs, or further study.

Coronet reflects this in films planned for use at the high school level. Here we find mature films . . . expert in their treatment of complex material. Here we see a considerably wider range of topics and an amazing selection of specialized films within them. For example, there are forty-eight Coronet films on the subject of science; thirty-seven on world

English Literature: The Victorian Period (13½ min.)

Filmed in England, this motion picture stimulates interest in the authors whose works reflect the unusual Victorian period in England. Here are George Eliot's country folk, the urban slums of Dickens, and Thackeray's fashionable Berkeley Square . . . a wealth of background material for reading. *High School . . . Literature.*

The French Revolution (17 min.)

Here is a picture of one of the most turbulent periods in history—a period which had enormous effects on generations to come. The film captures the spirit and intent of the Revolution, while presenting a factual account of each of its phases, including the Terror, the King's execution, and the new government. *High School, Adult . . . World History.*

Handel and His Music (13½ min.)

Against beautiful backgrounds of Germany, Italy, and England, we see this great composer of Baroque music at work. The film indicates the influences of Handel the composer and identifies the various musical forms in which he wrote. Excerpts from some of his most famous works are included. *High School, Adult . . . Music.*

history; and one hundred and one on guidance—of which more than thirty are on personal guidance . . . a most important field today.

There are also such diverse areas as Biological Science, Chemistry, Famous Composers, General Science, Geography, Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Safe Driving, Sports, and many others.

Decades of use have proved the value of films in junior and senior high schools. They have been used successfully to introduce, review and summarize material.

The sixteen Coronet films described on these pages were released during the past year. There are 367 other fine films available for use in junior and senior high schools.

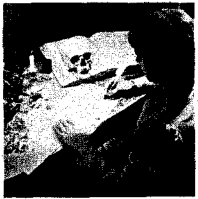
High School Prom (17 min.)

Four students make preparations for that glamorous evening — the prom. They show proper etiquette while attending, and the accepted procedures following a formal function. Asking for a date, making introductions, and dining out are other facets of this exciting and important high school event, realistically shown. *High School . . . Guidance.*

The Human Body: Digestive System (13½ min.)

Animation, X-ray, and live action scenes of the major digestive organs give a detailed account of the function of the human digestive system. The roles played by the salivary glands, esophagus, stomach, pancreas, liver, gall bladder and small and large intestines are clearly defined and related to each other. *High School . . . Science.*

Leonardo da Vinci and His Art (13½ min.)



This beautiful film about one of the greatest geniuses of all time examines Leonardo da Vinci's work against rich scenes of Renaissance Italy. It explains how his paintings were conceived, the skill with which they were executed, and the qualities which make his work of lasting beauty and interest. *High School, College, Adult . . . Art.*

Mark Twain: Background for His Works (13½ min.)

The sights and sounds of America in the 1800's set the stage for increased enjoyment and understanding of Mark Twain and his classic tales and novels. The film captures the flavor of a colorful period, while highlighting the events in the life of this journalist, yarnspinner, and humorist. *High School, Adult Groups . . . American Literature.*

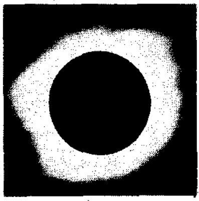
Reproduction in Animals (11 min.)

This visualization of the reproductive process from mating to birth is a careful documentation of the subject matter. Clear examples, some of them microscopic, are selected to illustrate each step in the process of reproduction. The vocabulary essential to the study of this subject is included. The actual birth of a mouse is shown. *High School . . . Science.*

Simple Plants: Algae and Fungi (13½ min.)

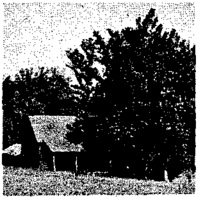
This film explores simple plants in their natural and often obscure habitats—the damp, secluded world of lakes, rivers, and deep seas. It contrasts simple and higher plants, shows man's ingenious uses of simple plants, describes where these plants live and shows the characteristics of the whole group of simple plants. *High School . . . Biology.*

Understanding Our Universe (11 min.)



The great mysteries of outer space are excitingly shown in this film. In a context of striking motion picture photography of the sun and the stars, we see how we have gained knowledge of the vast universe—including the Milky Way, and galaxies and nebulae—and of the possibilities of putting it to work for us. *High School . . . Science.*

United States Expansion: The Louisiana Purchase (13½ min.)



This history of the Louisiana territory explains the negotiations to purchase this huge area, what the United States of America received for its fifteen million dollars, and how Lewis and Clark explored it. The implications of the purchase and its exploration, settlement and importance to our country's history are emphasized. *High School . . . History.*

How to purchase from Coronet Films . . .

The forty-eight films on the preceding pages are available for purchase in either full, natural color or in black-and-white. Teachers and educators agree that Coronet films are not only more appealing and interesting, but are actually essential for clarity in a number of teaching areas. To own films is to have at hand an indispensable tool for learning with a variety of purposes—in schools, churches, parent-teacher groups, and in clubs and organizations of every kind. To receive full information on how you may purchase these and any of Coronet's more than 800 fine films, simply address:

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Across the continent, any of the films on the preceding pages may be rented at surprisingly low rates. You will find that each adds a refreshing, dramatic dimension to your film presentation. Plan today to take advantage of simple, rental service to utilize these unusual films in your programs. To avoid disappointment, place your orders as far as possible in advance and indicate first and second choice of dates in each instance. To place an order or for any further information, simply write to:

Your nearest film rental library
listed on the opposite page.

RENTAL SOURCES FOR 48 NEW CORONET FILMS

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Maine

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Ideal Pictures
40 Melrose, Boston 16

New Hampshire

Audio-Visual Center
University of New Hampshire, Durham

EAST CENTRAL

New Jersey

Film Library, Audio-Visual Center
State Teachers College, Upper Montclair

New York

Ideal Pictures
1558 Main St., Buffalo 9

American Museum of Natural History
79th and Central Park West
New York 24

Ideal Pictures
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Educational Film Library
Syracuse University, Syracuse

Utica Film Exchange
47 Brookline Drive, Utica

Pennsylvania

B.E. George, Hawthorn

Indiana Film Service
State Teachers College, Indiana

Educational Film Library Cooperative
State Teachers College, Millersville

Audio-Visual Materials Center
Chatham College
Woodland and Fifth Streets
Pittsburgh

L. C. Vath, Audio-Visual Aids
P. O. Box "C", Sharpsville

SOUTH

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Audio-Visual Center
Arkansas State College, State College

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Southern Illinois University
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Iowa

Visual Instruction Service
State College, Ames

Extension Division
University of Iowa, Iowa City

Kansas

Bureau of Visual Instruction
Extension Division
University of Kansas, Lawrence

Minnesota

Audio-Visual Extension Service
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Minneapolis 14

Missouri

St. Louis University Film Library
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Nebraska

Extension Division
University of Nebraska, Lincoln

South Dakota

Film Library
South Dakota State College
College Station, Brookings

Film Library, Extension Division
State University of South Dakota
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University of Arizona, Tucson

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University of Colorado, Boulder

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State Department of Education
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Craig Corporation
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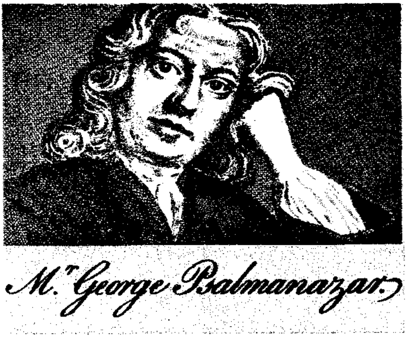
CANADA

Sovereign Film Distributors Ltd.
277 Victoria St., Toronto, Ontario

For nine years he hoodwinked all England— even inventing a new language and calendar

THE FABULOUS IMPOSTOR

by Allen Bernard



EARLY IN THE YEAR 1701, a shabbily dressed young man presented himself before recruiting officers at Liège, in Belgium, and asked to be enlisted as a soldier in the Lutheran Regiment of the Duke of Mecklenburg. He was, he said, a native of Japan; his name Psalmanazar.

Had he announced himself a visitor from Mars, the 22-year-old youth could scarcely have caused more astonishment. For to Europeans of the early 18th century most of the Orient was as remote, inaccessible and unknown as the planets of outer space.

Never having seen a Japanese before, they did not find this one's fair skin, blond hair and blue eyes at all incongruous. Besides, recruiting officers could not afford to be too inquisitive.

The curious behavior of the new recruit soon became the talk of the army. He ate only raw meat, uncooked vegetables, roots and nuts. Twice a day, at sunrise and sunset, he seated himself cross-legged on the ground and chanted gibberish prayers to the sun and moon.

He sat up half the night reading books in strange languages and filling notebooks with bizarre characters, symbols and signs of the zodiac. Moreover, he spoke English (as well as French, Dutch, Italian, ancient Latin, and Greek) fluently, albeit with a quaint accent.

According to his account, he was the son of a princely family in the kingdom of Japan. At the age of 19 he had been induced to run away from home by his tutor, a Jesuit priest in disguise. They embarked on a convenient vessel and after numerous adventures landed in France. Persisting in the pagan faith of his fathers, he was kept prisoner for 15 months in a Jesuit monastery at Avignon. Finally he made his escape and wandered penniless through France, Germany and the Netherlands until hunger drove him into the army.

One evening the Rev. William Innes, chaplain of a Scottish regiment in the army of the Duke of Marlborough, drew the exotic young soldier into a religious discussion. This shrewd and worldly gentleman of the cloth quickly discovered that he was extremely clever, well-read and thoroughly versed in the subtleties of theological dialectics. Strongly suspecting a renegade Jesuit in pagan disguise, the chaplain dictated a passage from Cicero and asked that it be rendered into Japanese script.

Psalmanazar did so. The chaplain took the paper and requested a repeat of the same passage. When the two were compared, a wide inconsistency was obvious.

"In Japan," Psalmanazar explained airily, "there are several ways of stating the same thought."

Now, the Rev. Innes was nobody's fool. He recognized a fake, even though highly imaginative and talented, when he saw one. However, he too was an ambitious man with more than a hint of the adventurer in his make-up.

On subsequent evenings, the English cleric and the heathen Japanese resumed their discussions, and eventually Psalmanazar was forced to admit that he was an impostor. He had been born in the south of France (the generally accepted date is 1679). Destined for the Church, he was educated by Franciscan monks, and later attended a Jesuit college. At the age of 16, overcome by the spirit of adventure, he fled the narrow cloister to range the wide world. He knew nothing about Japan or the Japanese language, but he reasoned that most people he would meet knew as little or less.

The pair quickly reached an understanding. Innes promised to procure Psalmanazar's discharge from the army and take him to London. In return, Psalmanazar agreed to conversion to the Anglican faith.

He would continue to pose as an Oriental. But since it was probable that English merchants and seamen had some contact with Japan, an equally exotic but more obscure birthplace was necessary. They hit upon Formosa. If anyone remarked on the switch in nationality, he could claim Formosa belonged to Japan.

They arrived in England early in 1703, and almost overnight the transplanted "native of Formosa" became the sensation of London. The Archbishop of Canterbury praised his remarkable grasp of languages. His handsome appearance and wit charmed society.

His lectures on life among the Formosans held scientific societies spellbound. He had a glib answer for every question, a plausible explanation for the most preposterous assertions.

Since Orientals belonged to the yellow race, he was asked, how did he account for his fair complexion? In Formosa, he declared, the upper classes pass their lives in "cool shades or apartments underground." Only the lower classes labor in the hot sun, which tans their skin so they appear yellow.

Discovering that the British (like all highly moral meat eaters) were fascinated by accounts of cannibalism, he stated that the Formosans were cannibals, and piled one grisly example on another. In one interview he said that when a Formosan tired of his wife, all he had to do was accuse her of adultery. Then he cut off her head and ate her.

"Barbarous!" exclaimed a shocked woman.

Barbarous indeed to accuse her

falsely, Psalmanazar admitted. But as to eating people, that was another matter. "I think it no sin to eat human flesh, but I must own that it is a little unmannerly."

Less than a year after his arrival, he published his amazing and wonderful "Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa." Giving free rein to his imagination, he described in minute detail the religion, economics, customs, costumes and even the calendar of his supposed people. Many critics have considered it the finest piece of historical and geographical fiction ever written.

The most remarkable feature of the book is a grammar of the "Formosan language," including an elaborate key to pronunciation. There are 20 letters in the alphabet, the text reads from right to left. Philologists have pronounced it "one of the best artificial languages ever invented by man," and "well suited to everyday use."

The volume enjoyed great popularity and the Rev. Innes sent autographed copies to a select group of wealthy patrons who responded with generous donations.

According to Psalmanazar, he and his mentor spent the entire proceeds on luxurious quarters in fashionable Pall Mall, where the latter indulged his "almost insurmountable propensity to wine and women." The author himself led an almost monastic existence, shunning drink and women like the plague.

Soon after the publication of the book, the Bishop of London sent Psalmanazar to Oxford, where his behavior was characteristically eccentric. He attended lectures with a pet snake draped about his neck "to keep him cool." His candle burned all night while he slept in an easy chair placed before a window in such a manner as to give neighbors the impression that he studied the clock around.

In 1707, a certain Father Fountenay, a Jesuit priest who had served as a missionary in China for 18 years, publicly denounced Psalmanazar as a fraud and challenged him to a public debate on Formosa. The two met before the Royal Society.

With a brilliant display of rhetoric, the accused drove his accuser from the rostrum. Drab truth indubitably was on the side of the good Father, but it was no match for the brilliant imagination and sharp invective of his adversary.

FOR THREE MORE YEARS the impostor basked in the sunshine of fame and favor. Then came a concerted attack by some of England's most eminent scientists. The venerable Sir Isaac Newton charged that portions of Psalmanazar's book were a direct steal from obscure texts on Formosa and Japan published in England nearly 40 years before.

Psalmanazar remained discreetly silent. But the Rev. Innes sniffed the approaching storm and got himself an appointment as chaplain-general of British troops in Portugal.

Deserted by his partner in fraud, the impostor slunk away to hide in the provinces where he took a series of increasingly poorly paid jobs tutoring the children of rural squires. Eventually he returned to London and lived in utmost poverty in humble lodgings on Ironmonger Row.

Samuel Palmer, a kind-hearted printer, took pity on him and gave him translations to do. He produced a fine, annotated edition of the "Book of Psalms."

Shunning the public, year after year he sat in his humble lodgings and composed religious essays. He studied and wrote prolifically, from dawn to dark, his only indulgence the ten to 12 drops of laudanum he took in hot punch every night when he finished work.

One of his few friends was Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom he frequently engaged in long religious and literary discussions in the alehouse that served as a rendezvous for the distinguished lexicographer and his disciples. The great man once said that he valued Psalmanazar above all his other friends "because his piety, penitence and virtue exceeded almost what we read as wonderful even in the lives of the saints."

Despite all his work, the ex-impostor earned only a meager living. Yet he retained the vigor of mind of a man 25 years his junior, and scarcely anyone in his neighborhood—even children—passed him without a mark of respect.

On May 3, 1763, at the age of 84, the man known to the world as George Psalmanazar died in his lodgings on Ironmonger Row. In accordance with his will, the unpublished manuscript of his "memoirs" was sold to the highest bidder to pay arrears for lodgings and to defray funeral expenses, and he was interred in an obscure corner of the common burying ground.

His "Memoirs" revealed for the first time the full details of the hoax he had perpetrated, but did not reveal his real name, his birthplace, nor the exact date of his birth.

In between the sanctimonious lines one can read the tragedy of the brilliant butterfly, condemned to spend its best years as a virtuous and respectable caterpillar.

Improving on the Dictionary

SUCCESSFUL MAN: One who earns more than his wife can spend.
SUCCESSFUL WOMAN: One who finds such a man.

—*Illinois Central Magazine*

BREEDING: The quality that enables a person to wait in well-mannered silence while the loudmouth gets the service.

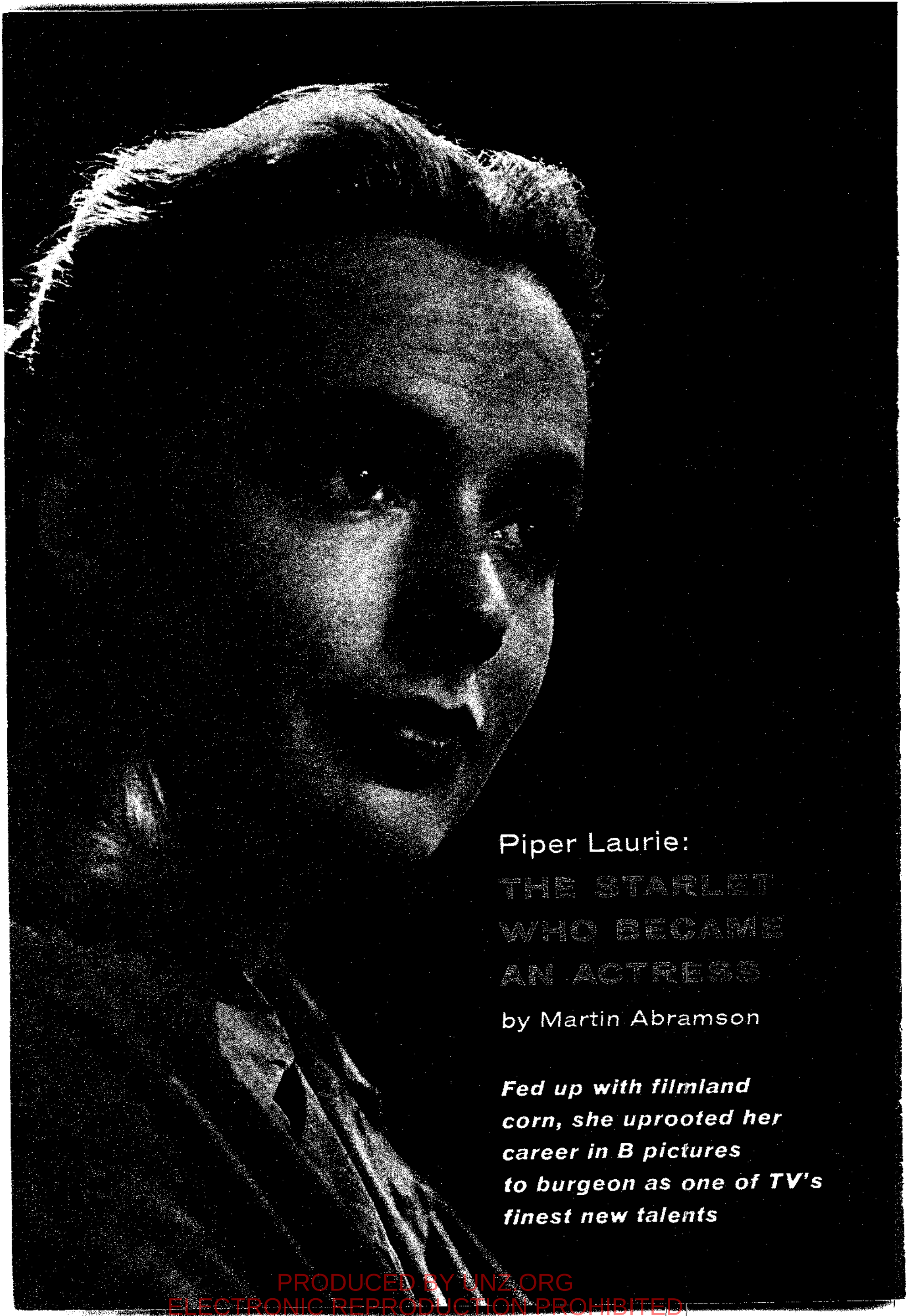
—*Texas Mutualight*

PEDAL-PUSHERS: A kind of pants worn as a compromise by a woman whose husband can't decide whether she looks worse in slacks or Bermuda shorts.

—*Detroit Free Press*

EFFICIENCY EXPERT: A man who walks in his sleep so that he can get his rest and his exercise at the same time.

—*Irish Digest*



Piper Laurie:

THE STARLET WHO BECAME AN ACTRESS

by Martin Abramson

Fed up with filmland corn, she uprooted her career in B pictures to burgeon as one of TV's finest new talents

THREE years ago, a Hollywood actress received a new script from her studio, read it, and immediately had a bad case of hysterics.

When she finally settled down, she called her agent and told him not only that the script was so bad she wouldn't do it—but that she wanted the studio to release her from her contract.

The actress was Piper Laurie, a girl finally reacting with a cry of pain and protest to a needle that had been jabbing her side for seven years.

During those seven years, Piper Laurie had been a photogenic clotheshorse in "B" Technicolor pictures whose parts called for her to smile and mumble clichés, then be rescued from some trumped-up peril by the handsome hero. Her pictures tickled the teenagers and always made money.

Therefore, she was well-paid and well-publicized. Her bosses at Universal-International Studios referred to her as the "sweetest thing." She cooperated on everything, she never argued, she went along with promotional stunts such as eating flowers for dessert, taking milk baths in the back yard, and posing for pin-up pictures commemorating everything from Ground-Hog Day to National Pickle and Sauerkraut Week.

This all seemed fine. But behind the smiling glamor girl there was a Piper Laurie the public never knew—a girl so miserable she was on the verge of a breakdown. "I hated everything I did in Hollywood," she says. "I detested the name of Piper Laurie and everything it stood for."

When she revolted, Hollywood thought at first it was a huge joke, then insisted she had buried her career for good. But the astonishing aspect of the Piper Laurie story is that through television this "B" picture caterpillar has recently been reborn as an artistic butterfly. Her performances in *Studio One* and *Playhouse 90* dramas sent critics reaching into their grab bag of superlatives.

"For the new Piper Laurie, the sky's the limit," observes Bob Weitman, vice-president of CBS, former Paramount official, and a shrewd judge of talent. "Every producer of an important, worthwhile property will be beating a path to her door."

How did a girl with so much artistic ability become a symbol of Hollywood banality in the first place?

To understand Piper Laurie, a girl whose exquisite features, oval face, slim, gently curved figure, and winsome brown eyes combine to make her a photographer's dream, you first have to understand Rosetta Jacobs, an unattractive, torturously shy girl who couldn't make friends, and who coveted an apparently unattainable career in show business as a means of getting recognition for her obscure self.

"As a girl growing up, there was nothing about myself that I liked,"

"People thought me a lucky, untalented, stupid little thing"

Piper, nee Rosetta, says frankly. "My hair was too bright a red; I always imagined people were laughing at it. I had a thousand unsightly freckles. I wore braces on my teeth. I was clumsy. I didn't seem to have any skill. I had no shape. I was afraid of boys and they had no interest in me. I didn't know how to express myself and I had such a fear of saying the wrong thing, I usually said nothing at all."

Piper was born in Detroit, but when she was seven her father, a furniture dealer, moved the family to Los Angeles. It was a devoted family, but a neighbor recalls that Piper's mother and her older sister were lively, vital people whose personalities blanketed Piper's.

In school, a friendly teacher coached her to do recitations. Then one morning, she was asked to recite a poem in the school auditorium. "I knew every word by heart," Piper recalls, "but when I got out on stage and saw that sea of faces, I became terrified. I couldn't say a word, yet I couldn't move either, so I just stood up there with my mouth open. Finally, someone led me off."

The teacher didn't give up, but taught Piper comic monologues which, after a while, she was able to deliver in class. They were good and their success gave the youngster her first craving for the footlights.

"Suddenly, desperately, I wanted to be an actress," she says. "I didn't want to be a movie star in the sense of becoming a glamor girl. I wanted people to notice me, yes, but to notice me as a person who could do something worthwhile, who wasn't just a useless lump."

When Piper was 16, Nature suddenly came to her rescue. Her hair turned from glaring crimson to a soft brownish-red. Her freckles receded. The braces came off her teeth. Her round lumps of body flesh slimmed down, giving her a very attractive figure.

Piper summoned up the courage to enroll in a dramatic school run by a man named Benno Schneider. Her new appearance and her new medium for self-expression helped thaw out her personality a little, but her basic feelings of inadequacy still ran deep.

One day, a graduate of Schneider's school took Piper along with him to see his agent. The agent decided to set up a screen test for Piper.

"If you get into the movies, you can't use your real name," he said. "Rosetta Jacobs sounds too old-fashioned."

Piper said that as a private joke she'd been experimenting with the name "Piper Laurie."

"Now that's a real Hollywood name," the agent told her. "We'll use it."

The test was shown to Universal officials and Piper was hired as a contract player. Her salary was $100 a week, and the contract, at the

During Piper's cheesecake days, signing pin-up photos for servicemen was typical chore.

studio's option, was to run for seven years. Automatic raises were to be awarded by the studio each time they picked up her option, until she reached a high of $1,000 a week.

For her test, Piper had done a serious, emotional scene. But Universal's talent scouts saw only a girl who photographed with intoxicating sweetness, whose features reproduced like a Dresden doll, and whose red hair and ability to wear brightly colored clothes were made to order for Technicolor.

"I thought the director would teach me to act," she says, "but all he'd say was, 'Just give it the old personality, Piper!' It was maddening, but I didn't know what to do about it. After all, I was just 18."

The double life of Piper Laurie continued for six more years. "I was well paid," she says, "but I would gladly have traded that money for one part that had substance to it, or to have neighbors or co-workers say something to me about my *acting*, instead of saying, 'Oh, you looked so nice in your last picture, Piper.'

"Most of my social life was arranged by the studio. I was told to go out with so-and-so because it meant good publicity, so I went, even though it was sheer terror for me to spend an evening with someone I didn't know. People

"I didn't want to be a glamor girl. Suddenly, desperately, I wanted

Piper, shown in a scene with Tony Perkins, displayed emotional depths as TV actress.

thought of me as a lucky, untalented, rather stupid little thing, and they never really *listened* to what I had to say."

Inevitably, Piper began having hysterical crying jags in the locked privacy of a dressing room or a bedroom. Only two people knew about them. One was Susie Kirkpatrick, a studio hair stylist who accompanied Piper on trips. The other was the late Leonard Goldstein, one of Hollywood's best-liked producers who had developed a close relationship with Piper after producing one of her films. Because of their disparity in ages, Goldstein was more of a devoted uncle than a suitor, and she leaned on him for advice.

On the eventful day that Piper finally found the nerve to turn down a script for the first time and to ask out on a contract that had become a torment, she examined her new-found strength. Part of it, she decided, came from the sudden death from heart failure of her good friend Leonard Goldstein two years before. It left her with nobody to cry to or fall back on. The tragedy seemed to make her aware at last that she could not go on behaving like a scared child all her life.

It took another year and two more picture commitments—which Universal insisted she fulfill—before Piper became a free agent. She spent the next year sitting things out in California, foregoing a salary that had reached $1,500 a week, while hoping for offers to do roles she could believe in.

But the offers that came were to do more "Piper Laurie" parts.

She went to New York to try the stage, and auditioned for a play called *Maiden Voyage*. It was the first time she'd ever auditioned for a Broadway role and the gloomy, empty stage, together with the fear that the theater-wise people out front held her in contempt, sharply accentuated her feelings of insecurity. She started to read and the words froze. All over again she was the little schoolgirl who couldn't recite.

The theater people were kind and gracious, but Piper finally fled from the stage, sobbing wildly.

A few weeks later, she heard about another play and asked the playwright if she could read for it. The playwright kept putting her off. Finally he told her the truth: he thought his play had a chance for the Pulitzer Prize and he couldn't risk that chance by putting a Piper Laurie in the cast.

"I knew already that my name was a synonym for bad acting," Piper says. "But that was almost more than I could bear."

She read for more plays without success. But meanwhile she started going to drama classes again, and spent her odd hours acting out roles in all the important dramas that interested her. Her chance to change the meaning of the name Piper Laurie came not through a Broadway part, however, but a part in a *Climax* TV play. It was a mediocre drama, but it gave Piper one compelling scene, and she played it well.

Some reviewers noticed it and commented on Piper Laurie's "surprisingly good scene."

TV producers noticed it too, and made offers. Those she chose projected her skill as a dramatic actress with stunning impact. As the only young female survivor of an atomic bomb blast in a *Playhouse 90* production, as a deaf mute in a *Studio One* drama, as a star of three sequences dramatizing love in America through the years on *Seven Lively Arts*, she became the critics' new darling.

The future holds bright promise for this girl who has enjoyed little brightness in her 26 years. She realizes that her life is

As an actress, instead of a glamor doll, Piper has more time for her hobby, making ceramics in N.Y. apartment.

"You can accomplish a lot . . . when you have your self-respect"

still one-dimensional—that she should have a husband, a family of her own, interests outside of show business, to make it richer and fuller.

"But all that will come in time," she says. "I've only gotten started on my first project—to make myself the best actress I possibly can."

Her artistic successes have already made important changes in her personality. She has always been interested in art and literature, but it is only recently that she has found the time—or made the time—to explore these fields deeply. She visits the galleries, paints intensively, and works on mosaics and ceramics.

She is usually up late each night reading, mostly classics and history. And she writes a good deal of poetry in blank verse, short stories, and mood pieces that stress her childhood memories. But she never expects to have any of them published.

As a teenager, she used to be good at cooking and sewing, then neglected both activities during her "glamor" years in Hollywood. Now she has picked them up again, and is becoming what she calls "a second-rate amateur expert on Italian cooking." She is an avid walker and has a strange yen for strolling for miles in pelting rainstorms.

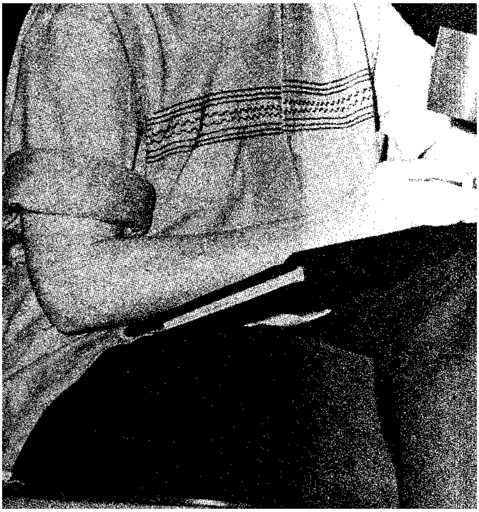
Piper has dates with actors and directors, but much of her social time is actually an appendage of her career—going to the theater, seeing the better movies and watching others perform on TV. She can enjoy shows and movies now "because I no longer squirm and say to myself, 'Look how good *their* acting is. Why can't I do the same?' "

The new model Piper Laurie even had the nerve to stand up to Maurice Evans, the great Shakespearean actor, when she bowed out of a recent TV dramatization of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Piper was to have played opposite Evans, but she withdrew because she felt that "drastic changes" made during rehearsals turned the production into a play in which she could no longer believe. Evans blasted her "half-baked ideas" in the press, but when the show went on the air, it lost much of its audience after the first act, and ranking TV critics panned it.

One observer remarked, "It may seem impossible to some people that Piper Laurie, a refugee from B pictures, could be right about a Shakespearean play and the great Evans could be wrong, but that's just what happened!"

When one of her old Hollywood co-workers asked Piper how she had ever found the backbone to stand up to Evans, she answered quietly and simply, "You can do a lot when you have your self-respect."

The "new" Piper Laurie (right) has faith in her critical judgments.



Allah is their copilot!

by TERENCE CLYNE

It's a thousand and one nightmares 12,000 feet above Arabian sands

"GOOD ARABIC COFFEE," said the old sheik, bending over his bronze coffee maker, "must be brought to a boil three times—Ah! The flame grows weak—more kerosene! Four boilings is Euphrates mud—" he went on. "And two is thin-bearded ruin. Ah! The flame grows bright."

It grew bright, all right, but before it could grow much brighter a sensitive-nosed American pilot rushed down from the flight deck of the speeding airplane, fire extinguisher in hand, and doused the blaze on the cabin floor.

"Ahhh," sighed the brown-robed Saudi Arabian sheik as he brooded over the sullen froth in his coffee maker, "thin-bearded ruin."

On Saudi Arabian Airlines, it is strictly routine for East to meet West at 12,000 feet under conditions that make the line's 33 American pilots thankful indeed that Allah is their copilot. The goings-on aboard King Saud's civil air carriers prompt desert-wise travelers to dub this whacky air fleet "Yimken Airlines"—*yimken* being the Arabic word for "maybe."

Schedules and tickets mean nothing when the King needs the planes; and whether the King needs the planes or not, the manifest is generally crammed with sunbrowned unpredictability, newly sprung from the camel saddle.

Take the pudgy prince, for instance, flying high between Riyadh and Jidda, and very, very green, as is sometimes the custom with princes who are airsick. Nobody paid any attention when he stumbled over to the DC-3's emergency door. But he got all *kinds* of attention when he tried to open it.

"Where," said the Saudi Arabian steward, "do you think you're going, Your Eminence?"

"Out of my way," said the prince. "I'm getting off."

"But you *can't* get off."

"I'm a prince! Don't tell *me*!"

"But we haven't *landed* yet. You'll die."

"You'll die, you impudent guardi-

an of a winged camel! Open, I say!"

"What's going on?" demanded the Saudi copilot who had been alerted by the sounds of argument.

"I want to get off!" roared the prince. "*Idiots*! Can't you see I'm *sick*!"

"I see," said the copilot as he and the steward overpowered the prince and gave him sick cups and sympathy.

Even the pilot's compartment is not safe from incipient chaos, since all of the line's copilots are Saudis and usually more *yimken* than not. One of the King's Convairs was nosing toward Jidda with a full load of Mecca *hajaj* (pilgrims) when a violent desert storm whirled and whipped the craft around in its drafts. As the storm grew wilder, the copilot's face grew whiter.

"Which way is Mecca?" he quavered at last, typically uncertain of his position.

"Thataway," drawled the Texan at the bucking controls.

"*Shukran,*" responded the copilot gratefully, and lurched out of his seat and onto his knees in the Muslim attitude of prayer, his head touching the floor in the direction of Mecca. He looked up only once during the remainder of the storm, to say worriedly, "Let me know, Captain, if you should change course."

At desert stops like Riyadh, SAA passengers sometimes bring sheep and goats on board with them, tethering the beasties in the aisle. Shortly after one such stop, a series of crashes jarred the door to the pilot's compartment. The copilot opened it to investigate—just in time to receive the horned brunt of a goat earnestly charging his own reflection in the door's polished surface.

When the King himself flies, a military guard lines up on the runway to do him honor. It took a while before the troops learned not to line up under the aircraft and, on the command "present arms," slash holes in the wings with military precision.

The pilot of a cargo-carrying Bristol was winging towards Dhahran at 14,000 feet when both he and the copilot were suddenly overcome by a numbing dizziness.

The pilot, a Missourian, torpidly set the craft on automatic pilot and clambered down the ladder to the cargo area. There he found lethal carbon monoxide pouring from a big white Cadillac's exhaust pipes.

The pilot weakly tapped at the car window and the grinning Saudi driver inside rolled it down.

"What," gasped the pilot, "are you *doing*? Your *motor's running*."

"I know," said the Saudi blandly. "It was cold. I thought I'd run the heater."

About once every two months a Bedouin lunatic is shipped off to Beirut for hospitalization and the airport manager seldom bothers to so notify the pilot. Such as when the huge, hot-eyed desert Arab suddenly appeared in mid-flight at the door to the pilot's compartment and intoned sonorously in Arabic: "Fly as high as you like—you will not escape. Orders are orders, and I am the King's man."

"What do you want?" asked the surprised copilot.

"I am the Royal Executioner!"

Back into the passengers' section the steward, pilot and copilot struggled to subdue the madman, with the plane on automatic pilot and goats and Bedouins scattering willy-nilly in the lurching aircraft.

"Why didn't you tell me there was going to be an unattended crackpot on board?" the American pilot demanded of the airport manager afterward.

"Well, he seemed perfectly normal when they brought him in here for his ticket," replied the Saudi. "I didn't see why I should disturb you."

The disturbances all started, actually, in 1945 when President Roosevelt met King Ibn Saud aboard a U. S. Navy ship in the Red Sea. FDR presented the almost legendary Saudi monarch with a token of his esteem: a DC-3. And it was this craft that, in effect, was the beginning of Saudi Arabian Airlines and some nervous service for a handful of Yankee pilots.

But it is a service not without its compensations. For the Saudis are among the most friendly and warm-hearted people on earth, and spectacularly generous. When the royal family is aboard, a smooth flight may mean a reward or "tip" of perhaps $500, or a half-dozen solid-gold wrist watches (with a miniature likeness of King Saud on the dial). The ladies of the harem always tip gold sovereigns.

Tips, of course, are no defense against throwing a lighted cigarette stub into a wash basin in mid-flight, only to have the basin erupt into a fiery inferno because a Saudi ground attendant, faced with the task of replenishing the aircraft's supply of washroom water, was too tired to walk 50 yards to a hangar and water tap and preferred substituting gasoline easily tapped from a wing tank.

But ever since their formal start of operation in 1946, SAA pilots have never had a major accident or passenger fatality. Which may prove, after all, that Allah *is* their copilot.

So You Think You've Got Troubles?

A GRAND MARAIS, MINNESOTA, housewife had just hung her fur coat on the clothesline when a bear came along, grabbed it and made off with it into the woods.

IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, a man finally discovered why he kept breaking out in a rash. The doctor told him he was allergic to money.

WHILE WAITING FOR his wife to finish a shopping trip, a man in San Antonio, Texas, fell asleep in his car. He woke up with a chill—someone had actually stolen the shirt off his back.

PREPARING TO MOVE from his trailer to a cottage he'd just bought, an Empire, Oregon, resident discovered that while he was away from the trailer, someone had broken into it and stolen his clothing and groceries. He slept in his trailer that night to make sure nothing else was taken—and during the night the cottage burned down.

—HAROLD HELFER

A DEFENSE AGAINST THOSE BIG HOME SERVICE BILLS

by *Sidney Margolius*

When do you really need a repairman? How much should he charge? Here's how to avoid the pitfalls and the gougers

Having bought some 365,000,000 major home appliances in the past twelve years, Americans find themselves facing the sad fact that sooner or later these machines have to be fixed. And fixing in most cases—unlike long-gone and simpler days—means calling in that tool-laden spectre that haunts every modern-day family budget—the repairman.

For every dollar we spend each year on appliances, we now spend 20 cents to service them. People are stunned when they must pay $11.50 to repair a sun lamp they can buy for $13, $4.50 to repair a $7 iron, $20 to repair a vacuum cleaner which sells for $50, or $5 to have a serviceman squirt a few drops of oil into a washing-machine motor. A major repair which costs, for example, $40 for a washer motor or $50 for a picture tube can cause near financial disaster in a home, especially if these events coincide.

Moreover, the need for servicing millions of appliances has opened the door for outright rackets. Television repair rackets have been especially prevalent. But overcharges for other appliance repairs have become increasingly numerous.

Defending your pocketbook against onslaughts of needlessly high repair costs begins with the purchase of the appliance. Some appliances are easy to service. Others require the serviceman to perform awkward and expensive time-consuming operations even before he can get at the source of the trouble. Thus, it is important, when buying appliances, to check the accessibility of such units as heating elements, timers, control switches and motors.

Most manufacturers, of course, guarantee their products. But in some cases the word "guarantee" has lost much of its meaning. Because some local dealers are avoiding the responsibility, a guarantee today is only as good as the company behind it.

You have to understand the limitations of even the guarantees made by reputable manufacturers. Television guarantees often cover only parts, not labor. Some guarantees cover everything but the motor which is the most vulnerable part of an appliance, Better Business Bureau experts report.

To protect yourself, you should not only make sure that the guarantee covers parts and labor for a reasonable period, but you should find out for certain who is going to make good on the guarantee. If the dealer won't do it, will the manufacturer? And if so, where is the nearest service center for the make of appliance you are considering buying? It will do you little good if it is in some distant city. In buying an appliance, make sure that it has the original serial number on it. Most manufacturers will not honor the guarantee if this number is missing.

Dealing with servicemen can involve a myriad of pitfalls. One of the biggest mistakes that invite gouges is to look for very low service charges. Most of the overcharges in television servicing are by firms that publicize low rates, such as $2 a call, investigations in Detroit, New York, and other areas have found.

Another earmark of high-pressure gougers in the service field is a tendency to take your set or machine to the shop for repairs. Michael Kaleda, a television engineer who trained manufacturers' servicemen, advises that almost all sets can be repaired in the house. At least two national service managers similarly say 90-95 percent of TV sets can be repaired at home.

High-pressure servicemen also build up fees by replacing parts still in working condition. They sell them to other people. I myself saw a $150 speaker from a hi-fi set that had been removed and replaced by a $12 speaker to "solve" the owner's complaints about the system. Scrupulous servicemen always leave the old tube or parts with you.

Servicemen buy electric-range parts from wholesalers at 25 percent off the list price and get up to 40 percent on other appliance parts, about 50 on TV receiving tubes, and about 20-30 percent on picture tubes. Thus the new tube for which the serviceman charges you $2.80 costs him $1.40. Servicemen insist they need this profit in addition to the labor charge to cover expenses of stocking and picking up parts.

The only possibility of reducing the parts' cost is on television and radio parts. These can be bought from jobbers in large cities or by mail at discounts. The saving may be worthwhile on picture tubes. A scrupulous serviceman will not refuse to install one, at a charge of $5 to $7.50, although he'll naturally prefer to sell it to you himself.

But you can at least make sure you are not overcharged on parts by contacting the manufacturer or wholesaler to verify the price. The "typical costs" listed in this report also can help you avoid overcharges.

When you need a serviceman you should:

First look up the model number of the appliance. On recent models, this number is on the inside of the machine. On older ones it may be almost anywhere.

Phone the serviceman, giving the model number and a factual description of what seems to be wrong. Often you can get advice over the phone at no cost. Or if the serviceman must come, knowing the model number and symptoms may save a second visit to bring a part. Sometimes you can order a new part by phone, such as the surface element for a range, and replace it yourself.

But otherwise avoid telling repairmen what you think is wrong. An Ithaca, New York, woman called a TV man and announced, "I think the picture tube is gone." The trouble was merely a loose connection. But she had indicated she was all set to pay for a new picture tube.

Get estimates in writing, Thomas Roberts of the Association of Better Business Bureaus, Inc. warns. It may be advisable to get two estimates if you don't know the repairman. Find out beforehand if you must pay for an estimate, and how much. Manufacturers' service departments generally estimate free, but independents are more likely to charge.

Save small unessential repairs, as when a back panel light goes out, for the time you need a major repair. Then they are fixed without extra cost.

Get an itemized bill, listing labor and parts separately; and, unless trading in the old parts, get them back.

Finally, get a written guarantee on the repairs. It should be for 30 days on the labor, and one year on the part.

Is a service contract worthwhile? You can buy a refrigerator service contract for $6.50 a year, an air-conditioner contract for $25-$35, television service contracts for $35-$85. They give you peace of mind but careful users generally won't get their money's worth out of them. Where it's available, the $6.50 refrigerator service contract may be helpful since it covers replacement of the expensive sealed refrigerator mechanism.

A television contract may be worthwhile to a heavy-viewing family, if it is not overpriced. According to the best available estimate, the average TV service expenditures range from $14 to $45 a year. The higher estimate seems more accurate, since it assumes replacement of picture tube and antenna parts every five years.

But there are gyps in service contracts too. A large Midwestern firm was found to be charging service customers $53 for a two-year "contract," but then charging $6.50 for calls and, at that, failing to fix sets properly. A Detroit retailer was found to be adding a parts warranty to TV sales contracts at an extra cost of $100 whether buyers asked for it or not.

Because repair costs are high, you often have to decide whether to repair or buy a new machine. One rule is that if the repair is half or more the cost of new equipment, it would be preferable to replace, especially if the newer models have important new features.

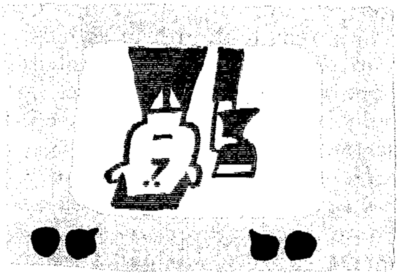
Here are some simple precautions you can take to save money on service calls and add life to your appliances:

TELEVISION, your most troublesome appliance, invites the most skulduggery.

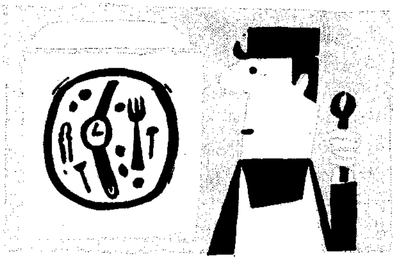
Problems: If you habitually have more than the average four or five service calls a year, you may be leaving the set on too long. TV sets generate great heat which breaks down components. Make sure you give the set air in back and underneath. Don't keep it on a heavy pad.

Typical costs: Fair labor charges are $4 to $5.50 an hour in the home and, for antenna repairs, $6 to $10 an hour. Receiving tubes are the most common replacement. Their list prices are most generally $1.50 to $7.30, with $2.80 or $3.00 most typical. Picture tubes generally run $35 to $70. Aluminized picture tubes, which cost $3-$4 more than ordinary ones, are the recommended replacement. They give a clearer picture and longer life. Beware of the serviceman who says you need a new transformer. It's possible, but rare. If he gives you back the old one, you probably needed a new one.

First aid: If the set is dead, first make sure it's plugged in and the house wiring is in order. Then check the antenna wire on the back of the set to make sure the leads are firmly connected to the terminals, and bare leads are not touching each other. If you get weak and noisy sound, and picture with excessive snow, see if your antenna is in its original position. If you get a normal picture but no sound, adjust fine-tuning control with volume control full on, then try another channel. If you get sound but no picture, turn brightness on full and also try another channel. If defects persist, call the serviceman.



AUTOMATIC WASHERS have an estimated life of seven to ten years; wringer types, up to 15. Automatic washers require more care and repair than any other appliance except TV sets.



Trouble spots: Pump repairs are most frequent. Repairmen find straight pins, bobby pins, coins, marbles, even wrist watches jamming pumps.

Premature motor failure is generally caused by overloading. Overloading also strains the gears. Too much suds adds strain and causes leaks. This also increases the density of the water, and actually reduces washing efficiency.

Timers often are damaged by being forced backwards.

Typical costs: Motor replacement is most expensive. Fair charges for one-speed washers run $28-$40 including labor; for the newer two-speed models, about $45. Replacement of the drive mechanism or gear case typically costs $40-$54 including labor, but as much as $75 if the bearing must be replaced. If the gear case is still under the parts guarantee, charges for installing it run $17.50-$27.50. Beware excessive charges of as much as $40 and more for replacing worn bushings on the rotating drum. Reasonable charge would be $14-$18 including the bushings.

First aid: If your washing machine seems to labor, try it without any other appliances on the same service line. Washers are affected by low voltage. Angry women often show samples of torn clothes to servicemen. See if you aren't overloading the machine, or using bleach improperly, William Mackie, service manager of a leading manufacturer, advises.

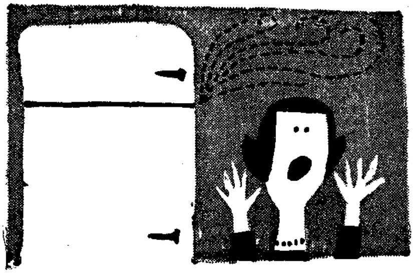
If leaks develop, check the amount of detergent you are using and the tightness of door and lint-trap gaskets. Also keep the water supply to the washer turned off when not in use. Constant pressure may weaken the valves.

DRYERS are proving relatively trouble-free, especially since manufacturers now put the timer in a cellophane bag to keep lint from getting between the contacts. You can avoid many common service calls by keeping the lint trap clean. Lint clogs up and smokes, can even catch on fire, and also clogs the drum so it won't rotate smoothly. As with washers, if you have turned the timer farther than you meant, you have to continue around.

Leaving laundry in after all moisture is removed is a common cause of excessive wear on dryers and is hard on fabrics too.

REFRIGERATORS AND HOME FREEZERS have an estimated life expectancy of 12 to 15 years. Home freezers are proving quite durable. Annual repair costs may run as low as 1½ percent of the purchase price.

Trouble spots: About 80 percent of the calls for refrigerator service occur on hot, humid days, and most aren't necessary. Alarmed housewives report smoke is coming out of the refrigerator. This is merely vapor due to the humidity. The trend to self-defrosting refrigerators has brought the strange odor and moisture problems that send many a woman to the phone to ask help. Actually, all the refrigerator needs is a good cleaning. Too, if walls of two-temperature refrigerators aren't washed weekly, a thin film forms which collects moisture, Robert McKenty, a manufacturers' service expert advises.



Typical costs: The big refrigerator repair is replacing the compressor. This can cost from $48 to

$67, and most typically about $49, plus labor of $20-$25. Replacement of the evaporator is generally $30-$40 plus labor of $20-$25. Replacement of the entire mechanism, including compressor, evaporator and condenser, is $115-$140.

Broken hardware occurs more often with today's heavier doors and their use for storage. A new handle often costs $7. Sometimes you can save labor charge by getting needed new hardware from the distributor and replacing it yourself.

First aid: If your refrigerator runs more than a third of the time in any but very hot weather, see if the condenser is clean. Late model compressors don't require this, but older finned condensers must be kept clean or else the refrigerator works harder. You can recognize the condenser because it's warm when the refrigerator is running.

Test the door gasket by closing the door on a piece of paper. If the paper pulls out easily, there's leakage, and the door hinges need tightening or you need a new gasket.

When a refrigerator seems quiet unusually long, not only verify that it's plugged in, and the house wiring is in order, but wait a bit before you call for service. It's a quirk of refrigerators that they sometimes go AWOL briefly and return to duty as though nothing had happened.

If the refrigerator vibrates excessively, see if the legs are level. To level, you simply turn the leveling devices on the legs.

If the moisture still collects even after you wash the interior walls, check your instruction booklet to see if you have the correct temperature setting for your model, or phone the service depot for this information.

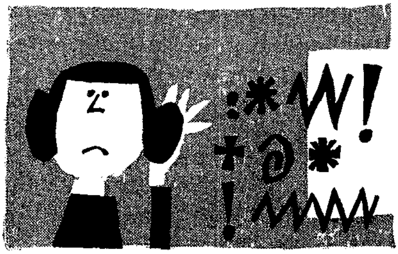
Fruits and vegetables need high humidity. The evidence is moisture bubbles or "sweat" under the drawer cover. If you don't see this, the drawers aren't sealed well enough, or you aren't completely closing them. But if there's too much sweat the covers need loosening.

DISHWASHERS are estimated to have a life of eight to ten years.

Trouble spots: Most operating problems occur because users fail to scrape dishes properly, food particles get under the valve seat and the water is lost. But the most expensive repairs result when a glass or cup is dropped. Chips stall the pump and eventually burn out the motor.

Typical costs: Pump replacements for dishwashers are costly. Some models combine motor and pump, so the assembly may cost $22.50 plus labor of $8-$12 if the pump section can't be repaired. Others have a remote pump which costs $17-$18 plus labor of $6-$10. New timers generally are $7.50-$10.50 plus labor of $6-$8.

First aid: If your dishwasher produces unusual sounds, starts to labor or causes a fuse to blow, chips



may have gotten into the pump. You can unplug the machine or turn off the fuse, remove the trays, look into the pump and remove the debris with a long-nosed plier. Then turn the impeller by hand and see if it moves smoothly. Complaints that dishes don't come out clean generally result from insufficient hot water or wrong detergent. Dishwashers need low-sudsing detergents. Too much suds retards water action.

RANGES have an estimated life of 16 years in city homes, 13 in rural areas where folks do more of their own cooking.

Trouble spots: Ranges that have timers require more repairs. But in general, ranges installed properly and not neglected give relatively few service problems since they have no moving parts.

One new repair problem has developed from the otherwise helpful trick of using aluminum foil in cooking roasts. If the foil is not packed tightly, it touches the heating elements and tends to cause short circuits.

Ranges with a special high-speed cooking element sometimes need repairs because, after washing them, housewives replace the high-speed elements in the wrong place. The high-speed element operates on different voltage characteristics than the others on the range. Manufacturers have tried to design the elements so you can't put the high-speed one in the wrong place unless you physically force it on. But people do force it.

The open-coil elements in the oven of older ranges can be damaged if they are immersed in water.

Typical costs: Most frequent repairs are timers, generally $7.50 to $12.50 plus labor of about $8. Surface element assemblies for electric ranges generally cost $10-$12 plus labor of $6-$8. If you're sure the element is at fault and not the switch, you can phone the service depot to have a new assembly shipped to you, give the model number of the range and replace it yourself, saving the labor charge. Thermostats also can be expected to fail through the years. These cost $18-$28 plus labor of $7.50-$9.

First aid: If a fuse blows, see if all the surface elements have been pushed properly into the sockets after cleaning. They must be, or a short develops at the terminals. This damages the contacts and finally burns them up.

In case of cooking failures, often a source of service calls, make sure you followed the recipe right before you call the serviceman. If the oven smokes, it may need cleaning. No use paying $7 for a cooking lesson or tactful sanitation tips, as many families have.

Surface elements and gas burners last longer if you rotate your use of them instead of devoting yourself to the popular front ones.

VACUUM CLEANERS have an estimated life of approximately fifteen years.

Trouble spots: Government home economists report dirt-clogged cleaners are responsible for most service calls. They recommend emptying often, even after each general cleaning, before the container is

packed solid and the cleaning ability of the machine almost nil.

As well as cutting cleaning efficiency, a loaded bag or clogged filters excessively strain the motor. If dirt gets into the motor itself, it overheats and its life is shortened.

Many modern vacuums have disposable bags. If you buy replacement bags not made exactly for your machine, dirt may get into the motor. It's safest to use the manufacturer's own.

Typical costs: A vacuum-cleaner motor consists of an armature and field coils. Typically, replacing armature and bearings costs $15 plus labor of $5. Field coils cost $6-$7 plus labor of $5. Replacement of a worn hose is generally $6-$7 if the old fittings can be used.

First aid: If your cleaner fails to clean rugs effectively, see if the nozzle makes a good seal with the rug. Some nozzles adjust automatically; others by hand. Also see if the brushes are free from hair and threads, which impede sweeping and cleaning. Bristles wear down eventually, so brushes need to be lowered. They should extend about 1/32nd of an inch below the nozzle.

If the motor labors or feels hot, it's time for the cleaning precautions that are suggested above.

AIR CONDITIONERS have an estimated life of fifteen years or more.

Trouble spots: Service calls invariably result in the first year of ownership from new buyers who don't realize the filter must be replaced when dirty, or cleaned if it's the permanent type.

Many of the complaints about lack of cooling capacity result because people often buy, or are sold, a cooler without enough capacity.

This problem has been aggravated by the introduction of 7½-ampere models which operate on ordinary 115-volt wiring. What some buyers have learned, to their chagrin, is that even though a 7½-amp model may be rated as three-quarter or one horsepower, it generally won't have the same cooling capacity as a 10- or 12-amp unit of the same horsepower rating. A safer way to compare air conditioners is to ask the BTU-output per hour. ("BTU" stands for British Thermal Units.) All leading manufacturers now rate coolers by BTU capacity.

Your local utility can tell you what capacity air conditioner you'll need for a particular room, and the wiring capacity it requires.

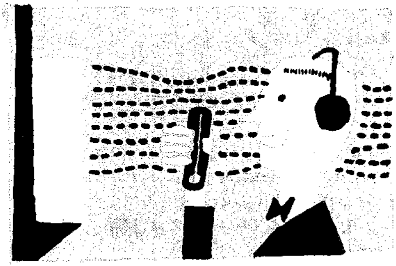
An air conditioner has a compressor and evaporator like a refrigerator, but it also has a fan. Excessive noise often results from a bent or otherwise defective fan, or loose or improper mounting.

Typical costs: "Winter service" costs $27-$40, depending on the size of the air conditioner. This includes removing, cleaning, oiling, adjusting, storing for the winter, and replacing in the Spring. If you leave the cooler in the window all year, at least annual servicing is important. This job should cost about $10, and include cleaning, lubricating and tightening mountings.

The fan inside an air conditioner is a major source of repairs. A new fan motor may cost $15-$24 plus labor of $10-$20, depending on the size of the model.

New filters are $1-$1.50, while cleanable metal-fiber filters can be renewed by washing in the solution that the manufacturer of the filter recommends.

First aid: If your air conditioner doesn't seem to cool satisfactorily, place a thermometer in the cold air stream from the air conditioner and observe the difference between it and another thermometer elsewhere in the room. You should get a temperature drop of at least 12-14 degrees, while 14-18 is considered good.



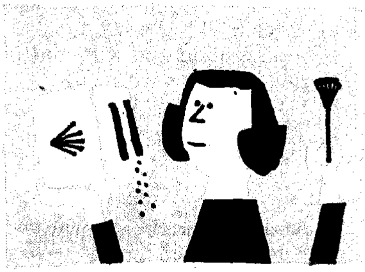
If you don't get this much drop, first see if the filter is clogged. Then observe whether the machine seems to be moving much air through the grill. If not, the fan may be out of order. Also look inside to see if the evaporator is iced up. If it is, shut off the air conditioner and let it defrost. But if it rapidly ices up again, you need service help.

SMALL APPLIANCES are relatively trouble-free. Dry irons had been repaired most often, followed by toasters and electric mixers, probably because these were the oldest appliances in homes we surveyed.

Trouble spots: The increasingly popular steam irons aren't as trouble-free as dry irons and are more difficult to repair. The most frequent repairs are for sediment-clogged steam lines and leaks. Most dry-iron repairs generally require new elements, thermostats or cords. Most automatic-toaster repairs are for the thermostat that controls both browning of toast and the pop-up mechanism.

Typical costs: Most steam-iron repairs not requiring new parts have labor charges of $3-$3.75. If a thermostat is needed, the cost is generally $2-$2.50 plus labor, which for dry irons is generally $2.50.

For toasters, a thermostat repair may cost as much as $3-$6 if the entire thermostat must be replaced, or only a few pennies if components can be replaced. The labor cost generally is $3.50-$4.



Most frequent repair job on mixers is maintenance of correct speeds, at a labor cost of $4-$4.50 if no parts are required. If motor armatures must be replaced, they cost $6.50 plus labor of about $4.

First aid: You can retard sediment collection in steam irons by emptying remaining water properly before putting the iron away. Sol Wallach of the Electra-Craft Appliance Company recommends: unplug the iron, empty the water, plug in again in the "steam" position until no more steam comes out.

Mixer-motor repairs often result from overworking them when a housewife mixes a batter for as much as a half hour in the eternal search for a lighter cake. Most mixer motors aren't ventilated enough for such heavy-duty efforts. Oiling motors often is neglected. It's useful to use mineral oil so a drop of oil in the food won't ruin it.

If the bread-carriage of your automatic toaster fails to pop up, the trouble *may* be failure of the thermostat. But before you visit the repair shop, clean out the interior with a soft brush, as accumulated crumbs can make the toast stick.

Something To Think About

My old friend Cal was the owner of perhaps the most mangy and useless hound-dog in the state, Bulger by name. But no cat however ferocious was ever known to last more than a few seconds with him in mortal combat. The old man loved this mongrel mutt as only one who is lonesome, and alone, can love.

One sizzling hot July day I was mowing hay and Cal and Bulger were languidly watching me from the shade of a huge sycamore. Suddenly a tawny tomcat sprang from the high grass, and cleared the sickle of the mower at one long leap. Old Bulger, scenting cat and high adventure, took off after him. He wasn't as lucky as the cat, however, for the sickle caught him.

The poor old man sat over him sobbing his heart out.

"Cal," I soothed, "don't take it so hard. He was old, and getting blind and stiff, and is better off—and, besides, I'll pay you what he's worth."

" 'Tain't that I'm takin' on about," Cal whimpered. "What hurts me is that now old Bulger'll allus think it were that tomcat what killed 'im."

—W. A. MERSHON

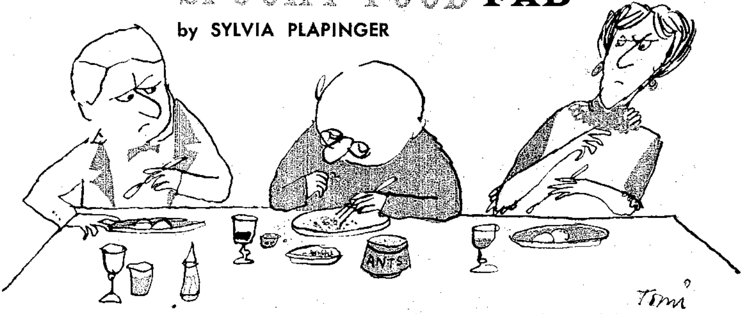
A ranch-reared city man, wanting his son to know life in the saddle, farmed out the teenager to an old rancher friend. After the boy had been at the cattle ranch a couple of months, his father made inquiry about his progress.

"Well," replied the rancher, "he's a good worker, and already he speaks cow language. But," and the old cowman's brow wrinkled dubiously, "he ain't learned yet to think like a cow."

—A. E. DOWNEY

THE SPOOKY-FOOD FAD

by SYLVIA PLAPINGER



BACK IN THE uncivilized days of 1954, when fried grasshopper hors d'oeuvres were still a novelty, an importer of this delicacy remarked whimsically that before long chocolate-covered ants would be on the market. Today, sure enough, the "spooky-food" industry, which is doing a $250,000 yearly business, offers that delicacy.

Gourmet shops in most of the large cities throughout the U. S. now devote several shelves to such canned "spooky" canapé items as fried ants, silkworms, Za za insects and Agave worms, fried baby bees, muskrat (with spices and gelatin), and whole baby octopus. Except for the worms, which for years have been served at exclusive bars in Mexico, most of these originate in Japan.

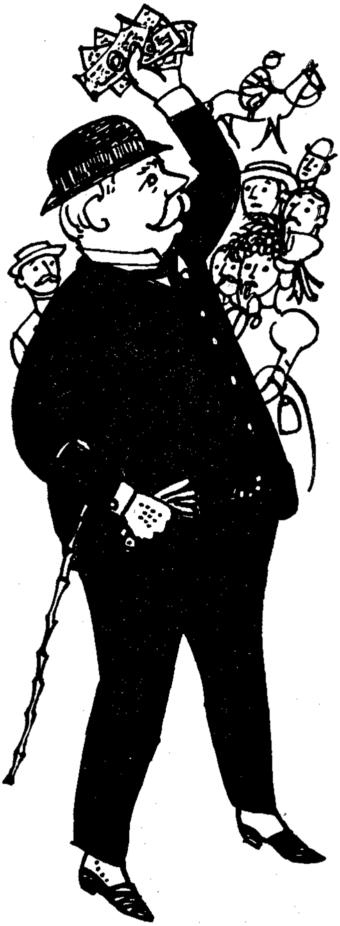
Available for a long time, of course, have been such exotic foods—not considered "spooky"—as rattlesnake, snails and smoked eel; kangaroo tail, shark's fin and bird's-nest soups; crystalized flowers from France; rose-petal jam from Turkey.

But today's hostess of refined taste also keeps her pantry stocked with jars of roostercombs *naturel* in jelly, cockles and mussels, tender cactus pieces, squid in its own ink, chocolate-covered grasshoppers ;and seaweed powder—wonderful as vegetable soup seasoning and for making seaweed tea.

A recent item for which there has been a great demand is broiled baby sparrows—packed four to seven in a tin; and others which have just reached the American market are smoked skipjack tongues and fried butterfly cocoons.

An executive of A & A Food Products Corporation which imports all of these "spooky foods" explains that the insects used in chocolate-coated ants are specially bred on small farms, fried and packaged under supervision of the Japanese Government. An American candy company molds them in chocolate.

Bon appétit!



King of the plungers

by JOE P. FAULKNER

By cunningly cutting the odds in his own favor, "Bet-You-A-Million" Gates became a multimillionaire—and a legend

WITH CHARACTERISTIC determination to get what he wanted, the huge ruddy-faced man strode through the train en route to the Saratoga races. He needed a fourth for bridge. Seeing a newspaperman he knew casually, he invited him, explaining: "We play for five a point, but I'll guarantee your losses and you can keep what you win."

When the game ended, the reporter tallied his 10,000 points and announced that at five cents a point he figured he'd won $500.

The big man leaned back, slapped his well-caloried stomach, burst into laughter that shook his florid jowls and handle-bar moustache—then wrote a check and handed it to the newsman. The game had been for five *dollars* a point, and the check was for $50,000.

The signature was that of John W. Gates, better known as "Bet-You-A-Million" Gates, fabulous gambler and, paradoxically, one of the wizards of American industry whose business acumen jarred such financial titans as J. Pierpont Morgan in the "Gay '90s."

Corpulent, affable John Warne Gates would bet practically any amount on practically any hazard—from raindrops racing down a windowpane to which piece of water-soaked sugar cube would first attract a fly. Though generally considered a reckless gambler, he actually analyzed, calculated and reasoned with unyielding logic before his ostensibly madcap flights into chance-taking.

"Always reduce the odds against you as much as possible," he once said, "and then step out in force."

Gates learned this technology

while a youngster snooping around goofing-off railroad workers playing poker in empty boxcars on sidetracks near his farm home in Turner Junction, a faint whistle-stop out of Chicago.

There he observed how one player always relit his pipe when dealt a good hand, how another bit his lip upon finding an unpromising array of cards. The boy sat in on the game—and won.

At 18, Gates fell in love with a local belle, Dellora Baker. On one of their walks, he bought her a nickel box of candy in which was a "prize," a tin ring. He slipped it on her finger.

"Some day," he promised, "I'll buy you lots of expensive jewelry."

They were married and the bridegroom borrowed $1,750 from his new father-in-law and set up a local hardware store with a partner.

One day an itinerant salesman intrigued him with talk of a new product called barbed wire. Gates sold his interest in the store to his partner for $700. The following day, he stormed into the DeKalb, Illinois, office of a Col. Isaac L. Ellwood, manufacturer of the new wire, and offered him $1,200 (although he only had $500) for a half-interest. Ellwood told his impudent young visitor where he might go.

Gates refused to be brushed off, however, and Ellwood finally offered him a job as salesman at $25 a month. Gates demanded and got $30, and departed for Texas. When ranchers around San Antonio proved skeptical, Gates staked all he could muster to stage "the damnest rodeo you Texans ever saw."

Before the main event, he called attention to the arena's encirclement of barbed wire, trotted out several dozen devilish-looking steers, and made $5,000 worth of bets that not one of them could break out. The steers were stampeded, but couldn't crash the corral.

Gates got so many orders that, after a few months' tour, he returned to DeKalb and demanded a partnership. Refused again, he resigned, shouting in rage: "Someday you'll be working for me!"

A few weeks later, financially assisted by some St. Louis speculators and unscrupulously using Elwood's patents, Gates was manufacturing his own barbed wire. Elwood filed a $10,000 damage suit. Gates put his machinery onto a barge and moved his plant from one shore of the Mississippi River to the other to evade process servers.

Finally Gates gained legal rights to make the wire and within a year profits reached $150,000. Then his plant burned to the ground. In those days, communications were slow at best, and on the chance that a competitor hadn't heard of the fire, Gates rushed to him—and fast-talked him into a merger. After a series of incidents which left his associate wondering what had happened, Gates owned the entire company.

Relentlessly he undersold smaller wire firms, forced the owners near bankruptcy and bought them out until he controlled 75 percent of all barbed wire production in the country. One morning a former manufacturer applied for a job. Gates laughed uproariously and hired him. He was Col. Isaac L. Ellwood.

When Gates' plants needed some

scarce steel, he asked St. Louis bankers to finance a trip to England, where steel was still available. Turned down, he thundered: "I'll get the money from a *real* banker, J. Pierpont Morgan!"

Several days later in New York, Gates marched through the sacred House of Morgan into the office of the undisputed king of finance—and emerged with J.P.'s note for $300,000 in his pocket.

In London he heard mounting talk of a steel shortage. Quickly he bought all he could find. Returning home, he discovered the shortage was a reality, largely because of his cornering the market. He unloaded 50,000 tons at $10-a-ton above the normal cost, paid Morgan back and had $700,000 profit.

Nine years later, the Illinois Steel Company was in economic stress and Gates offered to pour $700,000 into the firm if the directors would make him president of the firm. It was a deal.

Though only 39, he now controlled the nation's biggest barbed wire corporation and headed the second-largest steel company in the world. Wall Street, he decided, offered still bigger gambles. His initial plunges there netted him more than $1,000,000 and left conservative brokers speechless.

But he didn't confine his gambling to stocks. At the races one day he lost more than $250,000. That night he played poker to recoup. By midnight he had lost another $150,000. By daybreak he had reduced his 24-hour losses to less than $100,000—a $300,000 recovery.

A racetrack official once asked him to limit his bets to $10,000 a horse. To show his contempt for what he regarded as insolent interference with his personal privileges, Gates circulated among the crowd offering to bet anyone $1,000,000 on a single horse. He got no takers, but that was the day he became "Bet-You-A-Million" Gates.

Although he wasn't the impetuous gambler others believed him to be, he liked such a reputation because it "gives me the odds."

One night he held a sumptuous party for all the jockeys scheduled to ride in the next day's big race. He filled them with the finest foods and liquors—while they filled him with informational tidbits that enabled him to win more than $200,000 the following day.

Constantly he contrived and tricked, never believing such practice was wrong. "It's just a matter of thinking ahead," he insisted.

MOST big league bankers regarded Gates as vulgar and uncouth, and blackballed him from their exclusive clubs. And Gates in turn derived immense satisfaction in smashing them whenever possible.

Once, Morgan was negotiating a monumental deal in which he needed the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. When he set out to buy it he found Gates had heard about the situation and quietly beaten him to the purchase. Morgan got the line, but he was forced to pay "Bet-You-A-Million" a personal profit of $15,000,000.

Morgan appeared unruffled at being outfoxed, and Gates continued his high-spirited gambling, often carrying on margin as much as $75,000,000 worth of stocks. When he needed money, Morgan let him have it—but took collateral payable on demand.

Came the inevitable day when Gates' wheel of fortune stopped on the wrong number. As usual, he went to Morgan. But this time the great financier spread payable-on-demand notes across his desk and looked silently up at his caller.

It has never been disputed that Gates literally got on his knees and begged for forbearance; or that Morgan agreed to save him from utter annihilation on one irrevocable condition: that Gates get out of Wall Street and out of New York—and stay out for the rest of his life.

In any event, Gates immediately moved to Port Arthur, Texas.

There, reduced to a faded affluence and influence, Gates watched a new type of gamblers, the oil drillers.

Six years before, in 1901, outside Beaumont near Port Arthur, they had brought in "Spindletop," the greatest gusher in petroleum history.

At that time, Gates had hired the best geologists and drillers he could find before he rounded up stockholders and formed a small oil company. Time and again he struck dry holes. But he also hit producers.

In 1902, Standard Oil offered to buy Gates' company for $25,000,000. Nine years later the company's assets were $50,000,000. Gates clipped out the listing and mailed it to Morgan. Today, The Texas Company is one of the world's great oil empires.

In 1911, Gates and his adored Dellora were packing for a trip to Europe.

"John," she smiled, "remember the little box of candy with the tin ring?" She looked down at her jewelry box which contained, among other items: a $110,000 string of pearls; a diamond necklace with 20 emeralds, valued at $30,000; a pair of $25,000 pearl earrings.

A few months later, John Warne Gates died in a Paris hospital. He was 56. His fortune was estimated at close to $50,000,000. He was laid to rest in a splendid mausoleum in New York City—not too far from Wall Street.

Sign Language

A BAKER IN TACOMA, Washington, opened his store one morning and found two sailors sound asleep inside. Beside the sailors was a sign saying: "Don't wake too early. Fleet's all in."

—*New Haven Register*

IN A SOUTHERN TOWN, a four-year-old was seen playing on the streets with this sign on his back: "Don't catch my cold."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

BOLDLY PRINTED on the side of an umbrella-covered pushcart dispensing hot dogs: "I Cater To Weddings And Confirmations."

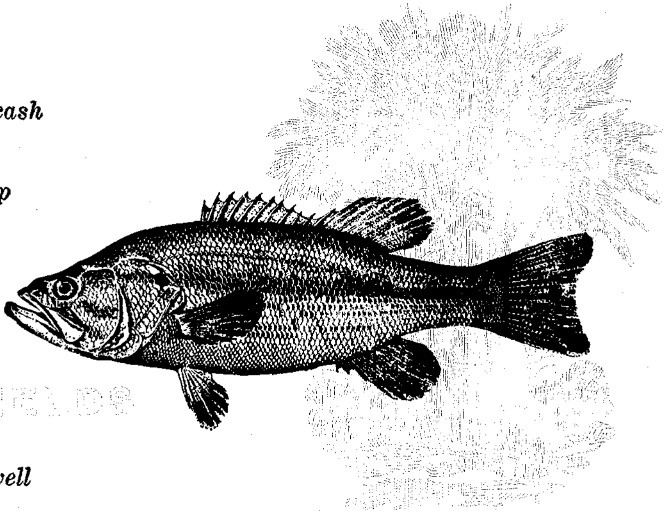
—HAROLD DROBBIN

SIGN IN A SAN DIEGO, California, market: "We now carry frozen ice cubes."

—LLOYD A. CRAIG

In Arkansas, farmers are reaping the cash harvest of a finny new crop

FISH IN THE RICE FIELDS



by Hart Stilwell

THERE'S A BRAND NEW INDUSTRY in the land—raising fish in the rice fields.

Some refer to it as fish husbandry. But by any name you choose to call it, to most Americans it tops them all in weird crop rotation—rice two years, then carp and catfish two years, then rice again, and so on. Actually, it is almost as old as agriculture itself, since it was practiced in China more than 4,000 years ago. And if the supply of rice-field fish were suddenly cut off, millions of people in the Orient would starve.

Right now, this venture is proving a bonanza to rice farmers in Arkansas, and 250 of them have banded together in the Arkansas Fish Farmers Cooperative to promote the industry. Members have more than 60,000 acres planted to fish, and they have been trying, through the help of the University of Arkansas, Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas, and others, to gain approval for a $500,000 federal fish farming experiment station in Arkansas.

So fish farming is with us, and destined to spread to millions of acres of ricelands, then to cotton lands and soybean lands and other flatlands that are irrigated.

There are two sound reasons for this. First, the fish crop brings a good profit from land that otherwise would lie idle. Second, land on which fish have been raised invariably produces about twice as much rice, and without fertilization. At current prices, this means an additional $125 gross income per acre.

Thomas Wayne Wright, U. S. Soil Conservation expert at Lonoke, Arkansas, who is working with the fish farmers, cites the typical experience of George Ryland of the Pinchback Planting Company of Grady, who harvested 100 bushels of rice an acre on a 65-acre farm after two years of fish farming, without doing any fertilizing. Prior to fish growing, the yield had been 55 bushels an acre, with fertilizing. He also harvested 500 pounds of fish per acre, mostly buffalo (a large fish of the sucker family) for which he received 15¢ a pound.

J. L. Huffer of England, Arkansas, has not only increased the yield on his 640-acre farm from 50 to 100 bushels an acre by fish farming, but he has found that the fish, particularly buffalo and carp, actually do his plowing as well as his fertilizing.

They root around in the bottom so much that all Huffer does now in planting is sow rice from an airplane. He doesn't go to the expense and trouble of disking the land.

Huffer says that if fish are left on the land longer than three years, the soil becomes so rich it must be planted to something other than rice the first year. Rice will grow too rank and yield little.

Fish enrich the soil in at least two ways that biologists and soil analysts know off: they increase the supply of nitrogen by as much as .2 percent; and by eating vegetable growth, insects and other creatures in and on the water, they increase the amount of organic matter in the soil.

Also, the fish and the standing water combine in killing off weeds, the curse of the rice grower and the main reason he must let his land remain idle for a year or two after several crops.

This new industry started by accident in the flatlands around Stuttgart, Arkansas. Several farmers pumped water from fish ponds onto their rice fields and were astonished at the big increase in yield, which in some places jumped from 55 to 134 bushels an acre.

Then other farmers, using the standard Arkansas lowland method of killing timber by flooding the land for three years or so, were equally amazed at the mighty fish population on their flooded lands. Many made a neat profit charging sports fishermen to fish, others gathered up the fish and sold them when they drained the land.

The obvious next step was actual fish farming.

In the Orient, where fish farming is older than the written word, fantastic harvests are reported, at times up to 8,000 pounds an acre. But that is achieved by flooding the land with sewage, a method not acceptable in this country.

Dr. John W. White of the University of Arkansas Agricultural Experiment Station, who is working on fish farming, believes a yield of about 500 pounds to an acre should be achieved by the American fish farmer as soon as he gets onto the knack of this new kind of farming—that is, 500 pounds in two years. It takes most species now being used—carp, buffalo, catfish, bass—about two years to reach commercial size. A carp, for instance, may grow to weigh eight or ten pounds in that time; a bass may reach two pounds.

Arkansas farmers are not certain yet which kind of fish is going to turn out best. It may be some "foreigner," such as the tilapia, a favorite in fish farming in Japan and now being studied in this country.

Malcolm Johnson, who left his job with the Soil Conservation Service to open a fish hatchery at Tillar, Arkansas, to supply seed stock to farmers, thinks the ideal combination is big-mouth buffalo—a tough native fish sometimes called gourdhead—and large-mouth black bass. (Arkansas, to encourage fish farming, changed her law and is the first state to permit the sale of "home-grown" bass.)

Johnson says a good average yield on a buffalo-bass combination should be 500 pounds of buffalo and 50 pounds of bass. The buffalo usually sells for 18¢ a pound; bass for 35 or 40.

A few rice farmers have experimented with something closely resembling the "feeding-out" process in handling livestock. These farmers stock fish, usually catfish, on their land when they flood it for the rice crop, then harvest the fish along with the rice, turning a quick but small profit on this feeding-out process. But the general practice is to flood the land for two years and let the fish really grow.

There are problems, literally dozens of them, linked with this new venture. And there are "by-products," some of which are of far more interest to millions of Americans than the fish farming itself.

Fish farmers have had difficulty getting seed stock and plenty of trouble harvesting their crop. Then there are diseases among fish, and the danger of cold. But all these problems are being studied.

As for by-products—thousands of sports fishermen are going to start roaming the rice paddies, looking for bass and other game fish—for a fee. Duck hunters will thank the fish farmers for vastly increased feeding and resting areas for waterfowl. And, as Dr. White explains, fish farming is of tremendous value in conserving and using both our water and soil to the fullest.

Business-Wise

DRIVING THROUGH THE Shenandoah Valley last summer, we stopped at one of the highest spots of the valley to enjoy the scenery. We scarcely noticed a roadside fruit stand—we had passed so many—until the 12-year-old "proprietor" came over to offer us a pair of binoculars. He pointed out several places of interest around the area, then selected some of his fruit for us. When we asked what we owed, he replied quickly, "Nothing. Nothing at all. The fruit is free. I just enjoy showing people the scenery. It's so beautiful—" and he looked across the sunlit valley.

After each of us had given him a 25¢ tip, I asked, "How can you afford to give away your fruit when the other stands sell theirs?"

With a mischievous grin, he jingled the coins in what we could tell was a well-filled pocket and said, "I make more money than they do." —SHERWOOD K. ELLIS

Old age is a beginning, not an end, for many Americans who find fulfilling new jobs in the twilight of their lives

Second careers for senior citizens

by Phyllis and Robert Goldman

In 1950, MR. B. WAS RETIRED as assistant manager of the Port of New York office of a shipping company. Having been involved with ships for almost 50 years, it was all he knew. He moved to his summer cottage on the coast of Maine to live out the rest of his life—watching the ocean.

After three months of "retirement," he'd had it. He packed his bag and returned to New York. There, he got a job as salesman for a plastics company that manufactured fire bricks used with ships' boilers.

Three years later, Mr. B. and two business friends set up their own plastics company and started manufacturing emergency plastic repair kits. Today, past age 70, Mr. B. is vice-president of the company, whose product is used on more than 900 commercial ships. His knowledge of shipping was a tremendous asset when he launched his "second career."

Each day, 3,500 Americans reach the age of 65. By 1960, there will be almost 16,000,000 people in the 65 and older group, or one out of every 11 Americans.

Better than eight out of ten in the mushrooming 65-plus age group have inadequate incomes. Because the cost of living is higher than ever, pension plans, savings and retirement funds provide retirement income that almost invariably means a reduced standard of living.

Thanks to improved medical knowledge and therapy, the average number of years spent in retirement has doubled since 1900. But doctors have found that people over 65, who suddenly end their working lives, often are unhappy, restless, bored. With time on their hands, they brood—become anxiety-ridden.

In the light of a need for added income, the increased life expectancy, and a desire to stay in the mainstream of life—many of these people are going back to work. They are learning, pursuing and enjoying second careers.

More and more employers are learning, too, that chronological age does not necessarily rule out workers for responsible jobs. Moreover, studies show that among workers beyond age 60 there is less turnover, less management-labor friction and, in some instances, less absenteeism. Furthermore, old skills are being applied to new careers, new skills are learned, life-long desires are becoming realities—and paying off in the process. Hobbies are being turned into money-making propositions and adult education (now numbering some 10,000,000 "students") is becoming practical training rather than a mere time-killer.

You can learn new skills and gain new knowledge in your 50s and beyond. Recent studies show that intellectual capacity is not fully reached in the majority of individuals before age 50. With the confidence that you can learn, you can proceed to the next step.

William K., for instance, retired five years ago from the accounting department of a utility company in New Jersey. Within a month, he volunteered as a school-crossing patrolman in his home town. His first day on duty, he felt lost. He had never directed traffic before. But school children who crossed "his streets" taught him how.

Today, his job brings him an additional $700 a year to supplement his pension and social security allotment. Besides, he has had time to realize a life-long desire—to grow chrysanthemums. There are 110 varieties in his 50′ x 50′ garden. Each year he sells more and more of his prize flowers and has even earned money lecturing on his favorite subject—mums. Mr. K. is successful in two second careers—both of which are entirely different from his former accounting work.

A retired international bank executive is now a reporter, route man, proofreader and bookkeeper for a weekly Connecticut newspaper. Instead of the black homburg he used to wear as part of his banking "uniform," he now goes bareheaded to report a police social club meeting or deliver the papers to the nine newsstands in town where it is sold.

Mr. W. was "looking around for something to do" when the editor of the newspaper (circulation 2,000) hired and trained him. Occasionally, he gets a byline on a story, which gives him a great deal of satisfaction.

But the most important thing is that Mr. W. is enjoying himself. "I'm having fun and keeping mentally alert," he says.

Harry M. never had enough time for his favorite hobby—the theater. When he retired, at 72, as an executive for Western Union, he naturally turned to his first love—acting. Tentatively, he approached the little theater group in his home town, which tried him out and later welcomed him as a character actor. Since then, he has acted in 30 plays. He couldn't be happier pursuing his favorite hobby which, incidentally, has paid off.

The list goes on and on. The ex-tunnel worker who now has a successful chicken farm. He studied for his second career by reading every available journal and pamphlet put out by the U. S. Government—years before his formal retirement.

The widow with three married children who "brushed up" on her piano technique and now has a part-time job in a music school as well as private pupils.

The retired New York City railroad man who took his knowledge of refrigerated rail cars and applied for a job with a soft drink manufacturer. Today, at 72, he earns a small salary. But this, added to his pension, allows him and his wife to live comfortably.

The former nurse who always wanted to weave. She went to Penland School of Handicrafts, Inc., Penland, North Carolina, and later to other schools. Today, her shop in Los Angeles is nationally known. She is a pace-setter in the weaving field.

The successful Connecticut businessman who pulled up stakes and moved to Florida. Today, he runs a thriving furniture business—and employs a great many people beyond the age of 60.

These people, in their second careers, have found new lines of work. Some have applied knowledge of their original field in a new way. Others extended a hobby into a paying proposition. Still others turned a life-long desire into income.

THERE ARE many jobs available to the over-65 person. However, one thing must remain clear. It is not easy to find employment. The elderly person must expect to encounter prejudice against his age. The doors are not always open to welcome him.

Why should this be when we know these people are mentally and physically alert and capable of doing a job well?

First, many of them seek only part-time employment. It is difficult to place part-time workers in industry or business.

Second, many employers have the stereotyped attitude that older people are not good workers.

Third, and most important, is the need for money to place these people. The Federation Employment and Guidance Service in New York, a few months ago stated that for $5,000 to $5,500—it could place 100 people in jobs. This money must come from the community. But the money does not come.

Consequently, there are 1,000 people on waiting lists who can't even be interviewed because of lack of funds for personnel. There are 1,000 opportunities lying dormant for people who need, want and can carry out jobs.

The fields in which people of 65 and over have found successful employment are wide and varied. Social agencies employ them. Clerical jobs and factory jobs, as well as "sitting" jobs in offices, libraries and hospitals; factory jobs are open. Work as cashiers, proofreaders and errand boys is available.

Selling offers many opportunities. A door-to-door salesman can work on straight commission and proceed at his own pace. Department stores hire part-time salesmen.

Home industries can be a good source of income. These include ceramics, basketry, arts and crafts, growing things in the house and yard, baking, weaving, toy making, woodworking and finishing, rug making and home telephone selling.

In any event, the person 65 or over must be persistent in his quest for work. In most communities there will be at least one or two companies without prejudice toward the older worker. Find them! In the larger cities, agencies are set up that know which industries are receptive. Go to them!

Public and private vocational guidance clinics can help steer you.

So can Red Feather agencies, local welfare agencies. There are Catholic, Protestant and Jewish social services for you—no matter what your age or interest. Forty-Plus Clubs, Golden Age Clubs, the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the U. S. Department of Labor are at your service.

Employed elderly people are keeping themselves in the mainstream of life. They refuse to be shelved. They are still developing their minds and bodies by filling their lives with purpose and rewarding experiences. Time does not hang heavy on their hands.

Can *you* travel down the road to a second career? Given the facilities to learn and the training to carry it out, the road is paved with opportunity. It is not necessarily a *new* road but an extension of your career highway which continues on retirement day.

Authorities suggest these attitudes and preparations to help you in your search for a second career:

1. Be determined. Develop an inner drive to keep working—with or without large-scale remuneration. Recognize the fact that some form of creative activity will yield a sense of accomplishment, a sense of belonging, a sense of importance—all of which are vital to every individual at every stage of living.

2. Be willing to take chances, within reason, that a new occupation will prove emotionally and perhaps financially rewarding. It helps, too, to have a strong desire for independence of thought and action. Learning new skills, broadening your scope in middle life and beyond can pay off in independence. It can pay off, too, in the excitement of a series of new, unfolding challenges.

3. Guard your health so that you will be able to pursue a second career without undue stress, mental or physical. Establish healthy patterns of living in your 20s, 30s and 40s.

Too often, aging persons fall for the widespread (but false) notion that aging brings inevitable sickness and debilitation. The facts are that a great many Americans at ages 50, 60, 70 and even 80 are "young" physically and spiritually. Remember Bernard Baruch, Grandma Moses, Senator Theodore Green (of Rhode Island) and many others who pursue successful careers despite the fact they are well past 80.

4. Have a serious and systematic self-schooling plan for retirement years. That is, in order to embark successfully on a second career, you have to start in your 40s to plan for the enforced retirement that may one day come. The niche that you fit into at age 65 may be carved out years in advance.

5. Accept compulsory retirement by reason of age alone as a fact of life in the U. S. today but accept it only in the military sense—a withdrawal from a position no longer tenable for redeployment of forces.

6. Center on what you can do best and go after it intensively. And don't spare the shoe leather.

As a reminder of this latter rule, a statement appeared some time ago in the *Journal of Gerontology*. The quotation reads: "The physical letdown with senescence is largely mental. Frustration, discouragement, unhappiness and fear are the hazards which lead to loss of appetite, insomnia, apathy and physical break-up. . . . The ounce of prevention must come from within. . . . A plan is needed which will make the later years of life useful and active. . . ."

But why go to all this trouble for a second career? The venerable Bernard Baruch answers that question this way:

"It seems wrong to me for people to retire. An older person can often do more in less time than his more physically spry junior. He has learned to pace himself. He knows the shortcuts and the pitfalls. He has acquired judgment and stability. For all this, there is no substitute. Not even youth. . . ."

Take stock of yourself *now*. Ten, 20, perhaps 50 years from today will you be happy, useful, productive, solvent? With courage and foresight, your answer to that question can be "yes."

How's That Again?

REPRESENTATIVE Brooks Hays complains that Congress spends too much time talking about helping preserve the family-size farm, and too little time giving actual help.

"I feel," he says, "like the little boy who asked for a horse for Christmas. His parents thought he was too young for a real horse, so they got him a rocking horse instead. He laid it aside.

" 'What's the matter, son?' his father wanted to know. 'Don't you like your rocking horse?'

"The boy replied, 'I want a horse made of horse.' " —*Quote*

TWO MINISTERS of different faiths were the best of friends though they often disagreed on religious questions. One day after they had been arguing a little more than usual on some theological point, one of them said, "That's all right; we'll just agree to disagree. The thing that counts is that we're both doing the Lord's work, you in your way and I in His."

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW
"The New Guide for Toastmasters and Speakers"
—Prentice Hall, Inc.

A MAID WHO seemed to like the work gave notice one day without warning.

"Why do you wish to leave?" the lady of the house asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"I just can't stand the suspense in this house, madam."

"Suspense? What do you mean?"

"It's that sign over my bed that says: 'Watch ye. For ye know not when the master cometh.' "

—Barbed Wit & Malicious Humor—PATRICK MAHONY
—Citadel Press

A MANUFACTURER of the "sack look" dress has sewn large labels into the necklines of his chemise models. The embroidery helpfully reveals: "This is the front of the dress."

—DOROTHY KILGALLEN (*N.Y. Journal-American*)

*The less stock they own,
the louder they shout—
and they never miss a
chance to show who's boss*

THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE "LITTLE CAPITALISTS"

by Martin L. Gross

A KINDLY, BESPECTACLED grandmother from Brooklyn, Mrs. David Davis, fidgeted impatiently at the 1957 stockholders' meeting of a giant industrial corporation as its board chairman delivered a lengthy tirade against "confiscatory" Federal taxes.

Mrs. Davis, owner of a few shares of the company's stock, rose to her feet on a "point of order," a technique she had learned from televised Government hearings, and drove the surprised meeting into a tumult by stating in her precise matronly voice, "I love my country. I love to pay taxes. I have waited an hour and 15 minutes to hear about my dividends—not to listen to personal political speeches. And this is the first meeting I've ever attended that they didn't serve a little collation to the stockholders. Other companies at least give you sandwiches and cold drinks."

In the honored tradition of minority partners in American industry, Mrs. Davis had put in her few shares worth for the more than 5,000,000 penny ante stockholders who, as a group, own most of our large corporations. And some of them get that incontrollable annual urge to tell such high-priced employees as board chairmen just what's wrong with the way they're running *their* store.

Less than a generation ago, most annual corporate meetings were cut-and-dried affairs held in inaccessible small towns and convened and adjourned in less than a half hour. But today, since the growing army of "little capitalists" has learned that a single share of stock entitles them

not only to vote but to voice an opinion—loud and often—an annual meeting is more likely to draw a record 3,824 stockholders, as did a recent General Electric one.

Not long ago, at an annual meeting of a large utility company, a small stockholder indignantly demanded that the company's president enumerate all the things he had done that year to deserve his $38,088 raise in salary. The president remained calm.

To some management moguls, however, the vocal small shareholder is considered a "heckler," and as such he has been insulted, threatened, and even forcibly ejected from the floor. But to more progressive managements and to the growing ranks of shareholders, he is a modern David fighting corporate Goliaths for important minority rights.

One of the most colorful of these champions is Wilma Soss, known as the "Susan B. Anthony of the American corporation," and to her detractors as "Apple Soss." Mrs. Soss, a pert, good-looking, well-shaped fiftyish-year-old with a headful of blonde curls, a good resonant voice and a small amount of stock in a number of corporations, has stood recalcitrant corporate directors on their collective gray flannel ends more than once.

A few years after World War II, as owner of *one* share of U.S. Steel, she attended their annual meeting in Hoboken, New Jersey, across the river from New York City.

"I could tell the directors didn't understand that *we* owned the company and that they were just hired hands," Mrs. Soss explains. "They were either rude or ignored us. There was no lunch, and they were obviously hiding out from their stockholders by meeting in a small back room in Hoboken."

To demonstrate her point, a few years later Mrs. Soss strode dramatically into that small Hoboken meeting room dressed as a gay '90s belle.

"Gentlemen," she said to the open-mouthed directors, "I have suited my costume to management's ideas of stockholder relations."

The following year, U.S. Steel moved to larger quarters, but still in Hoboken. When Mrs. Soss' resolution to move to New York garnered 558,802 votes (7 percent) but lost, she reappeared in a flapper costume, indicating that the larger quarters and new courtesy were helpful, but were still "25 years behind the times."

Mrs. Soss is founder and president of FOWSAB, the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business, Inc., formed to fight for "corporate democracy." Mrs. Soss and her corporate suffragettes have many crusades going, including the fight for female representation on boards of directors—and lunch.

An original FOWSAB member was the first woman elected to the board of a New York commercial bank. Even though Soss-proposed minority directors are usually defeated, the ladies can take much of the credit for the election of women stockholders to the boards of RCA, New York Central System and CBS.

The exchanges between small shareholders and their managements have produced some acid-tongued repartee. One minority shareholder, known as "the terror of Bethlehem Steel," graciously included a famous cigarette company in his probing annual meeting activities.

Finally, the exasperated chairman said, "For the first time in my life, I am sorry that you are a stockholder in our company."

The stockholder looked him coolly in the eye. "Sir, I have *long* regretted it," he answered, setting off a roar of laughter.

AT A NEW YORK Central annual meeting, Mrs. Soss was pressing for a female board member and "cumulative voting," one of the most potent weapons of the small shareholder.

Under this system, which is required in 22 states and permissive in 17 others, the affluent owner of a single share of stock voting for a 12-man board can pool 12 votes on one man, or distribute them as he sees fit. Ideally, 8½ percent of the stockholders of that company could elect a member to the board.

When a corporation official tired of hearing Mrs. Soss' arguments, he asked plaintively, "Mrs. Soss, why do you do this to us?"

She gazed up at him soulfully. "Because I love the New York Central so."

"Please then," said the official, "go away and love some other railroad!"

Probably small stockholderdom's greatest master of repartee is Lewis D. (for Dusenbery) Gilbert, a peppery man with oversized mobile features who is the undisputed holder of the title, "America's No. 1 Minority Stockholder." Gilbert, whose family owns small blocks of stock in over 600 corporations, has made a full-time career of circuit-riding annual meetings all over the country, championing the rights of the little man—for which he is respected, damned, and even feared by corporate leaders.

Gilbert has almost singlehandedly popularized the use of the "minority stockholder proposal," a Securities and Exchange Commission regulation (X-14A-8) which permits the holder of a single share of stock to make a legitimate proposal backed by 100 words of argument that *must* be printed on a management's proxy form to all its stockholders. Because Gilbert originates at least half of all the minority proposals in the country, one corporation secretary commented: ". . . a meeting without a few Gilbert resolutions is like a ball game without peanuts."

They seldom garner a majority vote, but have such surprising strength that they trigger action. His recent proposal to limit pensions at a large utility company, such as the $91,000 due annually to a former president, received almost 5,000,000 votes (representing almost a *billion* dollars). As a result, the worried board of a large machine-making corporation, in which Gilbert owns 25 shares, asked him "please would he drop his resolution to limit pensions there to $25,000 if they agreed to a $37,500 compromise?" Gilbert magnanimously agreed.

Mr. Gilbert and his high-pitched voice and ever-wagging finger have brought dismay to many a corporate chairman. At an annual meeting of

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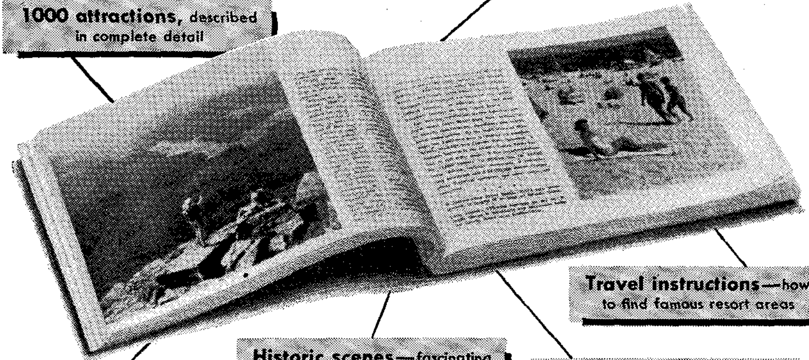

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R. H. Macy's department store during one of their few poor earning years, Gilbert questioned the election of actor Robert Montgomery as a director. Gilbert (12 shares) asked Chairman Jack Straus what Montgomery knew about merchandising.

Mr. Straus answered that they had other directors who started without direct experience.

"Maybe that's what's wrong," snorted shareholder Gilbert.

A good portion of Gilbert's crusading power comes from an Annual Report of Stockholder Activities at Corporation Meetings, which at $2 a copy is distributed to approximately 10,000 sources. Sprinkled throughout are his candid opinions of corporate brass, which are as nervously awaited as a first-night critic's review on Broadway.

Under the heading "Smart and Fair," Gilbert has classed such men as David Sarnoff, corporate chairman of RCA; William Stolk, president of American Can Co.; Harry Bullis, chairman of the board of General Mills, Inc. Others do no better than "Condescending or Worse."

Gilbert's dedication is sometimes not fully appreciated. Years ago, when he suggested that a board chairman was overpaid (he later took a $50,000 cut), an aged corporate faithful ripped off his glasses and pranced down the aisle rotating his fists menacingly in Gilbert's face.

Overall, however, directors begrudgingly admit that he has helped create a better climate for the small shareholder in America. Charles Green, chairman of United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corp., recently wrote Gilbert: "If anyone ever argues with me that you are a complainer or bellyacher, I'll ask them what they did that was wrong."

Unlike industrial leaders of a generation ago, management men today usually admit they can learn from the man with two shares of stock, especially when the suggestions are constructive. At the meeting of a large tile firm, for example, a stockholder from Baltimore, Bart Arconti—who happened to be a tile contractor—pointed out that he couldn't get enough of the firm's excellent product to fill his demand. A few months later, the company announced that it was increasing its production 25 percent.

The prestige and importance of the small shareholder has come a long way in recent times, largely because of the little capitalists with the big voices. And there isn't much hope for the corporate director who doesn't agree with former Chairman Frank Abrams of the Standard Oil Company that all shareholders, regardless of size of holdings, sex, or attitude, are the ever-to-be-loved and respected company's "bosses."

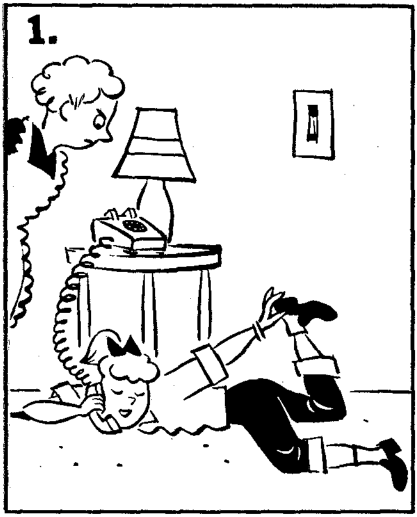
Candid Comments

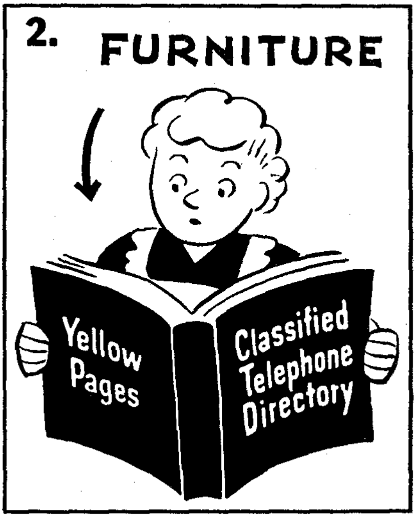
LOOMING AHEAD is this parental plight: "Dad, may I use the rocket ship tonight?"

WE'D GLADLY PAY a little more for grapefruit that would yell "fore."

—ARNOLD GLASOW

LOOking for Something?

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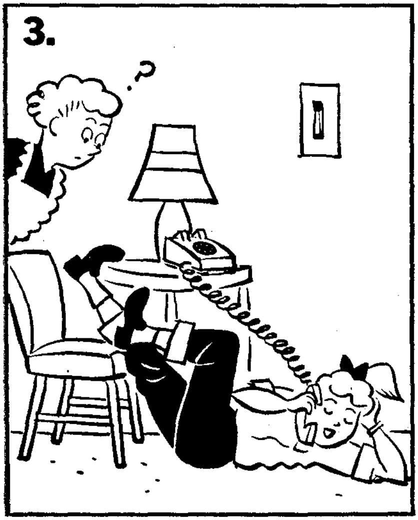

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LABOR'S LABOR OF LOVE

In four feverish weekends, unionists erected 27 homes for survivors of Hurricane Audrey at Cameron Parish, Louisiana. "We'd never toil this hard for just a paycheck," said one worker.

ADVANCE WARNING came from a Navy reconnaissance plane 380 miles out over the Gulf of Mexico in the early morning hours of June 27, 1957, and by dawn Hurricane Audrey had struck along several hundred miles of Gulf coast.

Focal point of the attack was Cameron Parish, Louisiana, a flat 50-mile strip of low-lying marshland. The winds came first, causing the water to slush over the level swamp, swallowing roads, swirling angrily around homes.

Within hours, Hurricane Audrey had obliterated the communities of Cameron, Oak Grove, Grand Chênière, Little Chênière and Creole. Communications, transport, power, light, sewer systems were out. Over 500 were dead and missing, and thousands homeless.

The American Red Cross as well as other agencies and people of nearby communities, of course, pitched in unselfishly to aid the survivors. All this was to be expected. But another group—seldom thought of as a community service organization—was there, too. This was organized labor, the AFL-CIO.

Union members were among the first to search through debris for survivors, to clear rubble and retrieve bodies from the flooded bayous. On June 30, union carpenters from

In times of disaster or need, AFL-CIO unions volunteer their manpower—and purses—to perform unselfish feats of public service

nearby Calcasieu Parish, working as unpaid volunteers, began the grim task of building rough pine coffins for the unknown dead. Local unions raised the money needed to pay for materials.

Some 300 emergency caskets were hammered together and laid side by side in a cavernous loading shed on the docks of Lake Charles, the parish seat of Calcasieu. In this makeshift morgue, the living came to identify their dead.

And it was here, on July 3, that Victor Bussie, Ted Stitzlein, Rex Coffer, E. H. Williams, J. B. Robinson and A. P. Stoddard met after a first-hand tour of the devastation.

Bussie, a dark, balding ex-fireman, is president of the Louisiana State AFL-CIO. Stitzlein is business manager of the Building Trades Council in Lake Charles. Coffer is State Director of Operating Engineers. Williams is regional director of AFL-CIO and Robinson is international vice-president of the Barbers Union. Stoddard is president of the New Orleans Central Labor Union.

Until then, the unionists had worked largely as individual volunteers. Now these six men, standing in the gloom of the morgue, came up with an idea that may set a pattern for rescue and relief work elsewhere in the nation.

The idea was simple. Organized labor would supply the one thing most urgently needed, and the one thing that unions were best able to provide: skilled, equipped and disciplined volunteer work crews.

Out of this meeting and subsequent ones all over the state came history's first large-scale disaster "Building Bee."

What Cameron Parish needed most was new homes. Survivors were living in classrooms, churches and public buildings in Lake Charles and other communities. Until they could be given housing, little could be done to restore Cameron to a semblance of normalcy.

So on Saturday, August 3, four chartered buses loaded with skilled construction workers pulled up in front of the two tents that served as Red Cross headquarters in what had been Creole, Louisiana. It carried the first contingent of some 2,800 unpaid union volunteers who thereafter sped to the disaster-stricken community to build new homes for the worst hardship cases.

From then on, for four weekends, carpenters, electricians, plumbers and other construction workers poured into Cameron Parish from places as far away as Monroe. One crew was even flown in an Air Force transport from Shreveport.

The whole job was organized and paid for by Louisiana labor. Each crew of from 35 to 50 men was given a single fantastic mission: to build a complete new home over the weekend. The crews arrived early on Saturday and left late on Sunday. Saturday night they slept in big tents that were provided by civil defense authorities and the National Guard.

Jurisdictional lines were completely disregarded. Carpenters put in plumbing. Pipefitters hammered and sawed. Electricians carted building supplies. Members of the Seafarers International Union came from Lake Charles and New Orleans to lay concrete foundations on Fridays in order to save precious time for the regular construction crews on weekends.

The work was back-breaking. Heat, black flies, swarms of mosquitoes, a brassy sun and dense humidity all hampered it. Yet on the four weekends, grumbling because eating represented a waste of vital work time, Louisiana unionists built 27 complete new homes for the hardest hit of the Cameron families. It was a miracle of concentrated, organized, unselfish effort. Observed a sweaty union member: "We'd never work this hard for just a paycheck!"

But the dramatic crash program at Cameron, striking as it was, only typifies the unpublicized service job that unions have been doing. Unionists volunteered their time and effort without pay during the floods in New England and Yuba City, California; the tornadoes in Flint, Michigan, and Dallas, Texas, and in other emergencies. It was a symbolic touch that the mobile Red Cross canteens from which the Audrey volunteers were fed had been donated by the AFL-CIO itself after the disastrous floods in Connecticut a couple of years ago.

The quiet, day-to-day service activities of labor take many forms. For example, in Portland, Oregon, over 400 union bricklayers and hod carriers put up the walls of the new Oregon Museum of Science and Industry in a single day of free labor. This "masonry marathon" saved the community an estimated $50,000. While the construction workers laid brick on brick, union meat cutters and cannery workers prepared meals and the Waitress Union served them. Union musicians provided entertainment after the job was done.

Labor's distaff side, too, has its record of community service. In Miami, Florida, a local of the Communications Workers of America has won the esteem and gratitude of the city by the role it plays in the annual United Cerebral Palsy Telethon. Each year, 300 union telephone operators pick up headsets at the Miami Beach Auditorium for a stint in the 16-hour telethon.

While these girls with the smiling voices donate their skills to keep the switchboards alive, other telephone unionists take off time from their jobs to do the necessary telethon paper work. The union reimburses them, transports them to the auditorium and helps organize the event.

The AFL-CIO Community Service Activities, headquarters in New York (financed out of the AFL-CIO treasury) directs the activities of unions all over the country as they work for worthy causes. It sends out appropriate literature, trains community service leaders, provides organizational help and acts as a vital liaison link with other social agencies.

Last year, in the big nationwide United Fund and Community Chest

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$30,000.

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Please enter the below-named hard-of-hearing person for your free drawing without obligation or cost.

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drives, AFL-CIO's members, led by the CSA, collected an astounding $140,000,000—nearly one third of the national total.

In addition, other millions are collected by union members for special charities outside the scope of the joint community campaigns. Union contributions to heart, cancer, TB, polio and other drives are huge, and some unions have their own special charities.

In San Jose, California, last fall three local unions contributed a total of $4,500 for the down payment on a new school for retarded children. And in Harlingen, Texas, unionists donated nearly $20,000 for the construction of a home for neglected and dependent girls.

Elsewhere, union members are spearheading drives to combat juvenile delinquency, to provide employment opportunities for handicapped persons, to foster public understanding and awareness of such diseases as diabetes and alcoholism. All over the country, in fact, alert, community-conscious unionists are finding imaginative ways to help in times of need.

When the AFL and the CIO merged into a single powerful organization on December 5, 1955, one of the first things it did was pass a resolution noting that "members of AFL-CIO function first as citizens of their communities" rather than as selfish individuals or groups.

Today, backed by the Community Service Activities, 150 unionists are working full time for community agencies. On the grassroots level, another 75,000 have been encouraged to take their places on local boards of welfare agencies. And no fewer than 40,000 others have undergone intensive training as "union counsellors" to guide the distressed to the right place or places for help.

AFL-CIO members are breathing a thousand forms of life into unionism's slogan: "What's good for the community is good for labor!" And the rewards, for unionists and the public at large, are rich indeed.

Three of a Kind

(Answers to quiz on page 55)

1. a; 2. a; 3. a; 4. b; 5. c; 6. c; 7. a; 8. b; 9. c; 10. c;
11. b; 12. c; 13. b; 14. b; 15. c.

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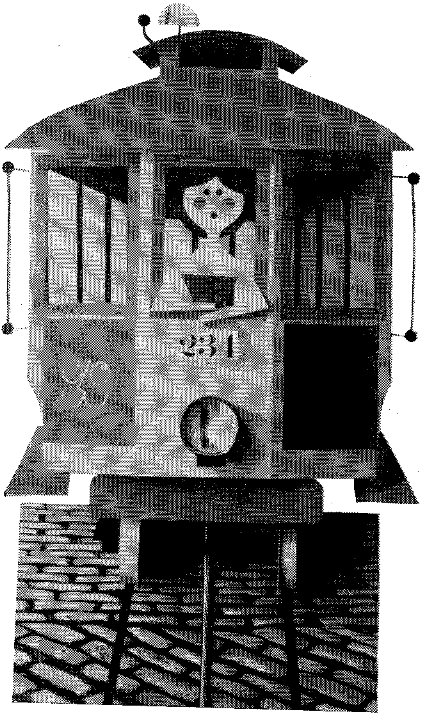
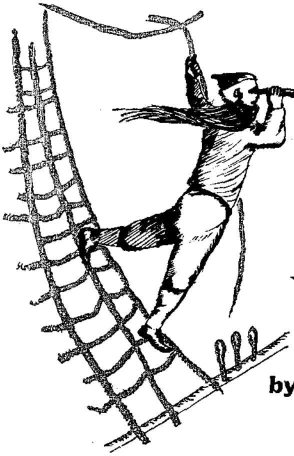
In the
May issue of
Esquire
Magazine

SAN FRANCISCO: GOLDEN GATE TO WHAT?



San Francisco is everyone's dream city—but for many who live there it becomes a nightmare. In the midst of its natural beauties, and its stimulating historic and cultural heritage, San Francisco's suicide and alcoholism rate soars above the rest of the U.S. The May issue of Esquire (now on sale) devotes a ten-page section in pictures and text to thoughtful analysis of San Francisco's curious paradox of beauty and despair...

in THE MAGNET CITY



The Last Viking

by Joel Berg

THE OLD SAILOR smiled with pride as he knelt before His Majesty King Christian VI.

"So this is the man who has fought Denmark's wars since the days of my great-grandfather," the monarch said. "I appoint you, Christian Jacobsen Drakenberg, boatswain in the Royal Navy with full pay for the rest of your days."

Christian Drakenberg—then an amazing 109 years old—was born in Norway on November 18, 1626. At 13, he began his life at sea; and like the wild Northmen of old, wherever wind would blow and sail would fill, his restless spirit drove him.

In 1657, war broke out between Denmark, his country's ally, and Sweden. Drakenberg joined the navy and served for three years. War with Sweden began again in 1675, and again Drakenberg enlisted.

After the wars, on a voyage in the Mediterranean, he was captured by Algerian pirates and sold into slavery. For about 16 years he served different masters and then, with five others, bought a boat and made his way to Italy. They walked through Italy and France to Bordeaux. Two died of exhaustion on the way, but the indomitable Drakenberg, then 84 years old, survived. At Bordeaux he learned that war had again broken out and again he volunteered.

At the age of 89, his eyesight failing, the old sailor reluctantly left the sea and wandered over the face of his beloved Norway, stopping at the homes of friends to relive old battles and adventures.

When he was 111, he wooed and won a wife. Many years after she died, some traveling gypsies disturbed his sleep one night. Dressed in his night shirt, Drakenberg chased after them with a knife and wounded three.

Overhearing some noblemen doubt his age, he set off for his birthplace, 200 miles away, and returned with a certificate signed by the minister of the church in which he had been baptized.

At the age of 127, his first wife dead, he sought another.

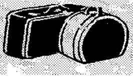
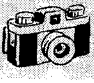
Drakenberg's fiery spirit remained, but his strength began to ebb. He wept when he could no longer walk the 40 miles to join his friend, the Reverend Busch, in communion.

On October 9, 1772, Christian Drakenberg's great Viking heart ceased to beat, just 40 days short of his 146th birthday. His eulogy read:

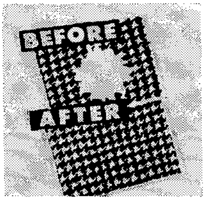
"He committed many sins in life, and his passions often gained the upper hand, which he himself attributed to being a Norwegian and a sailor, but still God held His hand over him."

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



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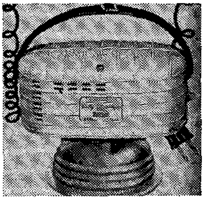

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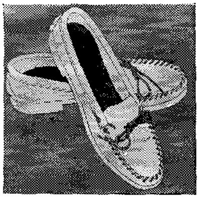
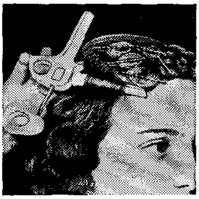


PUT YOUR HAIR UP IN SECONDS—$1



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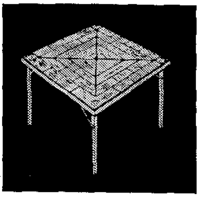

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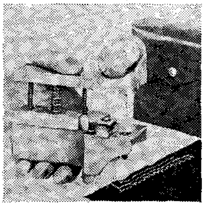

(*Continued on next page*)

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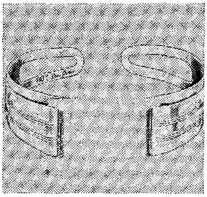

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clean house
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In 2 hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense Cone, place in ashtray. Airborne chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs, etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-E Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

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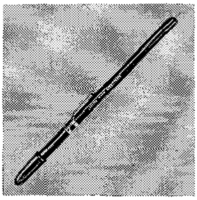
Silver

FROM THE TIME my young son began showing he had a will of his own, I was at a loss to know how to curb his willfulness. At the close of one very trying day, I was especially feeling what I thought was my inadequacy as an understanding mother. Then just before retiring, we gathered our family together for their nightly Bible reading. My husband selected Proverbs, 31, beginning with the eleventh verse:

The heart of her husband doth

LINDY AUDITOR'S FINE BALL POINT PEN



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Linings

safely trust in her . . .

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life . . .

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy . . .

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness . . .

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness . . .

As my husband concluded his

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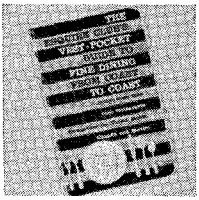

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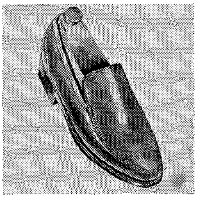

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You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. C558, Brockton 68, Mass.

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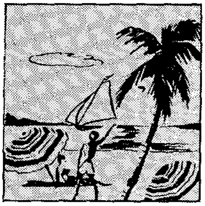
ROYAL JELLY
THE NECTAR OF THE QUEEN BEE



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At Highlands Park Estates on Highlands Lake (Lake Istokpoga) near Sebring. Spacious ¼ acre homesites only $10 down, $10 monthly; full price $595. Write for Free brochures & details. Get full info. on how we can help you plan, build, and finance your Low Cost, Tax-Exempt home. Florida Realty Bureau, Inc., Dept. YC5, 520 N.E. 79th St., Miami 38, Florida.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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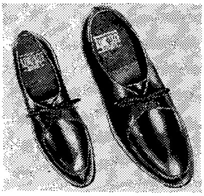

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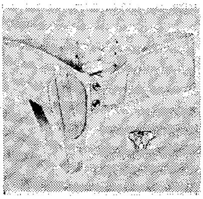

COTTAGE CHEESE DISH IN MOSS ROSE

A very attractive old-fashioned crock highly styled to hold a half-pound cup of cottage cheese, keep it fresh, ready for serving. In white china with moss rose design and gold trim, it's pretty enough to bring to the dinner table. 2¾" high. Use it for jams, spreads, dips. $1. ppd. Money-Back *Guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy* Damar, 56-E Damar Bldg., *Elizabeth, N. J.*

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and lose that flabby appearance with Healtholizer exerciser. It is designed for busy men and women with little time for slenderizing and streamlining their bodies. Start improving your figure with just 10 minutes a day. Prescribed by Doctors, used in Hospitals. $6.98. Healtholizer, Department H-5, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Silver Linings continued

reading, our son, eyes wide with wonder, looked into his father's face and said, "That story was about *Mother!*" —MRS. RAYMOND CAMPBELL

I HAD GONE to the home of a former schoolmate to offer financial help in a time of great trouble. Her daughter, the eldest of eight, had been severely burned and was in critical condition in the hospital. The father, in a low voice, told me that the doctor held out little hope for her recovery.

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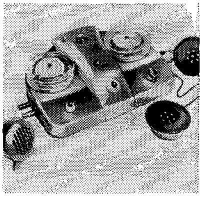

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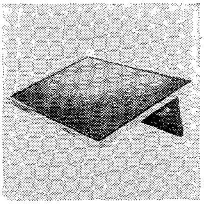
Handsome Formica top folding table solves work-space prob. in kitchen, den, basement! Extends 2½" from wall when not used. Gray, red, yellow—with stainless steel trim. Larger sizes make folding dinette tables for 3 or 4. 15x20"—$9.95; 18x24"—$12.95; 20x30"—$15.95. All postpaid. World Wide Trading Co., Dept. C5, 12-05 43rd Ave., Long Island City 1, N. Y.



With deep sympathy, I said, "Thank God you still have seven other children."

He looked at me for a long moment. Then he said simply, "I have eight children—and none to spare."

—LENORE LAATZ

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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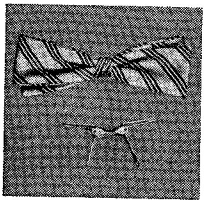

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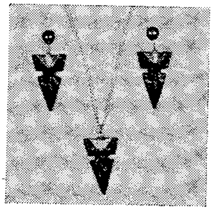

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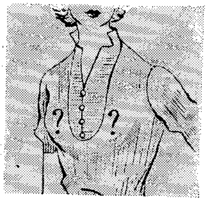

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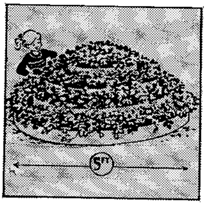

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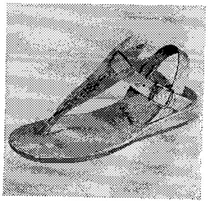

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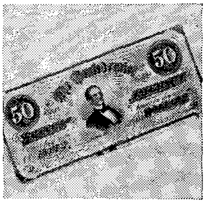

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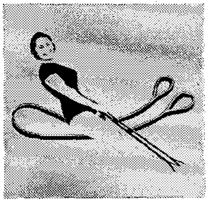

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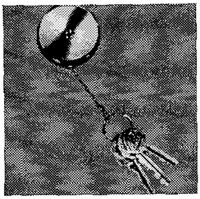

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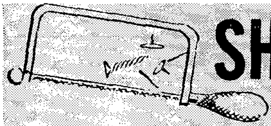

SHOPPING GUIDE

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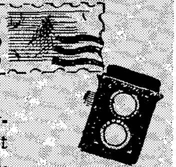

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(*Continued on next page*)

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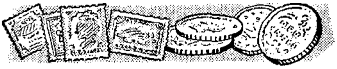

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(*Continued on next page*)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-558, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

60% PROFIT possible on Cosmetics—Why make less? Famous nationally advertised Studio Girl *Hollywood Cosmetics pay up to 60%!* Make up to $25 a day and more! Hire others. Write or wire for free samples, details. Studio Girl, Glendale, California, Dept. 1885E.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $10.00 profit *in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving.* Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, 6220 Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

GROW Orchids at home. Profitable, fascinating. Successful home grower explains special light, temperature and humidity conditions orchids need. Free —full details. Orchids, 100 S. Vermont, Los Angeles 4.

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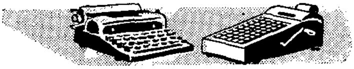

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NEW Way To Learn To Write shows beginners how to start earning money very first lesson. Write simple paragraphs and sell them in markets overlooked by most professional writers. No tedious study. Start to write for money right away. All facts free. Send name to Benson Barrett, 7464 N. Clark, Dept. SD-199-S, Chicago 26.

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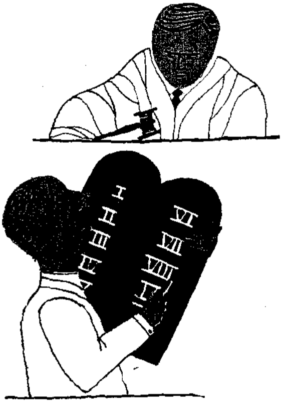

THEY CALLED IT JUSTICE

by Will Bernard

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE are legion. In Wisconsin, for instance, a woman won a divorce because her husband blew tobacco smoke through the keyhole of his mother-in-law's bedroom.

IN KENTUCKY, a farmer got a decree because his wife wouldn't kiss him. The court rejected her defense that his mustache made her giggle.

IN MICHIGAN, a woman won a decree because her husband encouraged their five children to play saxophones.

IN ARKANSAS, a man was granted a divorce because his wife 1) made him do the family laundry; 2) made him do the family cooking; 3) kept silent for days, opening her mouth only to sample his cooking and pronounce it awful.

IN BALTIMORE, a woman claimed a divorce because when she reached into her husband's pocket for money, a steel trap shut on her fingers.

IN CHICAGO, an agitated husband showed the court a "New Ten Commandments" drawn up by his wife:

I. Remember that I am thy wife,
Whom thou must cherish all thy life.
II. Thou shalt not stay out late at night,
Though lodges, friends or clubs invite.
III. Thou shalt not smoke indoors or out,
Nor chew tobacco hereabout.
IV. Thou shalt with praise receive my pies,
Nor pastries made by me despise.
V. My mother thou shalt strive to please,
And let her live with us in ease.
VI. Remember, 'tis thy duty clear
To dress me well throughout the year.
VII. Thou shalt in manner mild and meek
Hand me thy pay check every week.
VIII. Thou shalt not be a drinking man,
But use the prohibition plan.
IX. Thou shalt not flirt, but must allow
Thy wife such freedom anyhow.
X. Thou shalt get up when baby cries,
And try the child to tranquilize.

The court tranquilized the husband with a divorce.

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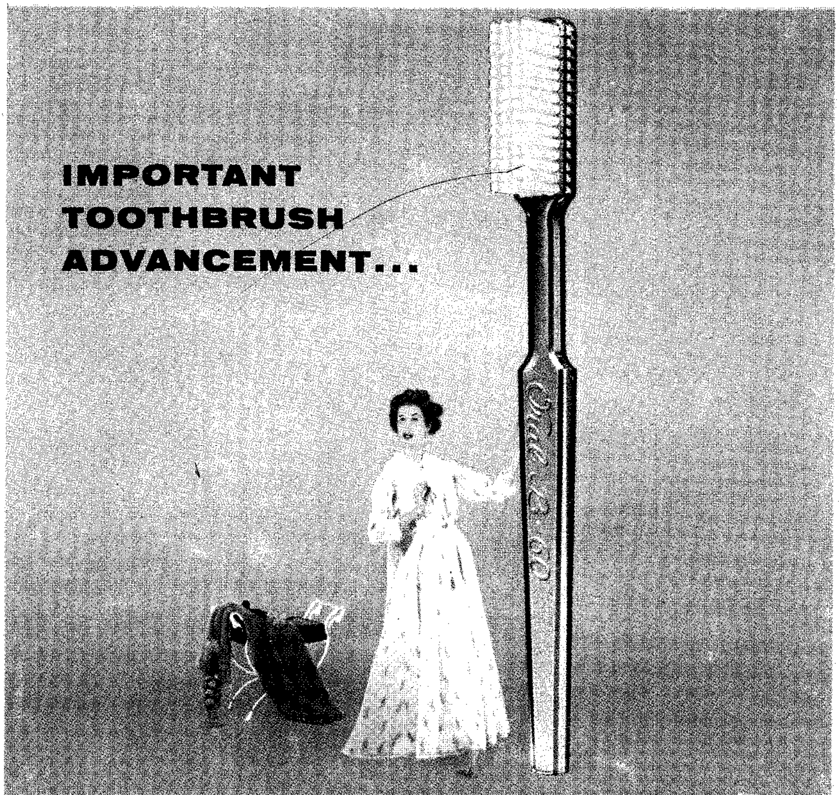
334 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Please mention — when coming, areas interested in, number in party, length of stay, type of accommodation desired, (Motel, hotel, guesthouse, cottage).



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